

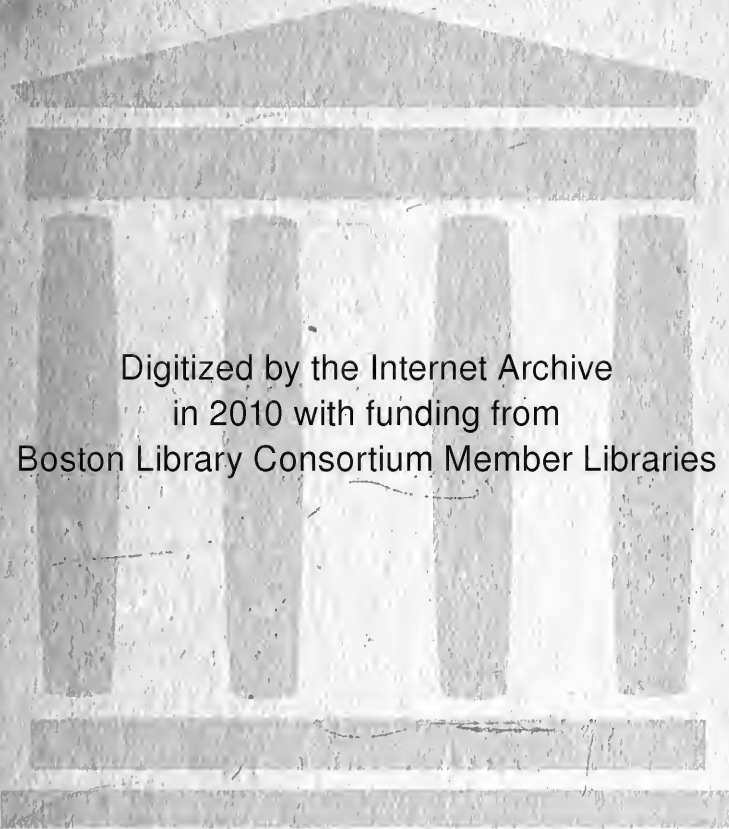
STRANGE SIGHTS ABROAD





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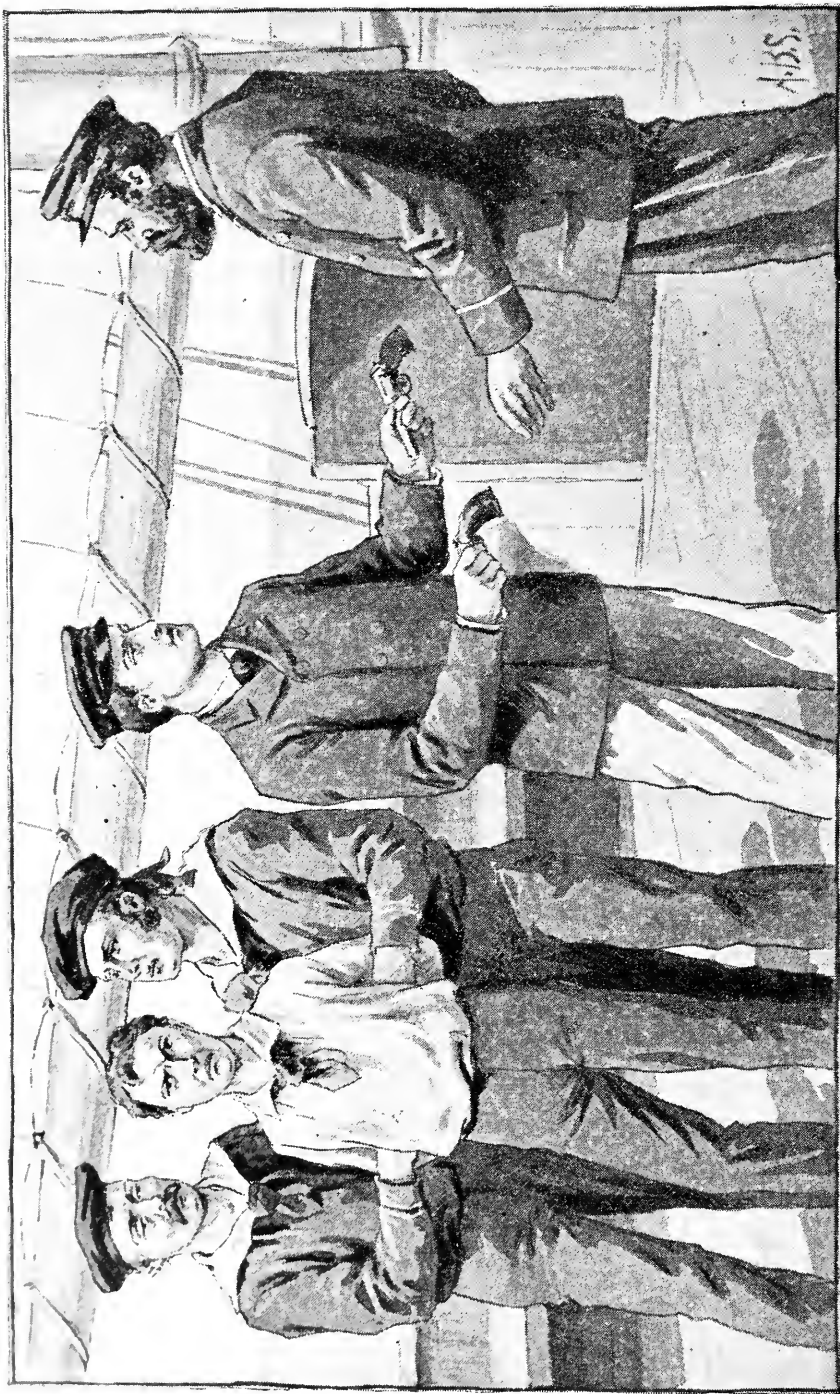
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“YOU MAY TAKE CHARGE OF THEM, MR. BOULONG.” — Page 45.

ALL-OVER-THE-WORLD SERIES

STRANGE SIGHTS ABROAD

OR

A VOYAGE IN EUROPEAN WATERS

BY

OLIVER OPTIC

*Author of "The Army and Navy Series" "Young America Abroad"
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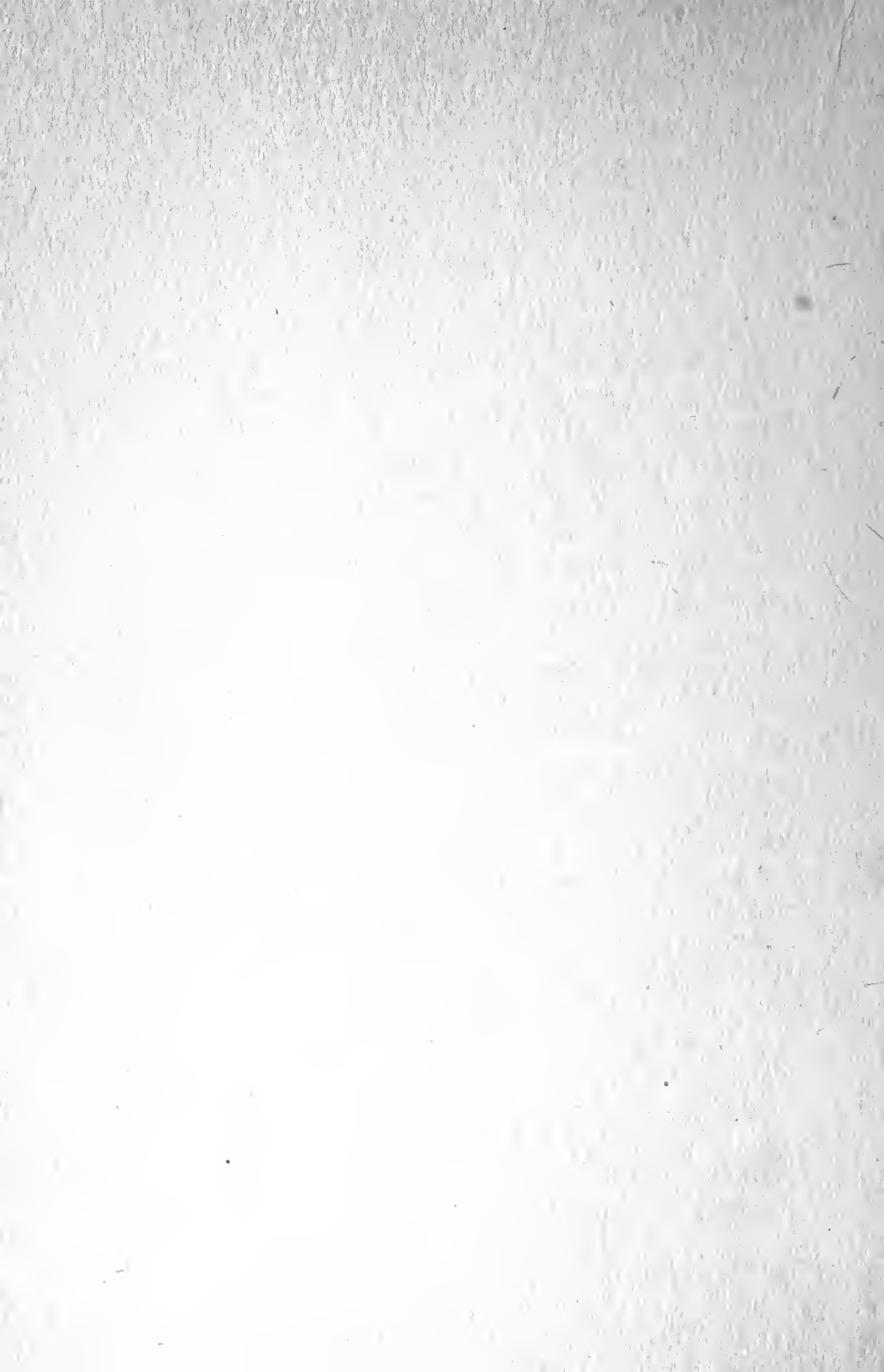
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STRANGE SIGHTS ABROAD.

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TO
MY YOUNG FRIEND
ETIENNE GIROUD
OF PHILADELPHIA
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED



PREFACE.

"STRANGE SIGHTS ABROAD" is the fourth volume of the "All-Over-the-World" series; and while it contains a completed story, all the incidents and adventures of the hero and his companions being properly disposed of and finished, and all the characters who have figured on the pages of the book having been suitably rewarded, punished, or reformed, the narrative is still a continuation of the adventures of Louis Belgrave and his faithful ally, Felix McGavonty, who distinguish themselves as on former occasions. The "Millionaire at Sixteen" has entered upon his seventeenth year; but he has not been led away by any temptations, and resolutely maintains his high character in the presence of evil-doers as well as of those who sympathize with him in sustaining a high ideal. Though some of his friends on board of the Guardian-Mother persist in calling him "Sir Louis," and in regarding him as a sort of knight-errant, it will be observed that he never plunges into any adventure for its own sake, or for the mere excitement of the affair.

A young man in his teens can hardly sail all over the world, especially if he has the abundant life, the healthy vigor, and the restless enterprise of an embryo American citizen, without falling into many adventures, and even without seeking them. The writer is among those who believe that even ex-

PREFACE.

citing adventures are not harmful to young people if the actors who awaken the interest and sympathy of the readers are high-toned and high-minded boys and girls. He has clung to this view for more than forty years, and during that time has done his work on that basis. He presents Louis Belgrave to his friends as a young man of high moral and religious culture, animated by a constant desire to do his duty. If he is earnest and determined, his education and his experience have made him so; but he is never mean, dishonest, untruthful, or recreant to his moral obligations. If national trials, war, and the extremities of Fatherland can develop men like Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Gambetta, and scores of such men, opportunity may make a boy a hero in a smaller way.

It was not the intention of the author to make guide-books or books of travel of the volumes of this series, though he has incidentally related something about the countries visited. He has done so to some extent in this book; but he finds himself somewhat embarrassed by the fact that he has already published twelve volumes of European travel, giving a brief history of every country visited and describing all the principal cities, and he is not inclined to follow in his own footsteps made twenty years ago, after visiting every country in Europe in preparation for his work. In a new field he expects to become more "instructive." The same general plan will be followed in the succeeding volumes.

WILLIAM T. ADAMS.

DORCHESTER, MASS., MARCH, 1893.

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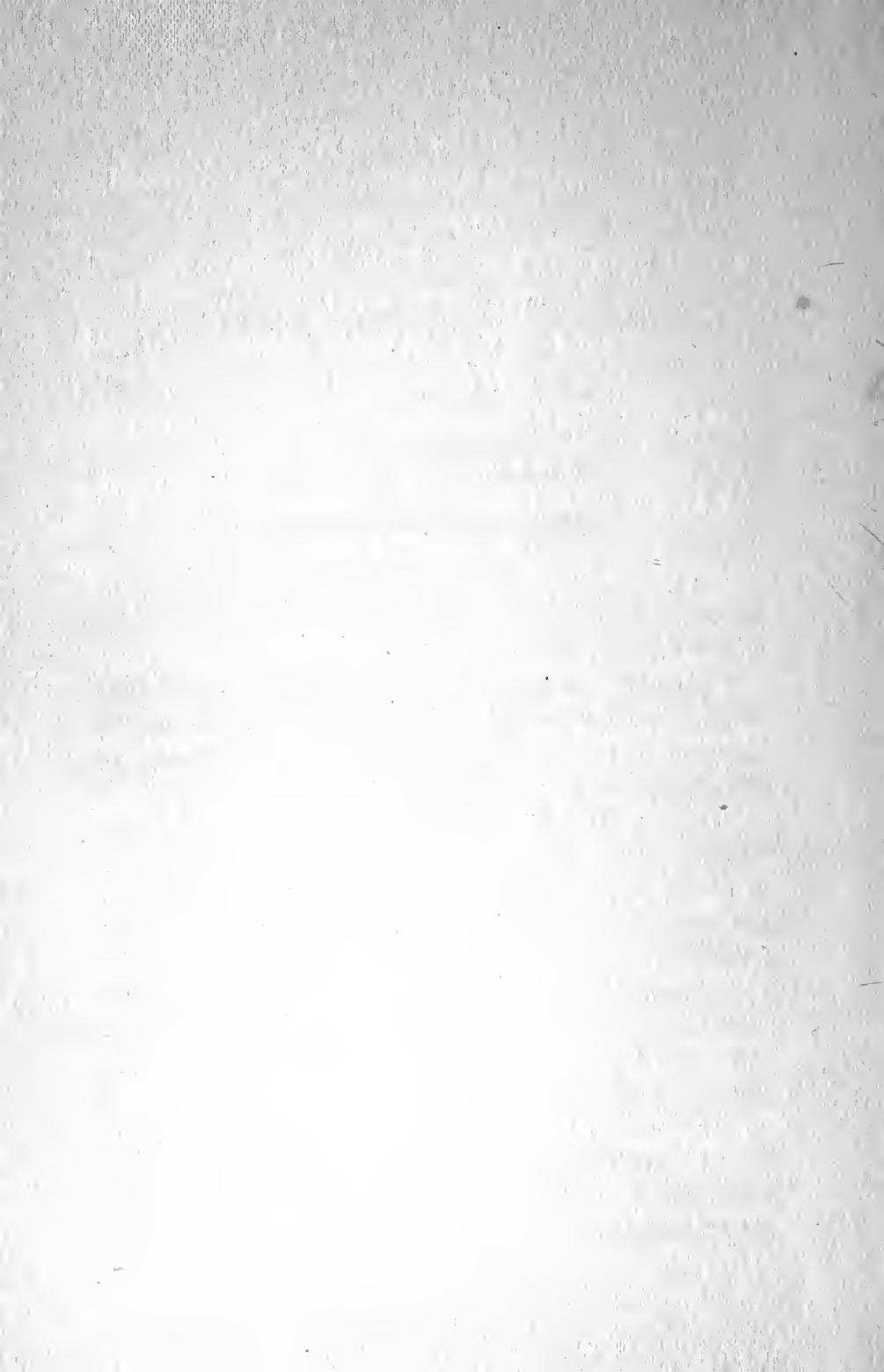
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STRANGE SIGHTS ABROAD.

CHAPTER I.

THE SIGNAL OF DISTRESS.

"SIGNAL on the Mira-Por-Vos, sir!" shouted the lookout man on the top-gallant forecastle of the Guardian-Mother.

"Where?" demanded Mr. Boulong, the first officer, who was in charge of the steamer at the time, as he left the pilot-house and went forward to the station of the lookout.

"On the Mira-Por-Vos," repeated the seaman confidently.

"I never heard of such an island before," added the officer, more honestly than most men in his position would have done.

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Boulong, that is the name of a bunch of rocks and shoals that lie all in a heap over there, about twelve miles from Castle Island," continued the seaman.

"Where in the world did you learn that name, Knott?" asked the first officer, straining his eyes in the direction towards which the lookout had pointed several times.

"I was in a schooner five years ago when we had a head wind, and lay at anchor to the westward of these rocks for three days."

"The name sounds like Spanish, and perhaps Mr. Gaskette can tell us all about it. But never mind the name now. It is rather thick over there, and I cannot make out any signal," said the first officer.

The Guardian-Mother, after completing her voyage entirely around the island of Cuba, had put into Baracoa Bay because it was a good place to obtain a plentiful supply of provisions for the long voyage she was to begin upon as soon as she had passed out from among the Bahamas. From this port she had laid her course a little east of north. It was five o'clock in the morning when Knott announced a signal on the South Cay of the group of rocky and sandy islands to which he had given the proper name.

Since the voyage in the West Indies was completed, the passengers had talked a great deal about the future course of the steamer. A meeting of all interested had been called in the boudoir, and Captain Ringgold had explained the possibilities that were open to the party. Louis Belgrave, though the actual owner of the vessel, declined to have any more influence attached to his views and desires than to those of any other of the company, and the question of the future had been fairly discussed. The two ladies on board desired to stop again at Crooked Island, where they had made the acquaintance of Mr. Bondleigh and his amiable wife. Beyond this desire they did not care where they

went. It was decided, therefore, that after the final departure of the Guardian-Mother from the Bahamas, the steamer should proceed to the Canary Islands.

At five o'clock in the morning none of the denizens of the cabin were on deck, and even the captain had not yet appeared. The atmosphere was rather thick, as it was apt to be at this season of the year, and Mr. Boulong could not even make out any of the islands which composed the Mira-Por-Vos, much less the signal which the lookout had reported. The ship was in the middle of the passage, or five or six miles from either shore. The first officer went to the pilot-house and procured a spy-glass; but he could not penetrate the morning mist with it.

"Are you sure you saw a signal, Knott?" he asked, after he had tried in vain to make out the shore in the direction indicated.

"I am very sure of it, sir; and the cloud of fog had swept past it when I saw it," replied the seaman.

"What sort of a signal was it?"

"It was a white flag which some one was waving with all his might. It might have been a shirt; but I could not make it out so far off, and I had no glass, sir."

"Here comes the captain," added the officer, as the commander appeared at the door of the pilot-house.

Mr. Boulong crossed the bridge to the spar deck, and touched his cap as he confronted the captain. Everything was done in a very pleasant and friendly manner among the officers, and even among

the crew and firemen ; in fact, Mr. Gaskette called the ship's company "The Happy Family."

"Good-morning, Mr. Boulong," said Captain Ringgold, as he looked about him at the surroundings of the ship, though the thick mist of the early morning prevented him from seeing anything but the top of the lighthouse on Castle Island. "Anything unusual to report this morning, Mr. Boulong?"

"There is, captain, and I was just thinking of giving you a call," replied the first officer. "Knott, on the lookout, reported to me a little while ago that a signal was flying on the Mira-Por-Vos, a white flag. But I have not been able to make it out, for the fog has obscured it."

"What sort of a signal was it?" asked the captain, immediately interested in the report.

"Knott could only make out a white flag as a fog bank swept by it; and then it was obscured again. I did not see it at all."

The captain and the first officer went forward over the bridge to the top-gallant forecastle, where the lookout man was still straining his vision to obtain another view of the signal, but without result.

"Are you sure you saw a signal, Knott?" inquired the captain in his usual mild tone when no exciting maneuver was in progress. "Might it not have been a white rock, or something of that sort?"

"No, sir, I am sure it was not, for I never saw a white rock, or one of any other color, moving about in the air," answered the seaman, shaking his head, while a smile of incredulity played upon his bronzed face.

"That's good logic, Knott; and your head must have been clear so early in the morning," added the captain, laughing, as he led the way to the pilot-house. "Make the course due west, Bangs," he continued to the quartermaster at the wheel.

"Due west, sir," repeated Bangs.

The steamer came about, and took a course nearly at right angles with that she had been sailing all night. There was a hundred fathoms of water under the keel; but in a quarter of an hour Captain Ringgold rang the gong, and the screw stopped instantly, proving that the engineer on duty was wide-awake even at such a sleepy hour in the morning. As long as the floating mists were piled up ahead of the ship it was not prudent to go any farther till faith had been supplemented by sight.

Knott continued to peer into the fog bank, but the captain seated himself on the broad sofa in the pilot-house, where he could see out of the open windows in the front of the apartment. There was nothing to be done but wait for the rising sun to dissipate the morning mists, and permit the commander to ascertain the meaning of the signal. The ship was not more than thirty miles from the Tropic of Cancer, and the sun rose earlier in the northern hemisphere than where they had been all winter. They had not long to wait, for the orb of day was already creeping slowly up from its ocean bed beyond Acklin Island.

"Signal dead ahead, sir!" shouted Knott, evidently pleased to redeem his credit as a lookout man. The captain and the first officer hastened to the top-gallant forecabin, and Bangs looked with all his

eyes in the direction indicated. The distance of the steamer from the nearest island had been reduced to about two miles, and with the aid of the glass the captain discovered a man waving a white flag with all his might on the South Cay. He was still too far off to be made out very distinctly.

"What can that man be doing on that island?" said the captain, addressing the question to himself as much as to either of his companions. "If Sir Louis were on deck he would make a mystery of it at once."

"It looks very like a mystery to all of us, since we are unable to guess the conundrum," added the first officer.

"The man is evidently flying his flag as a signal of distress," continued the commander. "He must be in some sort of trouble; in fact, it is trouble enough to be on a mere sand spit like that all alone, though it is three-quarters of a mile long."

Captain Ringgold went to the spar deck and rang the gong to go ahead, calling through the speaking-tube to keep her at half-speed. Then he stationed a hand in the lee fore-chains to heave the lead. When the report came it was "No bottom," till the ship was within a couple of cable-lengths of the great square black rock, which excited the attention of voyagers in passing. At this point the captain rang his gong to stop her.

The man on the sand spit could now be distinctly made out, and he was just then engaged in putting on his shirt, which he had evidently used as a signal in the absence of anything else. It took some time for him to dress himself, for he appeared to be

greatly excited. As nearly as the captain could make him out he was a person of at least fifty years of age. He was dressed in black clothes, and so far as his appearance was concerned he might have been a professional gentleman.

"Good-morning, Captain Ringgold," said Louis Belgrave, presenting himself before the commander, who took him by the hand as he often did when they met for the first time in the morning.

"Good-morning, Sir Louis. I hope you are very well this morning," added the captain.

"Never better in my life, sir. But what is the matter now, Captain Ringgold?" inquired Louis, looking about him to ascertain why the steamer had stopped her screw.

"Nothing is the matter with us, Sir Knight," replied the commander, pointing to the lone man on the sand spit. "But something appears to be the matter with that individual on the shore, for he has been signaling to the ship since early this morning."

"Who is he?" asked Louis, gazing at the solitary personage on the spit.

"I might as well ask you the question as have you ask it to me. I have not been introduced to him, and you are now in full possession of all the facts relating to him," answered the captain, though he stated the manner in which he had been discovered by the lookout, and that he had run for the island as soon as he was assured there was a person in distress on it.

The watch on duty were ordered to get the first cutter into the water, and Mr. Boulong was instructed to bring off the stranger. Louis at once asked the

captain's permission to accompany the first officer to the shore, and it was readily granted, for it did not appear that there was the least indication of an adventure in bringing off the lonely individual on the spit. Before the owner of the Guardian-Mother could take his place in the cutter, Felix McGavonty put in an appearance on deck, and discovered his crony of a dozen years in the very act of going over the side.

"What d'ye's mane, me darlint?" shouted Felix, rushing up to him, and seizing him by the arm. "Are ye's go'n' off in the boat, saykin' an advinture, widout me? How mony toimes have ye's nearly slipped your wind bekase ye's didn't take me wid ye's?"

"What's the use of my taking you with me? I should only have to look out for you as well as take care of myself," replied Louis, laughing heartily in the face of his friend.

"Is it me? Didn't I allus luk out for ye's? Wouldn't I allus have saved ye's from dayvastation and daystruction if ye's hadn't gone off widout me? Haven't I allus been your frind and protictor since ye's was a shmall bit of a babby?"

"The boat is waiting," interposed the captain, laughing at the rather extravagant claims of the Milesian.

"You must do as I did, Felix; ask the captain's permission to go."

Felix did so, and it was granted without hesitation. He took his place in the fore-sheets, while Louis was beside the first officer.

CHAPTER II.

THE CASHIER OF THE BARKBRIDGE BANK.

A FEW strokes of the oars in the hands of the stout crew brought the first cutter to the sand spit, upon which the bow was run with sufficient force to hold it in place. The individual in black had promptly repaired to the spot as soon as he could determine where the boat would land. He wore a frock-coat somewhat the worse for the wear ; but he was neatly dressed and looked like a gentleman as the world measures such. There was no article of baggage near him, or anything else, except that a couple of poles had been leaned against a perpendicular rock, and a piece of sailcloth spread over them

The gentleman was very nervous and uneasy ; his pale face and thin form indicated that he was suffering from some cause ; but there was nothing to be seen that would explain in what manner he had become the solitary occupant of the desolate sand spit. The spot was so barren and uninviting that he could hardly have been there from choice.

Felix was the first to leap out of the boat, and he was followed by Mr. Boulong and Louis. The crew of the boat were ordered to keep their places, and to bale out the cutter, for the wind had blown half

a gale the night before, and considerable rain had fallen.

"Good-morning, sir," the first officer began, as the trio from the cutter halted in front of him. "You seem to have chosen a very uncomfortable place to pitch your tent, for I see nothing like a wreck to show that you came here against your will."

"I did not select this island for a residence," replied the stranger, with a feeble attempt to smile. "I am sorry to be obliged to say it, but I was brought here by my son, and abandoned by him ;" and the stranger struggled to suppress a violent gush of painful emotion.

"Abandoned by your son!" exclaimed Mr. Boulong.

"The unfeeling wretch!" Louis ejaculated.

"The murtherin' young villain!" gasped Felix. "Wouldn't I like to get me hand on the doorty blackguard!"

"Did he leave you here without provisions?" asked Mr. Boulong.

"Without a thing except that piece of sailcloth and the sticks under it, which we picked up in the water," replied the stranger bitterly. "I ought to say in the beginning that he is not my own son, though I have always treated him as such."

"So much the worse for him, the unfayling haythen!" exclaimed Felix. "I'd giv all me ould shoes to get a houl of him, bad luck to him! I belayve——"

"Never mind what you believe, Mr. McGavonty, just now; and I must refer your opinions to the captain, for the disposal of this matter does not belong to me any more than it does to you. My

orders confine me to the single act of taking this gentleman on board of the steamer, if he chooses to go on board," interposed the first officer.

"I beg your pairdon, Mr. Boulong, and I will keep my mouth closed as tight as a clam does his shell at low water," protested Felix.

"Your indignation is creditable to both of you; but we have no time for any long stories, and it would not be treating the captain with proper respect to make him wait while we question this gentleman," added the officer. "The boat is at your service, sir, if you desire to go on board of the steamer."

"I shall be very glad to do so, captain."

"I am not the captain of the steamer, sir; only her first officer," said Mr. Boulong, as he moved towards the cutter, followed by the stranger and the young men.

"Is that one of the Ward Line of steamers, Mr. Officer?" asked the melancholy individual, as he stepped into the boat.

"No, sir; she is the Guardian-Mother, a private steam-yacht, owned by Mr. Belgrave, the young gentleman next to you."

The stranger looked at Louis; but the fact that he was the owner of the magnificent steamer did not seem to make much of an impression on him. He took his place as assigned to him by the officer, and the boat was shoved off. In a few moments the cutter was at the gangway, and the passenger was invited to ascend to the deck of the ship. With a slow and solemn step, as though he were marching at his own funeral, he mounted the steps, closely fol-

lowed by Mr. Boulong. The commander was at the side when he reached the deck, and politely bowed and touched his cap to the stranger, who seemed to have recovered some of his self-possession.

"I found this gentleman at the sand spit, where he says he was abandoned by his son. He had a sailcloth shelter on the island, but nothing else, and no provisions," said Mr. Boulong. "I know nothing more in regard to him."

The first officer touched his cap, and retired. If he had any curiosity in regard to the stranger, he did not manifest it, and passed out of hearing of the captain.

"Is it possible that you have been abandoned by your son?" asked Captain Ringgold, giving the tribute of a frown to the act.

"My adopted son, sir; but I always treated him as my own, and indulged him as such," replied the gentleman. "May I ask if you are the captain of this steamer, sir?"

"I am; Captain Ringgold, at your service. Will you do me the favor to give me your name?" added the commander.

"My name is Allen Fencelowe; and my son's name is George Scott Fencelowe," answered the stranger, with no little emotion.

"You look pale and feeble, Mr. Fencelowe; I hope you have not been long on that sand island without provisions."

"I have been there only since last night, and I had my supper then."

"I will not annoy you now with any more questions. Sparks," he called in the boudoir, and then

directed the steward to show Mr. Fencelowe to state-room No. 4.

"I thank you, Captain Ringgold; but I should like to see you in the course of half an hour. I wish to tell you my story; and perhaps you will be willing and able to assist me," said the new passenger very timidly.

"I shall be glad to serve you to the extent of my ability, sir; but you had better compose yourself in your room, and the steward will take to you whatever you may want," replied the commander, as he went forward, where his first duty was to put the steamer on her course again.

"Who is he, Captain Ringgold?" asked Louis, as the commander came out of the boudoir, for he felt that he had a right to ask questions as the owner of the steamer.

"I don't know, Sir Louis; the gentleman seems to be mentally distressed, and I was not disposed to annoy him with inquiries into his affairs," replied the captain. "He is evidently the victim of misfortunes of some kind; but he has already intimated that he wishes to see me in half an hour, and that I might be able to assist him."

"It seems most unnatural that his son, even an adopted son, should leave him alone on a desolate island, with nothing to eat," added Louis.

"We shall probably know something more about the matter soon," replied the captain, moving forward, attended by his owner.

The gong was rung, and the ship went ahead, resuming her former course to the northward. In the pilot-house, Louis began to ask questions about

the islands from one of which Mr. Fencelowe had been taken. Mr. Boulong said he never heard the name of the islands before.

"I have seen them in the distance before, but I never heard any one mention the odd name that belongs to them, till Knott did so this morning," said he.

"What is the name?" asked Louis.

"The Mira-Por-Vos; it is evidently Spanish, and I don't know what it means, though I picked up a little of the language many years ago. Perhaps you can explain it to us, Sir Louis," replied the captain.

"The first word is the verb 'mirar' in the third person singular, or in the imperative mood. It may mean 'He looks for you,' or the command 'Look for you.' There is not enough of it to enable one to tell just what it means," Louis explained, not much to the satisfaction of his auditors.

"The gentleman in No. 4 wishes to know when and where he may see the captain," said Sparks, presenting himself at the door of the pilot-house.

"Conduct him to my state-room," replied the commander. "You may be present at the interview, Sir Louis, if you wish."

"I do not wish to intrude upon your passenger, and perhaps he will not like to have me hear his story," suggested Louis.

"You are the owner of the steamer; this matter with the stranger is entirely outside of our voyage, and I should not be willing to dispose of it in any manner without your concurrence. If he objects to speaking before you, I shall decline to hear him."

"I do not look upon myself as my own master, though I have all the liberty I desire; and as you are aware, I leave all such affairs as this one to your judgment."

"I prefer that you should hear what Mr. Fencelowe has to say," replied the captain, as he led the way into his state-room, which was connected by a door with the pilot-house.

They were hardly seated before Sparks ushered the stranger into the apartment. He had evidently made an effort to improve his personal appearance while below, for his collar had been adjusted, and his hair put in better order than when he came on board. One of the arm-chairs was given to him, while the commander was seated at his desk and Louis on the sofa. Mr. Fencelowe looked earnestly at the young gentleman, and from him to the captain.

"I hope you will excuse me, Captain Ringgold, but I should prefer to have this interview confidential between you and me," said the stranger, with considerable embarrassment in his manner.

"You intimated, Mr. Fencelowe, that you might need my assistance in some manner not indicated. This young gentleman, Mr. Belgrave, is the owner of the steamer, and I can do nothing in my present position without his concurrence," replied the commander.

"I am perfectly willing to retire, Captain Ringgold," said Louis, rising from his seat.

"I don't know what this gentleman desires of me; but you must understand the matter before I can give him any answer; and it will be much bet-

ter for you to hear the request and explanation from his own mouth than from mine."

"I withdraw my objection, Captain Ringgold," continued the stranger, rising from his chair and standing before the commander, declining to resume his seat when invited to do so. "I am the cashier of the Barkbridge Bank," he proceeded, giving the locality of the place mentioned. "I have been a widower for twelve years, and though married for fourteen years I had no children. Ten years ago I adopted a boy whose mother had just died, though I never did so legally. His father had left his home years before, and had never been heard from. The boy's name was George Scott, and I added my own surname to it.

"I brought the boy up as my own. He was a wayward fellow, though what we Americans call 'smart.' In fact, I soon found that he was too smart. He seemed to take naturally to the salt water, for his father was a sailor. He was fond of boats, and I bought a yacht for him. After that I could not keep him in school. When he was sixteen he wanted a larger craft than the one I had provided for him. He teased me till I bought the *Seahound* for him. I was very fond of him, and gave him everything he wanted, very injudiciously, I admit.

"My financial affairs had become very much embarrassed, and my health was impaired. Scott, as I always called him, induced me to spend my vacation of two weeks on board of the *Seahound*."

Here the cashier broke down completely.

CHAPTER III.

THE BAHAMA CRUISE OF THE SEAHOUND.

SCOTT FENCELOWE was not the cashier's own flesh and blood, and he had proved himself unworthy of the kindness bestowed upon him. That he was a spoiled child did not redeem him from the charge of ingratitude of the basest character. The listeners to the narrative thought the emotion of the foster-father was rather extravagant.

"How large is the yacht you provided for your son?" asked the captain, rather to distract the attention of the cashier from his grief than because he cared about the size of the Seahound.

"She was thirty-five feet long, I think. She was a schooner with a broad beam, and very roomy. She had a cabin containing four berths, and a cook-room forward. Scott lived in her all summer, and was said to be a very skillful boatman," replied the cashier, recovering his self-possession very readily.

"You spent your vacation on board of the Seahound, you said," added the captain.

"To make my story as short as possible, we cruised along the shores of the United States to Florida. My health greatly improved. Then in spite of my protest, Scott decided to explore the

Bahama Islands. We quarreled about this matter, and we had a very bitter time on board. I had a considerable sum of money with me, which I had brought to pay the expenses of the trip; but there was very little outlay, for we lived mostly on fish and turtle. We spent a week at Nassau, but we remained on board of the yacht all the time. We hardly spoke to each other. I had overstayed my vacation, and I looked upon myself as a ruined man. This boy was certain to swamp me in the end. I reasoned with him by the whole day at once, but it had no impression upon him. He declared that he intended to have a good time, and did not care if he never went back to his former home."

"Why didn't you take the boat away from him?" asked the captain.

"She would have been an elephant on my hands, for I could not manage her. I hoped Scott would come to his senses, and would be able to see that he was ruining himself if not me. We had been sailing about among these islands for nearly a month when the gale of yesterday came. The sea was so rough that it made me sick, and I begged Scott to let me go on shore. He made a landing under the lee of the sand-hills where you found me. I went ashore in the forenoon, and the boy put up the shelter your officer found at the rock near the water. Scott staid on board of the yacht. He brought me my supper of fried fish and potatoes before dark, and I was able to eat heartily, for I had entirely recovered from my sea-sickness.

"I told Scott I would go on board and sleep in my berth; but he assured me the Seahound had a good

deal of motion where she lay, and prevailed upon me to remain under the canvas shelter overnight. I was tired from the exercise I had taken on the island, and I slept soundly till nearly daylight. As soon as I could see, I left my couch of dry sea-weed and went to the shore. The Seahound was not there. In vain I strained my eyes to obtain a sight of her, but she could not be seen. No vessel of any kind could I discover. I walked around the island and looked in all directions.

"There was only one conclusion to which I could come, and that was that the boy whom I had nurtured and over-indulged had deserted me on that lonely sand spit. More than once he had threatened to leave me on some island if I did not cease to oppose him, as he called my efforts to bring him back to a sense of his duty. He has abandoned me; he did not even leave my clothes on shore for me, and took all my money with him, except a few dollars I had in my pocket."

"He is a bad boy," added the commander, shaking his head.

"I found that out too late," sighed the cashier.

"Does the Seahound belong to you or to the boy?" asked the captain.

"I bought and paid for it, and I never gave him a bill of sale of it," replied Mr. Fencelowe.

"Then she is still your property."

"I have no doubt of that."

"How much money had you on board of the Seahound?" inquired Captain Ringgold.

"I am unable to tell you exactly how much I had," replied the cashier evasively.

"Where did you keep this money?"

"It was locked up in a little desk at the side of the cabin door. Scott turned this desk over to my use, for I had brought with me a quantity of papers I wished to study upon during the cruise," answered Mr. Fencelowe, with his gaze fixed upon the floor.

"I suppose you have some idea of the amount of money in the desk, sir; at least, I should suppose you had," suggested the commander.

"It was over a thousand dollars," replied the cashier, with his eyes still fixed upon the floor.

"Not more than that?"

"Perhaps there was two thousand."

"What did you intend to do with so much money?" asked the commander, somewhat sharply.

"I had not the least idea of what the expenses would be," said Mr. Fencelowe, raising his eyes from the floor, and suddenly putting a great deal more animation into his expression and manner. "I never went in the yacht except on little trips in the harbor. I always gave Scott whatever money he asked for, but it was never more than fifty dollars at a time."

"No wonder the boy is going to the bad as fast as he can go!" exclaimed Captain Ringgold. "Too much money to spend in his own way is the worst thing in the world for a boy; and especially for such a one as your son."

"I acknowledge the truth and the force of your remark; and too late, I fear, I realize my own folly and blindness," groaned the cashier.

"But it is a thousand pities that a smart boy like Scott should go to ruin without an effort to save him.

He has now gone off in the *Seahound*, all alone, with at least two thousand dollars in the cabin desk, on a wild excursion. No doubt he will find his way to some large place where this money will be available for his own amusement, and for his own ruin and destruction. Does he know where he is going?"

"After we reached Fernandina, and he began to talk about exploring the Bahama Islands, I found that he was provided with two big charts and some blue books, which were all Greek to me."

"Probably Imray's charts of the West Indies, including the Bahamas, with the directories that accompany them. He will be able to go where he pleases, as he seems to be a skillful sailor," added the captain.

"I cannot afford to lose my money, Captain Ringgold," said the cashier bitterly. "I am willing to let the boy go, for I can do nothing with him."

"It is very strange that you should have brought such a sum of money with you when a couple of hundred dollars would have been more than sufficient," continued the commander, looking sharply into the eye of the unfortunate man.

"I had the money in the house, and I did not know what else to do with it," answered Mr. Fencelowe, with apparent desperation.

"What! When you were the cashier of a bank, and had the vault under your control, you did not know what to do with your money!" exclaimed Captain Ringgold, still searching the inmost soul of the cashier through his expression.

"My relations with the bank were not pleasant,

and I intended to resign my situation very soon," replied the cashier, struggling to maintain a decent composure. "The favor I was desirous of asking of you, Captain Ringgold, was your assistance in recovering my money."

"How am I to do it?"

"With your steamer you could very soon overtake the Seahound. She cannot have gone any great distance in so short a time, for the wind was very light early this morning," Mr. Fencelowe explained.

Captain Ringgold suddenly sprang to his feet and opened the door into the pilot-house. He called Mr. Boulong; he was not there, but was looking after the morning watch engaged in washing down decks. A messenger was sent for him, and the commander returned to his state-room and his visitors.

"In looking over the log-slate when I first went to the pilot-house this morning, I saw an entry which comes to my mind now in this connection, relating to a small white schooner," said he as he resumed his seat at his desk. "Here is the first officer, who has been on watch since four o'clock."

"The Seahound is a schooner, and she is painted white," added the cashier, his face brightening up as though he had a hope of recovering his money.

"About a small schooner mentioned on the log-slate, Mr. Boulong?" the captain began, turning to the first officer.

"I saw the entry, captain, but it was not made during my watch, and Quartermaster Twist was at the wheel. It was in Mr. Gaskette's watch," replied Mr. Boulong.

"The second officer is not yet on deck, I suppose."

"He is not, sir; but he is reading in his state-room."

"Have him sent to me," added the captain; and Mr. Boulong retired.

Mr. Gaskette presently appeared, and seemed to be not a little astonished at the appearance of a stranger in the captain's cabin. But he had been awakened by the noise of getting off the boat, and hoisting it up to the davits, and had been unable to go to sleep again.

"You saw a small white schooner during your watch, Mr. Gaskette?" continued the captain.

"I did, sir, and entered the fact on the log-slate," replied the officer. "About seven bells in the mid watch."

"Half-past three," added the commander for the benefit of the cashier.

"Then the ship must have been about off the Hogsties?"

"I could see nothing."

"What was the course of the schooner?"

"South, as nearly as I could make it out, sir."

"That's all; thank you, Mr. Gaskette," added the captain; and the second officer retired. "Suppose I should be able to overhaul the Seahound; you seem to have no control over the boy. What then?"

"I should take my money by force, and I am willing to fight for it, though Scott has a pair of revolvers," replied Mr. Fencelowe, with more spirit than he had manifested before.

"As nearly as I can make it out, Scott is your adopted son in all but the legal formalities. At any

rate, no other person appears to have any legal control of him," said Captain Ringgold. "You cannot open the desk that contains your money till you get on board of the yacht. I must use all the force that can be used, and subdue this young reprobate before you can do anything. Now, sir, will you make that boy over to me in writing as far as you can do so?"

"With the greatest pleasure, captain!" exclaimed the cashier. "All I want is my money."

"That we will dispose of if we find it; and you seem to have all the present claim upon it, Mr. Fencelowe."

When Squire Scarburn came on deck, he was employed to draw up the paper suggested by the captain, after a thorough discussion of the legal points, and the cashier signed it, with a witness and seal.

The Guardian-Mother was put on the opposite course, to the southward, and at noon she was close aboard of the Seahound.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GUARDIAN-MOTHER.

THE Guardian-Mother had sailed from New York four months before the opening of the present story. Louis Belgrave, her owner, who had been a millionaire at sixteen, and was now just entering upon his seventeenth year, had been engaged in a tremendous conflict with his step-father for nearly three years. John Scoble, under the assumed name of Wade Farrongate, quite an attractive man, but possessing no principle, had married Mrs. Belgrave, Louis's mother, still a very pretty woman at the age of thirty-four.

The son had been ill-treated by his step-father, and had accidentally learned facts which assured him that Farrongate, who was a great horse-trainer, and prominent person at the races, had married his mother from purely mercenary motives. Louis's grandfather had owned a very extensive farm, which he had cut up into lots and sold, gathering in nearly two millions of dollars by the operation, for the locality had been eagerly seized upon by residents of the city of New York for permanent and summer homes, as it was provided with ample railroad accommodations.

When the war of the rebellion came on, Peter Belgrave, the grandfather, had invested his large fortune, though it was but a bagatelle compared with some New York estates. The clash of arms frightened the poor old man who had had the skill and judgment to amass this great wealth out of his wits. He turned it into gold and concealed it in a subterranean vault. His son, Louis's father, had been a soldier; but when he was sent home from the seat of war, wounded and disabled, his father had been dead some months.

Naturally enough in his feeble condition he looked for the inheritance that belonged to him as the sole heir. For ten years he searched for it without any success. But he had the homestead, and it supported him comfortably, though not in luxury. He married Maud Nashwood, and Louis was their only child. The search for "The Missing Million," as it was universally called, though the amount of the lost treasure was not known, was kept up for years, but with no result whatever.

Von Blonk Park, named after Louis's grandfather, was the home of several sporting men, devoted mainly to horse-racing; and the jockey took up his residence there. He was a handsome man, a favorite with the ladies, and Mrs. Belgrave, who had been a widow for several years, was fascinated with the man, and in the end became his wife.

It afterwards appeared that he had obtained some knowledge of the missing million, and had zealously followed up his investigations in regard to it during the two years he resided at the Park. He seemed to be sure of obtaining it. Paul's father had pro-

vided for his widow, but had left his entire fortune, including the lost treasure, to his only son. Scoble soon began to develop an intense dislike to his wife's son, and in the end it became open war. The jockey controlled his wife, but he could not manage her son. The boy was in his path; and Louis was satisfied that he intended to get him out of the way, for his mother was his sole heir.

For reasons he never fully explained, Scoble concluded to return to his own country, for he was an Englishman, and his wife consented to accompany him, and to take her son with her. Louis worked and studied till he arrived at a partial understanding of his step-father's plan, which was nothing less than to "get rid" of him, though he was unable to determine how this was to be done.

All the arrangements were made for the family to go on board of an Atlantic steamer at night. Scoble attended a race that day, one of the most important of the season, and when he left the grounds he took with him a vast sum of money, the stakes and pools on the contest. His wife went on board of the steamer, but her son induced her to return to her home by revealing to her the information he had obtained that day, fortified by an extra issued by the newspapers, containing an account of the robbery.

Louis staid by the steamer to watch the movements of Scoble, and very unexpectedly to himself recovered the proceeds of the robbery, and conveyed the money to the Park. The embezzler sailed for Liverpool, deprived of his ill-gotten plunder. Squire Scarburn, commonly called "Uncle Moses," was the trustee of the young millionaire's vast fortune—vast

for a boy of his age. He was the young gentleman's constant adviser, though not in every instance. He was convinced that Scoble had evil intentions towards his charge, though he counseled him to be as forbearing as possible.

In the course of his investigations among the sporting gentlemen at the race-grounds, Louis had made the acquaintance of Mr. Lowell Woolridge, a Fifth Avenue millionaire, who had been the heaviest loser by the robbery of Scoble. After consultation with Uncle Moses, the young millionaire called upon this nabob, and, in spite of some friction, handed the whole amount to him for distribution among the losers. The sporting gentleman took a fancy to him, and the young man, his mother, and other friends, were invited to several excursions in his yacht, the *Blanche*.

Mr. Woolridge had a son, and especially a daughter of sixteen, who was a very beautiful young lady, whom Louis could not help admiring, though he went no farther. This wealthy gentleman had rendered very essential service to Louis and his mother, and both of them were very grateful to him.

John Scoble had been a soldier in a cavalry regiment of the British army, but had deserted when he came to the United States, where he had established himself in a very prosperous business of its kind, though a high-toned man would hardly have engaged in it to the extent he did. Mr. Woolridge was fully aroused when he realized what a scoundrel his jockey proved to be. He sent a cablegram to England, which caused the arrest of the miscreant as soon as he arrived at Liverpool.

At the end of two years, when he had served out his term as a soldier, he received a legacy of ten thousand pounds from the estate of an uncle who had died in India. This sum had enabled him to fit out a schooner, which he called a yacht, and reach the vicinity of New York in the craft. His object was to recover possession of his wife; but she utterly repudiated him with disgust and disdain. She was a woman of the highest religious character, and to know the man she had married was to cast him out, whatever the consequences might be.

By the aid of his mate, who had been brought up as a gentleman, he succeeded in enticing Louis, his mother, Captain Ringgold, and Felix McGavonty on board of his schooner, which he had called the *Maud*, after the wife who repelled him. Louis desired to purchase a yacht in the shape of an ordinary schooner that would not be too expensive, and Scoble pretended that he desired to sell his vessel. The party had gone on board to look at it, the shipmaster in the capacity of an expert.

The treacherous seeker for the hidden million put to sea as soon as his passengers were on board. Though the conspirator received several setbacks in carrying out his scheme, he succeeded in conveying his most important prisoner, his assumed wife, to Bermuda; but Captain Ringgold and Louis were left behind by the success of a trick sprung upon them by the wily and plausible mate.

Obtaining the use of the *Blanche*, Louis and his friends chased the *Maud* for a night and a day, but without success, and they concluded that the vessel had been concealed in some one of the numerous

bays and inlets on the coast of New Jersey. After various adventures Scoble succeeded in pursuing his voyage, with Mrs. Belgrave and Felix in the cabin, to the Bermudas. Louis was in the most intense distress, and when his faithful friend, Captain Ringgold, proposed to purchase a steam-yacht of about six hundred tons, he entreated his trustee do so. The vessel was purchased, and the name of the "Guardian-Mother" given to her by her new owner.

In this magnificent steamer Louis, with his friend in command of her, proceeds to the Bermudas. Scoble is a clumsy navigator, and wrecks his schooner on the selvage of reefs which nearly surrounds these islands. The crew and passengers are saved by the steamer. After a short stay at anchor near the shore, during which the commander of the steamer obtained some very important information in regard to Scoble, the Guardian-Mother returned to New York, Louis and his mother happily reunited after their severe trials.

All the friends of the young millionaire considered the steam-yacht a very expensive luxury with the exception of Captain Ringgold. After the estimates, Uncle Moses admitted that the income of the owner was sufficient to enable him to pay the bills. The commander proposed that the ship should be Louis's college; that in a voyage all over the world he should pursue his studies, and improve his understanding by foreign travel. He was clear enough in his views and eloquent enough in the expression of them to convince all concerned in the welfare of the young gentleman.

A stirring event in New York harbor had brought

on board of the Guardian-Mother Dr. Hawkes, a physician and surgeon of the highest reputation, and Professor Giroud, a very learned Frenchman, lecturing in several colleges and speaking four languages besides his native tongue. Both of these gentlemen were in greatly-impaired health, and spent what time they could in a yacht, in which they were upset in a collision and nearly drowned. They were saved by the people from the Guardian-Mother, and the result of the adventure was that both of the savants became part of the ship's company, Dr. Hawkes as the surgeon and Professor Giroud as the instructor of the owner.

On the first of December they sailed for the Bermudas, where they spent some time. But they found John Scoble there. By the death of his brother, a man said to be something like himself, he had come into possession of a fortune of half a million. He had purchased a steam-yacht of about four hundred tons, which was a beautiful vessel. Her owner attempted to resume relations with the party from Von Blonk Park; but he was carefully avoided, and he was unable to obtain an interview with Mrs. Belgrave.

By resorting to more trickery Scoble contrived to get Louis on board of the Maud, as he called his steam-yacht, and sailed off to the southward. The Guardian-Mother, steaming about Great Sound at the time, discovered that her owner had been captured, and gave chase. Scoble had been assured that the Maud was capable of attaining a speed of twenty knots an hour. He was confident that he should be able to retain his prisoner, and through him

recover his wife, and eventually the great fortune.

Captain Ringgold was desperate. The twenty knots of the *Maud* was a fiction; she could make only fourteen. The *Guardian-Mother* promptly overhauled her, and the commander ran into her, forcing his bow through the plating of the smaller yacht abreast of the foremast. Louis escaped to the deck of his own steamer. The *Maud* was obliged to return to the Bermudas for repairs, and the other steamer attended her till she was safe at the entrance to the inner waters.

Scoble was intent upon his revenge, if nothing more, and several weeks later he followed the *Guardian-Mother* to the Caribbean Sea, where he made several attempts to run down the steamer that had stove in his side. A Spanish man-of-war had interfered, and threatened to fire on the *Maud* as a pirate if she persisted, and followed the two vessels into the harbor of Cienfuegos.

At Santiago de Cuba, Captain Ringgold, disgusted and worn out with the conduct of Scoble, had telegraphed to New York for a requisition for the arrest of the villain. It was brought by Mr. Woolridge, and Scoble was sent to the scene of his crimes, and sentenced to the state prison for a term of years. Mrs. Belgrave and her son were at peace now.

The important information obtained by Captain Ringgold during the first visit of the *Guardian-Mother* to the Bermudas was that Scoble had deserted his wife in England. It was necessary to ascertain whether or not the woman, Ruth Scoble by name, was still living. The commander had

shipped a man in New York who had been the mate of a vessel, but left the position to become a detective, and had served as such for many years. The captain put the case in his hands, and he had found the woman near Cienfuegos, where she had become the heiress of her uncle, a rich planter, who had recently died.

Ruth Scoble had seen her husband, to whom she had clung faithfully during his long absence; but she repelled him when she learned that he had married again. Scoble's yacht, whose real name was the Viking, was handed over to this lady by the authorities, as no one else claimed her. She was treated with great consideration on board of the Guardian-Mother. She made the acquaintance of Mrs. Belgrave, and by this time the two ladies were in full sympathy with each other. By the advice of the commander, she had made Mr. Penn Sharp the captain of the Viking. When Louis left the south side of the island, she was preparing to make a voyage to Crooked Island, where her friend Mrs. Bondleigh lived; and it was through her that Mrs. Scoble had been discovered.

It was the intention of Louis Belgrave and his friends to make the voyage around the world; and as soon as the steamer had made a visit to Crooked Island, where they might possibly meet Mrs. Scoble, she would sail off to the eastward for the Canary Islands.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUDDEN CAPTURE OF THE SEAHOUND.

WHEN the Seahound was made out from the deck of the Guardian-Mother, the owner and all the other occupants of the cabin were on deck. Louis had listened to the narrative of Mr. Fence-lowe, the cashier; but the commander did not wish to have the whole of it repeated to the rest of the party. It was evident to him that there was something wrong in the experience of the waif he had taken from the island. When the cashier said he had slept but little the night before, the captain advised him to take a nap in his state-room, and he accepted the advice.

"Well, Sir Louis, what do you think of it?" asked the commander, when the gentleman had retired from the cabin.

"I have no doubt his son abandoned him on the island: have you, sir?" returned the owner of the steamer.

"I have no doubt of that part of the story. There appears to be a considerable sum of money on board of the Seahound; and as Scott is a bad boy, it would be like such a fellow to go off on a cruise on his own hook. But I think there is something in the affair which has not come out yet."

"It occurred to me that Mr. Fencelowe kept something back."

"I don't regard him as a shrewd person; not shrewd enough to be an accomplished rogue."

"Of course he knows how much money he has in that desk in the cabin of the yacht. If he did not know when he put the money on board, it would have been the most natural thing in the world for him to count it; and I am confident he must have had plenty of time to do so. As the man says he is the cashier of a bank, I am very much afraid he is a defaulter, and that the money does not belong to him. His embarrassed manner was almost enough to condemn him. For this reason I don't care to have anything said to the party about this suspicion, for after all it is only a suspicion."

Louis went to his breakfast and then attended to his studies till Sparks came to him by order of the captain to inform him that the Seahound had been made out. He finished his lesson and went on deck. As reported before, the yacht was headed to the southward. Captain Ringgold was in his cabin, and Mr. Fencelowe was with him, for he was not inclined to join the party on the officers' promenade, where they had been since breakfast. The cashier had been to the table, and had been introduced to all present; but he was very taciturn, and was hardly willing to answer the commonplace questions put to him.

The company had been informed that the first cutter had brought him off from the island, where he had been abandoned the night before by his adopted son; and this was all that was known in regard to him. He was still shaky and embarrassed, said

he was not well, and before the meal was finished he asked the commander's permission to retire to his state-room, which was granted.

When a messenger from the captain informed him that a small schooner, presumably the Seahound, had been discovered, he went on deck; but he declined to join the party on the promenade, and went into the pilot-house. The commander invited him into his state-room, and asked him if he had anything more to say in regard to the story he had told. He had not, and seemed to be surprised at the question.

"Of course you understand that you have given up the control of your adopted son to me, Mr. Fence-lowe?" said the captain as he seated himself at his desk and glanced at the paper the cashier had signed.

"Perfectly, Captain Ringgold; and though your lawyer had some doubts in regard to it, I am satisfied that it is a legal document," replied the cashier. "I stand in the relation of a father to him, and I have the right to bind him out in an apprenticeship to you; and that is what I have done."

"The Seahound belongs to you, and you have the right to do what you please with her," added the commander.

"I will place her in your hands to be disposed of as you think best."

"If I sell her, I will account to you for the proceeds of the sale."

The matter was understood on both sides, and the captain returned to the pilot-house. When the Seahound was not more than half a mile from the steamer, the commander called Mr. Boulong, and

instructed him as to what manner he should take possession of the yacht and her runaway skipper. He was told to obtain the desk in the cabin, which the cashier had located so that he could find it. He was to bring off Scott, and leave a couple of men in charge of the craft.

"What is it about this desk, Captain Ringgold?" asked the first officer. "Perhaps it is built into the vessel."

"I don't know about that," replied the captain. "I will inquire."

He went into his state-room, where he had advised Mr. Fencelowe to remain, and under no circumstances to permit himself to be seen by Scott.

"Who keeps the key of the desk in the cabin of the Seahound, Mr. Fencelowe?" he asked.

"I do; here it is," replied the cashier, producing it.

"Perhaps you had better give it to me," suggested Captain Ringgold, holding out his hand to receive it.

The passenger looked at him earnestly, but did not seem to be willing to comply with the suggestion. He became nervous and uneasy again.

"I hope you will excuse me, Captain Ringgold, if I decline to comply with your request," he answered. "That desk contains my private papers, as I told you before, and I do not care to have them inspected by any person. I mean no offense, and I hope you will take none."

"I do not propose to meddle with your private papers; but it may not be possible to bring off the desk. Do you know whether or not it is built into the vessel?"

"I do not know; but of course it is secured in some manner to the hull."

"Probably screwed to the partition against which it rests; no doubt it was fastened in its place on the inside of the desk. The first officer has his order to bring off the desk; and to do so, he may have to tear it from its place, and may break it all to pieces," said the commander.

The cashier bit his lips and seemed to be in a quandary. He was not willing that the desk should be opened by any one but himself.

"It becomes necessary, then, that I should go on board of the Seahound myself and open the desk," said Mr. Fencelowe, after considerable hesitation. "I do not see that I can obtain my papers in any other way."

"I shall object to your going on board of the yacht before I have taken possession of her. According to your description of the young man on board of her, he is a desperate fellow, and has a pair of revolvers in his possession," replied the commander, very decidedly. "If he sees you he will understand at once that he has reached the end of his rope; he appears to have pluck enough to defend his craft, and may disable some of my men. I am not willing that one of them should be shot at in any such cause as that which at present occupies our attention."

"What am I to do, then?" demanded the cashier.

"I shall not expose one of my men to be fired upon by this reckless youngster. I am satisfied that he will not resort to his weapons unless you show yourself. The desk seems to be the only trouble in the case."

"Do you think I ought to be called upon to exhibit my private papers?" asked Mr. Fencelowe, with an expression of injured innocence.

"Nobody cares a straw about your private papers!" exclaimed the captain impatiently, for he was satisfied that this was but a subterfuge. "Mr. Belgrave, the owner of this steamer, has heard your story, and fully understands the case as well as I do. If there is to be no shooting, I will send him in the boat, with the carpenter, to bring off the desk; and there will be no quarrel as long as you keep out of sight."

"Very well, Captain Ringgold; I will consent to this arrangement, and I will give Mr. Belgrave the key of the desk, with the understanding that he is to open it only for the purpose of removing the screws, by which it is attached to the partition," replied the cashier.

Louis was sent for; this arrangement was explained to him, and he promised to carry it out as agreed upon. By this time the Guardian-Mother was close aboard of the Seahound, and Mr. Boulong had stopped the screw. The yacht was becalmed a few miles to the northward of the Hogsties. The order had been given to put the first cutter into the water.

"If I am to go in the boat, Captain Ringgold, I think I ought to understand the plan of operations. Of course I comprehend that you intend to capture the Seahound," said Louis, when he had received his instructions to secure the desk and its contents.

"The plan of operations is not very complicated," replied the commander with a smile. "Scott

Fencelowe can have no suspicion that we have picked up his father. Mr. Boulong will make a dash at the yacht in the cutter, and throw four of his men on board of her. Without any parleying they will make a prisoner of the reckless skipper, and bring him on board of the steamer. As soon as he is captured, and not before, you will go on board of the Seahound, with Stevens, the carpenter, and have him remove the desk in the cabin. You will take charge of this desk yourself, Mr. Belgrave, and have it brought to this cabin."

The plan was well understood, and the party, with the exception of the cashier, went out upon the spar deck. The steamer still lay head to the south, with the Seahound on her port side. The first cutter was on the starboard, and Scott could not have seen that the boat had been lowered into the water. The young man stood in the standing-room of the little schooner, watching the Guardian-Mother, and probably wondering why she had stopped her screw within half a cable's length of his craft. Possibly he had seen the steamer in the early morning coming up from the southward, and he could hardly have supposed that she had been anywhere near the Mira-Por-Vos. At any rate he seemed to be perfectly unconcerned at the situation.

Mr. Boulong had detailed four men in addition to the regular boat's crew of the first cutter, and the carpenter had been ordered to bring a hammer and a couple of screw-drivers of different sizes with him. Louis and the first officer took their places in the stern-sheets, and the men shoved off at the order. The oars were dropped into the water in man-of-

war style, and in a few minutes the cutter dashed smartly alongside the Seahound. The four extra hands leaped on her deck, followed by Mr. Boulong, and Scott was a prisoner before he dreamed of any danger.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CONTENTS OF THE CABIN DESK.

THE sailors from the Guardian-Mother were brave and noble fellows, and there was nothing brutal about them. They had been instructed beforehand to make a prisoner of the bold skipper of the Sea-hound; but they accomplished the work in a very mild and gentlemanly manner. Scott was not prepared for the event, and he was not in condition to make any resistance, for he was taken before he had any suspicion of the intention of the boarders of his craft.

He was eighteen years old, the cashier had said. He had been accustomed to an abundance of physical exercise, and had lived most of the time in the open air. He was therefore very well developed, and was in fact the counterpart physically of Louis Belgrave, though the resemblance ceased there. He was certainly capable of making a stout fight for his liberty, and his history indicated that he had the pluck to defend himself. But he had been overcome by surprise before he realized that he was in peril.

Two of the four men who had made the capture held him by each of his wrists, while the other two placed themselves behind him ready for action if their services were required. Mr. Boulong made his

way to the standing-room, followed by Louis and the carpenter. The officer was not aware how dangerous the skipper might become, for he had not heard the cashier's story; but Louis passed in between the prisoner and the two extra men, and took from the hip pockets of the young man two revolvers, both of which were loaded.

"You may take charge of these, Mr. Boulong," said he, handing them to the officer of the expedition.

"What are you about?" demanded Scott, when he felt the movement at his hip pockets. "Do you mean to rob me? Are you pirates?"

The skipper was waxing indignant, and he made an effort to shake off the grasp of the two men who held him. The sailors seemed to think the whole thing was a good joke, and they laughed at the ineffectual struggle of the prisoner, though they had no idea of the meaning of the affair.

"Keep quiet, my bunchy featherweight, and we will not hurt you," said Knott, who held his right wrist.

"What are you about? What does all this mean?" demanded Scott, shaking with anger. "This is an outrage! What is your authority for making a prisoner of me in this unjustifiable manner?"

"If you will excuse me, Captain Fencelowe, for I believe that is your name, I must decline to answer any questions; and to tell the whole truth, I know nothing at all about this matter," replied Mr. Boulong, in a very pleasant tone.

"You don't know anything about the matter!"

exclaimed the unfortunate skipper. "Who are you, sir?"

"I am yours truly."

"That doesn't answer my question. Who are you?" repeated Scott.

"I am the first officer of that steamer," replied Mr. Boulong, pointing at the Guardian-Mother.

"Is she a man-of-war?"

"Nothing of the sort. She is the private steam-yacht of Mr. Louis Belgrave, who has just gone into the cabin of this schooner with the carpenter of the ship."

"What is his business in my cabin?" demanded Scott, whose wrath was rapidly fanning itself into a flame.

"You will have to ask Mr. Belgrave himself, for I don't know his business in the cabin; and he will do as he pleases about telling you," replied the first officer with a cheerful smile.

"If that is a private yacht, you have no right to arrest me in this outrageous manner. You fly the American flag, and so do I; and if there is any justice in the United States, I will have satisfaction for this insult."

"All right; I have no objection," answered the imperturbable mate.

"What do you mean to do with me?" asked Scott, a little more gently when he found his visitor could not be moved.

"I don't intend to do anything with you."

"Why have you arrested me?"

"Because I was ordered to do so by the commander of that steamer."

"What is his reason for giving you such an order?"

"I don't know."

"What does he mean to do with me?"

"I don't know."

"I think he must be a pirate," growled Scott.

"You have a right to your own opinion, though I don't agree with you."

"I should like to know what all this means. I am sailing peaceably on these waters, and I have as much right to be here as you have," blustered the skipper, warming up again with wrath.

"I don't dispute you, for I know nothing about this affair, as I have told you before."

"Who does know anything about it?"

"Captain Ringgold, of that steamer."

"Why didn't he come himself instead of sending such an ignorant fellow as you are?" said Scott, thoroughly disgusted with the situation.

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," replied Mr. Boulong, laughing at the pertness of the skipper. "Now I advise you to take a seat on that comfortable cushion, and keep entirely cool, for I don't think you can get ahead of the four men in charge of your person. In due time, when Mr. Belgrave comes on deck, I shall trouble you to go on board of the Guardian-Mother."

"Whose mother is she?" asked Scott with a sneer.

"She is likely to become your guardian mother for the present; but the captain will be able to tell you all about it when you meet him."

The angry and baffled skipper took the advice of

the first officer, and seated himself in the standing room, his custodians retaining their hold upon his wrists. As soon as he had taken the revolvers from the pockets of the prisoner, Louis called the carpenter, and descended to the cabin of the yacht. Most of it was under the trunk, only three steps below the floor of the standing-room.

"Shut the doors, Stevens," said Louis to the carpenter, for he did not care to have Scott see what he was going to have done.

"This is a trim little craft, and that young fellow ought to be able to have a good time on board of her," replied the carpenter, looking about the little cabin, which was fitted up very comfortably, if not luxuriously.

"I should think he might enjoy himself under favorable circumstances;" but he did not say he did not consider them favorable under the present conditions.

A glance at the cabin, and through the open door into the cook-room forward, was enough to satisfy the curiosity of Louis, and he proceeded to find the desk which was the object of his mission. It was concealed by two or three overcoats hung over it, which he removed. It was placed in a sort of niche occupied on the other side of the steps by the little pantry.

"I am to take this desk on board of the steamer, Stevens," said he, as he proceeded to examine the fastenings of the piece of furniture.

"And I suppose I am to take it down, sir?" queried the carpenter, as he looked the desk over, and tested the strength with which it was secured

to the partition separating the cabin from the run, under the standing-room. "It holds pretty solid."

Louis tried to shake it with his hands, but it was unyielding. Then the carpenter tried to raise the lid, but it could not be started with any ordinary force.

"It has a stiff lock on it, and I should judge from the firmness with which it keeps its place, that it was put up with heavy screws," said Stevens. "They must have been put through the back of it, from the inside of the desk."

"Then how can you get it down?" asked Louis.

"I have no doubt I could pull it down," replied the carpenter, who was a very powerfully-built man, as he gave the desk a wrench, which seemed hardly to affect it. "But I think it would fall to pieces before the screws would yield. Can't you open it, sir?"

"I was directed not to open it if I could avoid doing so," said Louis.

"You must either open it so that I can get at the screws, or I shall be likely to tear the desk to pieces."

"Then I will open it," added the young man, as he inserted the key the cashier had given him. "Now, Stevens, stand by the doors, and see that no one attempts to come in," added he, not willing to let his companion see the contents.

Louis had listened to the cashier's narrative, and noted the improbability of a portion of it, and he could not help being a little excited as he raised the lid of the desk. He did not feel that it was any part of his duty to assist the bank officer in con-

cealing the truth, whatever it might prove to be. Though he had not been instructed by Captain Ringgold to examine the contents of the desk, he felt that he should be fully justified in doing so, for the cashier would claim the property as soon as it was conveyed on board of the ship, and the commander might have no opportunity to ascertain the truth or the falsity of the suspicions he evidently entertained.

There were no files of papers in the desk, such as the cashier had described; only a few old, worn-out charts, a couple of books, and a lot of accumulated trumpery. But at one side of the space were three packages of just the size and shape of bank-notes. They were secured with rubber bands, and Louis did not hesitate to open one of them. The contents were bank-bills, as he supposed when he saw the shape of them. The denominations of the bills were all five hundred and thousand dollars. In that package alone there was over ten thousand dollars. The second and third bundles were larger, and the examiner was confident they contained even more money, though there were some bills of smaller denominations.

The cashier had lied to the captain in his narrative when he called the amount two thousand dollars.

Louis slipped the packages under the berth-sack nearest to him, and called the carpenter from the door, where he had stood all the time Louis was examining the contents of the desk. Two large brass screw heads were in sight on the back of the interior, and he told Stevens to take them out.

“Whoever put this desk up meant it should stay

in its place," said the carpenter when he had taken out one of them, for the screw was a very heavy one.

The other was removed, and then the owner sent his companion out of the cabin, replacing the bundles of bank-bills where he had found them, and carried the desk out into the standing-room.

"What are you going to do with that desk?" demanded Scott Fencelowe, as soon as Louis appeared at the door with his valuable burden.

"I am going to take it on board of the steamer," replied Louis, as he hastened into the cutter.

"Our business on board of the *Seahound* is finished for the present, Captain Fencelowe; and now I will trouble you to take a seat in the first cutter of the *Guardian-Mother*, said Mr. Boulong."

"Suppose I don't choose to do so; what then?" asked Scott, though the appearance of the desk had evidently produced a powerful impression on him.

"Then I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of ordering my men to put you into the boat."

But he got into the boat, and in a few minutes he was on the deck of the steamer.

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE IN THE CAPTAIN'S ROOM.

LOUIS BELGRAVE would not trust the desk in the hands of any other person, but carried it directly to the state-room of Captain Ringgold himself. Mr. Fencelowe had gone into the pilot-house, where he could see what took place on board of the *Seahound* without being seen himself. The gangway was so far aft that he could not see the desk when it was brought on board, and Louis entered the captain's room by the side door. The cabin party had spent the time on the promenade, observing what took place in the standing-room of the schooner. They knew nothing at all about the affairs of the cashier, with the exception of Uncle Moses, and he had been cautioned not to say anything about them.

As soon as the commander saw Louis bearing the desk, he followed him to his cabin, where his first step was to fasten the door leading into the pilot-house, so that the cashier could not come in till invited to do so. He was not inclined to do so, for as soon as the first cutter shoved off from the *Seahound*, he had seated himself on the divan, and had not moved since.

"You have brought off the desk, Sir Louis," said

the captain as he entered his cabin. "There seems to have been no battle fought on the deck; was there any trouble in the cabin?"

"None, sir," replied Louis, producing one of the big screws which he had put into his pocket to enable him to justify his action, and proceeding to narrate all that had occurred on board of the yacht.

"Whether I did right or wrong, I opened the three packages in the desk, and they contain at least thirty thousand dollars, though I had not time to count the money, only to look over the bills."

"Were there any documents in the desk, Sir Louis?" asked the commander.

"None at all, sir; no private papers; besides the packages, nothing but rubbish. I was obliged to open the desk, for Stevens said he could not remove it without breaking it all to pieces, as this screw would indicate. But I did not permit the carpenter to see the contents of the bundles," continued Louis.

"The sum of money you name is utterly appalling," added Captain Ringgold, dropping into the chair at his desk. "It is plain enough that Fencelowe is a defaulter; that he has robbed the bank of which he was the cashier, as his shuffling manner had almost convinced me. It is hard to say whether he or Scott is the greater sinner. I am glad you examined the packages, Louis, for I know where we are now."

The young man explained why he had done so, and was happy to have his action approved by the commander. He had placed the desk on the chart-case, on which the captain had fixed his gaze as the

depository of the fate of his passenger in the pilot-house.

"You may open the desk, Louis, as you have the key, and take out the packages," said Captain Ringgold, to the astonishment of the owner; but he complied at once with the request.

The commander opened one of them, and instructed Louis to do the same with another, and began to count the money. The amount of each was noted down on a piece of paper; then the captain opened the third bundle, and divided it into two parts, giving one of them to his companion. The result of each was put on the paper, and the total ascertained.

"Thirty thousand and ten dollars," said the commander. "You made a good estimate of the sum, Sir Louis."

"After looking them over, I concluded that the packages contained ten thousand each," added Louis.

"That is doubtless the amount, and one of us has made a miscount of ten dollars; but that is near enough, and we will not go over it again." Captain Ringgold placed the bills in the three piles in a conspicuous position on his desk, and the owner wondered what his next step would be.

"Now, Louis, you may invite Mr. Fencelowe to come into my room, and we will bring this matter to a head. He is in the pilot-house," said the commander.

"I suppose it is not necessary that I should be present at the interview," suggested Louis.

"I prefer that you should be present. You are the only person on board, besides myself, that knows

anything about this matter, and I should like to have a witness of whatever I may do," replied the captain.

Louis called the cashier, who was sitting on the divan still, and seemed to be absorbed in his own reflections, which could hardly have been of the pleasantest nature. But he promptly responded to the call, and entered the captain's room, the messenger closing the door behind him, for both of the quartermasters were there.

"Where is Scott?" he asked, looking about him as he entered the room.

"He is on the main deck in charge of the first officer," replied the captain, whose speech and manner were both very frigid.

"And I see that you have brought off the desk containing the two thousand dollars," added the cashier, as he saw it on the chart-case.

The commander of the *Guardian-Mother* was not given to dramatic speech or action, but he innocently succeeded in producing a startling effect upon the cashier. He had risen from his chair at the entrance of that gentleman, and in doing so had concealed from him the three piles of bank bills on his desk. When Mr. Fencelowe alluded to the two thousand dollars, Captain Ringgold stepped aside, and pointed in silence, but with prodigious effect, to the money at his side.

The cashier looked aghast at the bank notes, and whether he was dramatic or not in his methods, he struck an attitude, which was that of abject terror, as he gazed upon the evidence of his infidelity and crime. The commander said nothing, and, a minute

or two later, Mr. Fencelowe dropped into the arm-chair he had occupied before, and buried his face in his hands. He was overcome, at least for the moment, and if he had said anything, would have pronounced himself a ruined man. He was permitted to exhaust his emotions in his own way, and it was fully five minutes before he uncovered his face; and then he sprang to his feet, with a look of desperation in his expression.

"Captain Ringgold, you have taken advantage of me! You have cheated and betrayed me!" exclaimed, in gasping tones, the wretched man.

The commander was silent. He was more disposed to allow the defaulter to expend his wrath without reply than to bandy hard words with him.

"You obtained that key from me under false pretenses, and you have basely used it to pry into my private affairs, my secret!" added the cashier, hardly able to contain himself.

Captain Ringgold was still silent.

"You have opened my desk, unwrapped my packages of private papers, and have done your best to ruin me!" continued the faithless servant of the bank; but he had become somewhat less furious in his manner. "Was this treating one who was compelled to be your guest like a gentleman, like a Christian?"

"I have no ill-feeling, no bitterness, towards you, Mr. Fencelowe, and I am not disposed to indulge in any hard words with you," replied the commander gently.

"What you have done proves that you intended to ruin me."

“What I have done proves that you have ruined yourself.”

For a couple of minutes the defaulter was silent, but terribly shaken by his own emotions. The captain was evidently not such a man as he had taken him to be, and he could see that his treatment of the situation had made no impression on him. He found it necessary to change his tactics, though he was still silent, and perhaps intended to have the commander take the lead in the rest of the interview.

“I must leave you for a few minutes, Mr. Fencelowe,” said the captain, as he went to the door of the pilot-house. “Will you take a seat at my desk, Mr. Belgrave?”

Louis simply bowed, and took the designated chair, fully understanding that he was left in charge of the large sum of money on the desk. The captain passed out of his room, closing the door behind him. He found Mr. Gaskette in the pilot-house, and he directed him to get the ship under way, and make her course north-north-west for Castle Island light. Knott, who had brought the Seahound alongside the steamer, was directed to send her cable over the stern of the ship as a towline, and to stand by the wheel of the schooner. As soon as this order had been executed, the captain rang the gong, and the Guardian-Mother went ahead on her course.

Captain Ringgold had hardly closed the door of the pilot-house behind him before Mr. Fencelowe rose from his seat, and approached the desk on which the money lay.

“Of course you are aware, Mr. Belgrave, that this

money belongs to me," said he, with more animation than he had displayed in the latter part of the interview with the captain.

"I do not so understand it," replied Louis, adopting the manner of the captain, for his method of managing a difficult case had excited his admiration.

"I don't care how you understand it, the money is mine!" replied the cashier, rushing to the chart-case, and opening the small desk, the key of which had been left in its place. "I don't intend to be robbed of my own and I shall take possession of it."

From the chart-case he sprang to the large desk, and was on the point of seizing the piles of bank bills when Louis stepped between him and his ill-gotten booty.

With his left arm he shoved back the cashier, and with the right attempted to pull down the roll top of the desk; but the defaulter sprang upon him with the fury of a demon. Louis was not an infant, but a very stout fellow for his years, and had learned the art of self-defense strictly for his own protection, and that of his mother. The movement of the young athlete hurled the cashier over against the chart-case; but he was not disabled, and renewed the attack with all the fury to which his desperate situation had excited him.

This time he used his fists, though in a very clumsy manner; his intended victim very easily repulsed his onslaught, and kept him at bay. Fencelowe persisted in his attack till his breath was exhausted, and then he looked about him, apparently to find a weapon. There was nothing in the apart-



"I DON'T CARE HOW YOU UNDERSTAND IT, THE MONEY IS MINE." — Page 58.



ment available for this purpose, and the defaulter sank into his chair, panting for breath.

"Do you and the captain mean to rob me of my money?" gasped the cashier, as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak.

"I do not regard it as your money, but the property of the Barkbridge Bank," replied Louis quietly.

"That's all nonsense!" exclaimed the defaulter, with well-assumed contempt. "But perhaps we can make some arrangement."

"Quite impossible," added the young man.

"You are all-powerful on board of this steamer, Mr. Belgrave," continued Fencelowe, trying to use a persuasive tone. "I will pay you five thousand dollars, right here and now, if you will give me back my money, and put me and my son on board of the Seahound."

"No, sir!" answered Louis, with emphasis.

"I will make it ten thousand then."

"Not if you would make it twenty, or give me the whole of it."

"Then one of us must depart this life!" exclaimed the defaulter, rising as furious as before, and springing to a corner where stood the captain's repeating rifle, which he had failed to discover before.

He hastened to draw it from the case that inclosed it; but before he could accomplish his purpose, Louis sprang upon him and wrested it from him. At this moment the gong of the steamer rang, and she began to move ahead. Again the cashier rushed upon Louis, and a violent struggle was begun, though the younger of the two had the better of it. Then the door of the pilot-house was thrown open, and the commander darted into the room.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SKIPPER OF THE SEAHOUND.

CAPTAIN RINGGOLD seized the cashier by the collar of his coat, and hurled him like an unclean beast to the farthest corner of the apartment. He had left the door open, and the commotion attracted the attention of Mr. Gaskette, the two quarter-masters, and Felix, who followed the commander into his room.

"Bring a pair of handcuffs, Mr. Gaskette," said the captain.

Two pairs of these articles were kept in the pilot-house for possible though not probable emergencies, and one was brought by the second officer. The commander turned the defaulter over on his stomach, as he lay on the floor, and the irons were sprung on his wrists behind him. In this condition he was placed in an arm-chair.

"Are you injured, Mr. Fencelowe?" asked the captain in his usual tone.

"I don't know," he groaned.

"If you are, the surgeon is on the spar deck, and he shall attend to your case."

"I don't wish to see the surgeon, or any one else," replied the cashier, in a broken and subdued tone.

The commander sent all but Louis and the prisoner out of the room, and the door was closed behind them. Fencelowe's movements did not indicate that he was injured, and in a little while he began to walk about the room, denouncing the treatment he had received on board of the steamer.

"What is to be the end of this matter, Captain Ringgold?" demanded the cashier, after he had spent a portion of his fury in idle words.

"The restoration of this money to the bank and a term of years in the state prison for you, though I can only predict the latter."

"Do you mean really to ruin me, captain?" whined the wretch, going from one extreme of manner to the other.

"You ruined yourself when you stole thirty thousand dollars from the bank that employed you. I do not find it to be any part of my duty, as a citizen of the United States, to secure to you the possession of this stolen money, or to save you from the consequences of your crime."

"But my arrest is illegal," groaned the defaulter.

"I shall not split hairs over legal points, and both you and the money shall go back to Barkbridge if I can bring it about, as I think I can," replied the captain very decidedly. "I have one question to ask you: does Scott know anything about this defalcation?"

"You take it for granted that I stole the money," whined Fencelowe.

"If you did not, why did you lie to me about the contents of the desk, and say there was only two

thousand dollars in it, when there was thirty. Your private papers were all bank-notes. Did the young man know this money was in the cabin of the Sea-hound?"

"I am not aware that he did," muttered the prisoner.

"Is he in any manner a party to the robbery?"

"He is not."

"Now, Mr. Fencelowe, I shall confine you to your state-room until I decide what to do with you," said the commander, as he sent for two hands to remove him to his prison. "Any resistance on your part will simply be foolishness."

Those in charge of the prisoner were directed not to let Scott see him, and one of the seamen was ordered to remain as sentinel at the door of the state-room. As soon as they had gone, Captain Ringgold looked with a rather strange expression at Louis, as though he had something on his mind which had not yet come out.

"My dear boy, I did very wrong to leave you alone in this room with that man," said he at last. "Of course he is a mean-spirited hound, or he would not have robbed his bank; and I did not suppose there was any harm in him. Your mother will blame me severely."

"My dear captain, I did not have a hard time at all with the cashier, for I could handle him as easily as though he had been a child, and I came out of the circus without a scratch," replied Louis, exceedingly sorry that the commander should blame himself for what had occurred. "It isn't at all necessary that my mother should know anything at all

about the matter, as Dr. Hawkes would say, if you consulted him."

"I will consult him in due time. But now I must overhaul the enterprising skipper of the Seahound," added the captain, as he sent a seaman to conduct the young man to his room.

Mr. Boulong came with him, and reported that his prisoner had been very quiet since he came on board, though he asked a great many questions, which were not answered. He and the sailor were dismissed, and the skipper was seated in the arm-chair his father had occupied.

"Your name is George Scott Fencelowe, commonly called by your middle name alone," the captain began.

"Who told you all that?" asked the young man quite pertly.

"That is not material just now. You have been on a yacht cruise in the Seahound, along the coast of the United States, and from Florida among the Bahamas," continued the commander.

"You seem to be pretty well posted, captain, for I suppose you are the skipper of this dingey."

"Some time yesterday, when it was blowing rather fresh, you anchored under the lee of one of the Mira-Por-Vos group of rocks and sand islands. As your father, Mr. Allen Fencelowe, was sea-sick, he induced you to land him there, and fit up a sort of tent for him to sleep in."

"Quite correct, captain," replied the young man with a smile, which indicated that he was still master of the situation.

"Some time last night you weighed your anchor,

set your sails, and left the island, forgetting to inform your father by adoption of your intended departure."

"What you say is quite true; but I was only going down to the Hogsties to look for a turtle or two for a change of diet; and I should have been back to the island and taken him off before this time if I hadn't been becalmed. That is the whole of it in a nutshell. When I get out of your clutches I shall go over and pick up the governor," responded Scott, very lightly.

"This steamer passed the Seahound at half-past three this morning," said Captain Ringgold, with no apparent intention of entrapping the confident skipper.

"Just so, captain; I saw her."

"But the entry on the log-slate of this ship reports that the small schooner was headed to the southward," suggested the commander. "That was not precisely the way to get back to the island, where you had left your father."

Scott was completely upset by this mildly-spoken remark, and for a moment he was silent. Then he denied that he was headed to the south, and insisted that he was sailing in exactly the opposite direction.

"Do you happen to remember at what time you left the island, Scott?" asked the inquisitor.

"I do, very well. I could not sleep, for I suppose I made my tea too strong; and I got out of my berth, and lighted the lamp on the mainmast. Then I thought I would run down as far as the Hogsties, and I got under way right off," replied Scott, glibly enough after he got started.

"How was the breeze?" inquired the captain indifferently.

"It was light, and I hardly made four knots an hour."

"Excellent, my young friend; you seem to understand yourself exceedingly well. Then, when you saw this steamer, you had made about twelve or fourteen knots in all."

"Just about that. Oh, I know what I am about as well as you do, captain."

"Of course you do; and at this time you were headed for the island, anxious to take on board your father."

"That is just the length and breadth of it, captain."

"I suppose you don't know Castle Island light if you saw it?"

"I know it as I do my own figure-head, for it was in sight all the time. It is only a dozen miles from our sand island."

"Perfectly correct; you are an observing skipper," added the commander approvingly. "Now, do you chance to remember where the Seahound was when she was becalmed, and when my officer took possession of her?"

"Perfectly, for the Hogsties could be seen, and were not more than five miles from me," replied Scott, evidently beginning to grow weary of this examination.

"I should say that your estimate was very nearly correct, Mr. Skipper," added the captain, as he went to the table on which the chart on a large scale of the Bahamas was spread out. "Here is

where you were when this steamer passed you early this morning," he continued, as he laid off fourteen knots from the sand island.

"That was just my position," replied Scott.

"And I believe you said you were headed to the north, a little west, at the time."

"Just what I said; and I will make oath to that effect if you say so."

"Don't do it, skipper. Castle Island light could be seen at the time?"

"Precisely so."

"And when Mr. Gaskette boarded the *Seahound* she was about five miles from the Hogsties."

"You and I agreed on the location."

"Now, Mr. Skipper, I am going to give you the hardest conundrum yet," said the captain, still standing by the table with his finger on the chart. "Can you tell me how, between half-past three this morning and noon to-day, you made over twenty miles to the southward, when you were headed all the time to the northward? That looks to me like a very difficult thing to do."

"I don't understand you, captain," replied Scott, trying to laugh, as Louis could hardly refrain from doing.

The commander recalled the statements as to time and distances, that had been agreed to by the skipper, pointing out the marks he had made of the chart, and again reached the conclusion that Scott had made over twenty miles to the southward, while the *Seahound* was headed to the north.

"I am mixed somewhere, captain; but I don't exactly see where," stammered the skipper, as he

looked at the chart to find a way out of the difficulty.

"You are mixed; but that is not your principal trouble. You have been lying to me from the beginning, and the truth isn't in you," added Captain Ringgold severely.

"Perhaps you can tell me the truth, captain?" said Scott, with a sneer.

"I can. You have had no intention whatever of returning to the island to take off your foster-father. You had the funds for the trip in the cabin of the Seahound, and when my officer picked you up, you were bound to Havana, Sagua la Grande, Matanzas, or some other large place, where you could spend your money, and have what you would call 'a good time.'"

"That's to the point, captain," sneered Scott.

"But you have come to the jumping-off place already. Mr. Belgrave, will you bring out that little desk?"

"You must have seen the governor," added Scott, who was beginning to lose some of his brazen impudence.

"I took him off the island about sunrise, and he is in his state-room in the cabin of the steamer."

"Do you know the contents of this desk, Scott?" asked the commander, when Louis had placed it on the chart-case.

"I see that the governor has blowed everything," said the skipper, suddenly collapsing, and giving up the battle. "I know just what is in the desk, for the old man acted so strangely that I had to investigate. I took the key from his pocket one night

when he was asleep and we were at anchor. Then I knew he had robbed his bank. That is the whole of it."

Scott had clearly made a "clean breast of it."

CHAPTER IX.

THE MEETING WITH THE VIKING.

SCOTT FENCELOWE had too hastily denied that the Seahound was headed to the south when seen in the early morning, for he had no idea what Captain Ringgold was driving at, and he had soon involved himself in an inextricable snarl. He had given up the wordy battle only when he saw that the farther he went the deeper he sank in the mire of contradictions.

"The pile of money did not belong to the governor any more than it did to me, and I thought I could make a better use of it than he would," said Scott, as the conclusion of the whole matter.

"Then you mean to become a bad and useless man; to spend this money in wild and riotous living," said the captain, sadly.

"Nothing of the sort; I think I know how to take care of myself."

"What did you think was to become of your father, Scott?"

"Oh, I knew some vessel would pick him up, and carry him home."

Captain Ringgold talked to the young man very seriously for half an hour till the bell for lunch rang,

and then he handed him over to the care of Mr. Boulong, assigning to him a spare state-room which had been occupied by the third officer when the ship had one. The cashier's lunch was carried to him by Mr. Sage, the chief steward, who reported him as being in a very quiet mood, and the commander directed that his irons should be removed. Scott was to mess with the officers.

"I should like to know what you are going to do with me, Captain Ringgold," said Scott, when he found him smoking his cigar on the spar-deck after lunch.

"I am going to make a man of you if I can," replied the captain, as he drew from his pocket the paper the boy's father had signed. "You are plainly a young fellow of very decided ability; but you have been running wild so far. Your father has very nearly spoiled you by indulgence. Suppose you read this paper."

The late skipper of the *Seahound* read it through.

"This looks just as though the governor had bound me over to you as a sort of apprentice," said he, as he returned the document to the captain. "You have one young fellow on board to look after, and I should think you might have your hands full already."

"Louis Belgrave, the owner of the steam-yacht, requires no discipline. He is a Christian and a gentleman, and has no evil tendencies whatever."

"I should think he might be a 'good boy' if he owns this splendid steamer."

"He was just what he is now when he was a poor boy."

The commander told the ex-skipper to take a vacant chair, and then he talked to him for two hours in the gentlest and most persuasive manner. He told him that he had probably saved him from immediate ruin in finding his father on the island, probing his story to the bottom, and taking into his keeping his wayward son.

Then he explained to the young man that the Guardian-Mother was Louis's college; that the present voyage was expected to extend "all over the world," and that the student attended to his studies every day, with occasional intermissions of a few days for the purpose of sight-seeing. He told him all that it was necessary for him to know, in regard to the steamer.

"I should say that Louis Belgrave, worth a million and a half, could afford to be a very good boy," said Scott, when he had heard all that the commander had to say.

"You are to remain on board, young man, and go where we go," added the captain.

"I don't object; but if I don't like this sort of a life, I shall not stay," continued Scott. "My adopted father has put me into your hands, and I cannot help myself at present. What is to become of the Seahound? I have a big affection for her."

"You had better wean yourself from her, for I am authorized by your father to sell her."

"She don't belong to him, for he gave her to me," protested the skipper with some anger in his tone.

"You are a minor and can own nothing, except under guardianship. My agent in New York will

account for the proceeds of the sale. I certainly shall not send you off alone in this little schooner, and I have already arranged your immediate future. If you don't behave like a gentleman, I shall send you to New York, and have you committed to some reformatory institution."

"What is to become of the governor, captain?" asked Scott, apparently accepting the situation as laid down by the commander.

"I shall send him and the money he stole to Barkbridge. Now, young man, you understand where you are. You will berth in the room Mr. Boulong assigned to you, and mess with the officers. If you are disposed to improve your mind, you will be admitted to the after-cabin during study hours, but you are not to enter the state-cabin without permission from me."

"May I speak to the governor?" asked Scott, as he saw the cashier promenading the after-deck, for permission had been given to him to go where he pleased.

"You may if you like."

Uncle Moses had learned the whole story of the day's doings from the commander, and had been instructed to impart it to the rest of the occupants of the cabin, which had been done immediately after lunch. Mr. Fencelowe did not go near any of the party, for he concluded from their actions that his crime was known to them, and he kept by himself. The chief steward, as he had been instructed to do, treated him in the kindest manner.

The speed of the Guardian-Mother was considerably increased after lunch, for the captain was in a

hurry to finish the business that had been thrust upon him by the finding of the cashier on the island, and the party in the cabin were somewhat impatient to be on the opposite shores of the Atlantic. At half-past seven in the evening, the steamer dropped her anchor at the landing-place of Crooked Island, where the ladies were to meet Mrs. Bondleigh again.

"There is a steamer here," said Mr. Boulong after the anchor had dropped into the sand, for his duty had called him to the top-gallant forecabin, where he could obtain a good view of the shore. "I think we have seen her before."

"What steamer do you take her to be, Mr. Boulong?" asked the captain.

"The Viking, sir."

"Quite possible, for Mrs. Scoble talked of making a trip to this island as soon as the authorities handed over the steam-yacht to her," added Captain Ringgold.

The crew had been ordered to hoist out the gangway steps as soon as the anchor was let go, and a boat came up to the landing-stage before the job was completed. Without waiting for everything to be adjusted, a man ran up the steps, and sprang lightly down to the main deck.

"Good-evening, Captain Ringgold," said the visitor, seeing the commander standing at the door of the boudoir, or social hall, as it is generally called.

"I am glad to see you, Captain Sharp," said the commander, grasping heartily the hand of the other.

Captain Sharp had served first on the Guardian-Mother as a quartermaster, and then had been made

third officer. He had acted many years as a detective in New York; the captain had employed him largely for this reason, and had promoted him the better to enable him to act in this capacity. He had "worked up" the case of Mrs. Scoble, and enabled the captain to find her in Cuba. In the end he had been made the captain of the Viking.

"How long have you been here, Captain Sharp?" asked the commander of the Guardian-Mother.

"About a week; but we are to leave in a few days for Nassau, with Mrs. Bondleigh, to visit friends there; and then we sail for New York," replied the commander of the Viking.

"For New York!" exclaimed Captain Ringgold. "Is Mrs. Scoble going to visit her husband in Sing Sing prison?"

"By no manner of means. She repudiates him as fully and heartily as ever Mrs. Belgrave did. She is going there to obtain certain documents and evidence, which she desires to use in England," replied Captain Sharp.

"Precisely so," added the other captain, with an expressive laugh.

"I am not at liberty to explain her mission in New York, and you must excuse me from doing so, Captain Ringgold."

"With the greatest pleasure, since it is not at all necessary that you should make any explanations. Then you are going to England from New York?"

"That is the intention of the lady. From what I heard, without knowing a great deal of Spanish, I have come to the conclusion that Mrs. Scoble is about as well off in worldly goods as the owner of

the Guardian-Mother," replied the captain of the Viking.

"You are a fortunate fellow, Captain Sharp," said the other with something like a chuckle.

"I have a most excellent position, or I shall have when I have shipped a better crew, for I have most of Scoble's Portuguese cut-throats now."

"The lady seems to have a very high opinion of you."

"It was you who gave it to her in the first place, for which I shall be everlastingly grateful to you. Mrs. Scoble is one of the best women I ever met in all my life, and if I had found such a one when I was twenty years younger, I don't believe I should have been a bachelor now. She and Mrs. Belgrave are moral mates, and both of them are angels. She thinks her uncle in Cienfuegos did not do just right in making her the sole heir of his vast property, and she is going to England to rearrange the matter more to her own taste. We may go from Nassau to Bermuda on our way to New York, in order to meet George Hastings, the lady's cousin, through whom we were enabled to find her."

"Mrs. Scoble's intentions are highly creditable to her. Now, after you have seen the party in the cabin, I want a little conversation with you."

Captain Sharp was heartily welcomed by the party in the cabin, and for an hour he was kept very busy answering questions. Then Captain Ringgold conducted him to his cabin, and laid before him the whole history of Fencelowe and his son.

"You are going to New York, Captain Sharp, and I want to send this recreant cashier there," he

continued. "He has not been legally arrested, but I don't mean to let him escape the penalty of his crime if I have to take him to the United States myself."

"We have plenty of room on board of the Viking, and we can take him just as well as not. I know all about Barkbridge, for I was born within ten miles of it," replied the captain of the smaller steamer. "Of course I cannot consent to take this passenger without consulting my owner. I will do what I can to induce her to comply with your request."

The late detective returned to his vessel. The next day the cabin party visited Mrs. Bondleigh on shore, and passed a delightful time with her and Mrs. Scoble, who was more than glad to meet them again. The transportation of the bank-robber was readily assented to by the owner of the Viking. Her captain was cautioned by Uncle Moses to keep his prisoner out of sight of the shore-people at Nassau or Bermuda, so as to avoid writs of *habeas corpus*, or anything of that sort.

That afternoon the Guardian-Mother got under way, and after she had passed Bird Rock light, shaped her course for the Canary Islands. Three days later the Viking sailed for Nassau with Mr. Fencelowe as a passenger in the steerage.

CHAPTER X.

AN INTENDED BOAT EXPEDITION.

THE cashier had become resigned to his fate before the Viking sailed. He had indulged in protests, threats, and persuasions before he reached this state of mind. Captain Ringgold refused to regard him as anything but a criminal, though he caused him to be treated kindly. He could not escape the duty which he felt that the circumstances imposed upon him, even at the sacrifice of some technicalities. It was only when he found that the commander was inflexible, that Fencelowe became reconciled to the situation.

Captain Sharp packed the bank-bills in a tin box, which he placed in the safe of his steamer, and in due time it was delivered to the Barkbridge Bank. It covered the entire loss of the institution. Mr. Fencelowe escaped with only a short term of imprisonment; but he was a ruined man. He appeared to have appropriated the money for the benefit of his adopted son, as he had property of his own sufficient to support him as long as he lived. The reckless character of his son, and especially his ingratitude to one who had treated him so indulgently, seemed to be more terrible to him than his own disgrace and punishment.

Captain Ringgold realized that Scott had never been properly brought up; that the cashier had spoiled him, and had failed to give him proper moral and religious instruction, and especially had not set before him the example of an honest and upright man. He had taken upon himself the difficult task of reforming and building up the young man. He had theories of his own which he was anxious to test, for he had never had any children of his own to whom he could apply them. The two young men on board of the Guardian-Mother were morally high-toned. He never had occasion to criticise the conduct of Louis Belgrave, and very seldom that of Felix McGavonty, for both of them had been carefully trained by Mrs. Belgrave and Uncle Moses.

"What am I to do on board of this steamer, Captain Ringgold?" asked Scott Fencelowe, before the ship was out of sight of land.

"You are to make a well-behaved young man of yourself in the first place," replied the commander.

"But I want something to do," Scott insisted.

"You have not attended to your own education as diligently as you might have done. You have brains and aptness enough, but have idled away your time."

"I got through the grammar school, and went to the academy," argued the young man.

"What did you study at the academy?"

"Navigation."

"Did you mean to make a sailor of yourself?"

"That was just my idea."

"Why didn't you ship in some vessel making a long voyage?"

"I did not like the idea of associating with men such as I found in the forecastles of large ships at the wharves in New York. Besides, I wanted to be an officer," replied Scott.

"You wanted to crawl in at the cabin window; but that is not the way good sailors are made. I went in at the hawse-hole, and worked my way into the cabin; and that is the only proper way to do it."

"I don't believe I shall ever do it that way."

"Then you will never get there."

"But I know something about navigation now. I can steer by compass, and work a schooner as well as any of them. I have taken the first prize with the Seahound more than once, sailing her myself," said the young aspirant for maritime honors.

"That is a sort of fancy seamanship, which is excellent for men with fortunes; and it may make a good sailor of a young fellow; but he needs half a million of dollars or more to start with. I believe you have no fortune?"

"Not a red; but I expected my father to leave me what he had."

"That was only a bagatelle even with the amount that belonged to the bank. It is just the time now, young man, for you to make a beginning, to turn over a new leaf. You can improve your education under the instruction of Professor Giroud."

"I don't know; I will see about that," added Scott with something like a yawn. "But I should like to know what sort of a position I am to have on board."

"No position at all until you have shown what you are good for."

"I have told you what I can do."

"Which amounts to nothing. Are you willing to ship as a seaman before the mast?" demanded the captain with energy.

"No, sir, I am not; I think I am equal to something better than that," replied Scott with abundant complacency. "Will you be kind enough, Captain Ringgold, to tell me what you have done with the Seahound?" asked the late skipper of that craft.

"Your father authorized me to sell her, and I have left her with Mr. Bondleigh for that purpose. He will buy her himself if he obtains a certain sum of money he expects to receive."

"My father had no moral right to do so, for he gave the schooner to me," protested Scott.

The commander saw that the young man was not yet in a frame of mind to take a reasonable view of life and its responsibilities, and he left him to his own reflections. Neither Louis nor Felix had anything particular to do with him, and after the record he had made in connection with the cashier, they did not feel disposed to have any very intimate relations with him.

"What do you have to do on board of this steamer?" asked Scott, as he happened to meet Felix on the spar-deck, just after the captain left him.

"Is it what do I do? Don't you know that I am the captain's clerk, and that everything depends upon me?" replied Felix.

"I thought they had you to keep the bread from moulding," said Scott with a sneer. "I suppose you

are good for nothing, and they have made a clerk of you. Do you happen to have anything like pluck in your composition?"

"Perhaps I have a little of it, but I keep it stowed away for use when it is needed," replied Felix, amused at the flippancy of the fellow.

"You must lead a very dull and stupid life on board of this steamer, for there doesn't seem to be anything like fun on board of her. You are twisted around the little finger of the preacher-captain, and you think your soul belongs to him. I had a fine time on board of the Seahound, and I should like to continue my cruise in her with some good fellow like you."

"I'm a good-for-nothing," laughed Felix.

"But I can make something of you if you will come with me," suggested Scott.

"Where are you going?" asked Felix, curiously.

"Back to Crooked Island after the Seahound; and I want you to go with me. What do you say?"

"Are you going on foot?"

"Not exactly; but I will find brains for the excursion."

"Where are you going to look for them?"

"Not in your skull. I will manage the affair, and put you on board of the Seahound before to-morrow morning," said Scott; and he appeared to believe he could do all he promised. "I am not a sailor in the sense that these fellows before the mast are such, but I am a yachtsman, and I can handle a schooner like mine a little better than any other fellow of my avoirdupois. We can go to Havana, Matanzas, and lots of other places, and have a jolly time of it."

"And get the yellow fever in a couple of months or so."

"No yellow fever until July or August; and then we can run up to Nassau."

"But who is to pay the bills of this delightful excursion?" asked Felix, wondering if the wild skipper had any plan he meant to carry out.

"I will take care of that matter; and I will make a yachtsman of you so that you can sail a small schooner as well as I can. What do you say?"

"I don't say anything; I will think of the matter, and let you know," replied the Milesian.

"No, you don't! I want your answer now. I have let myself out to you, and the next thing you do may be to carry the news of my plan to the captain," said Scott. "It is nearly dark now, and I must get off before we get out of sight of Bird Rock light. Your answer now, Felix."

"I must ask you to excuse me for the present, for I am not ready to answer just yet."

"That means treachery, and I will not stand it!" exclaimed Scott, with his fists clinched as though he meant to bring the matter to a head at once.

"I am not going to be driven into anything," added Felix quietly.

"Yes, you are! Come with me!" blustered Scott, in a menacing attitude. "Move aft!"

"On the contrary I will move forward," replied Felix, and he took a step in that direction.

"No, you don't!" And the yachtsman stepped in front of him and shook his fist in his face.

But the Milesian kept on his way, and the other struck at him. Felix had taken lessons with Louis

in self-defense; he parried the blow, and gave the skipper a rap which sent him reeling over to the rail. Then he went on his way, and reached the stairway just as the gong sounded for dinner. He had no opportunity to speak to the captain during the meal, as he intended to do, though he could hardly believe that Scott had any feasible plan by which he could reach Crooked Island.

Captain Ringgold remained at the table in conversation with the party till eight o'clock, Felix waiting for a chance to speak to him without interrupting an argument he was having with Dr. Hawkes. When the former went on deck, Mr. Boulton, who had been charged to look out for the accommodation of Scott, reported that the young man had not been to supper and that he was unable to find him. The commander directed him to call all hands, and make a thorough search for him.

In a short time it was discovered that the after quarter-boat, which was the dingey, kept swung out in readiness for use at any moment, had been lowered into the water, and had disappeared. Felix had narrated his interview with Scott to the captain, and the reckless yachtsman was understood. The stations of the officers and seamen were commonly at the forward part of the steamer, and there had been no one near to witness the operations of the intending runaway.

The ship was put about, and in fifteen minutes the dingey was discovered. The boat contained a breaker of water, a quantity of sea-biscuit, three oars, and a small sail which Scott had set. There was hardly any wind, and he was making no prog-

ress. Mr. Boulong was sent to pick up the wanderer with the first cutter, and in fifteen minutes the two boats were alongside, and were soon hoisted up to the davits.

"Have you had a pleasant cruise, Scott?" asked the captain, as the yachtsman came on board.

"I was nipped in the bud that time, for that flunky, Felix, allowed my cat to escape from my bag," replied Scott, apparently not much cast down by his failure. "But I shall have better luck next time."

"I will see that you don't," added the commander.

"You had better keep that Felix in the cabin, or out of my way, for I mean to put his two eyes in mourning, and paint his nose red," added Scott.

"Felix is able to take care of himself; and I am inclined to believe that you will get the black eyes and the bloody nose yourself if you meddle with him," replied Captain Ringgold.

Then Scott went to the mess-room for his supper.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VOYAGE TO THE CANARIES.

"Now, Mr. Scott Fencelowe," said Captain Ringgold, after he had called the young scapegrace into his cabin, "I shall trifle no longer with you. I took charge of you for the purpose of making something out of you. I have held out the opportunity to you to make a man of yourself, and you have refused the offer."

"But I am willing to be an officer," protested Scott.

"I dare say you are," replied the commander, smiling at the presumption of the young reprobate; "but you cannot be an officer on board of this ship, for I would not trust you in any position of responsibility. I was willing that you should pursue your studies with Mr. Belgrave; but that time has gone by. I shall make an ordinary seaman of you if you know how to hand, reef, and steer; and if you don't, you must learn. I shall send you into the fore-castle, and put you into the first officer's watch."

"But I object!" exclaimed Scott very decidedly.

"You may object as much as you please, and it will do no good. Knott," he called to a seaman, to whom he had already spoken in relation to his apprenticeship, as he called him.

Knott came into the captain's room, took off his cap and bowed to the commander.

"You will give this young man a bunk in the fore-castle, and let him fare just like the rest of the hands. He will be in the first officer's watch with you. You will do what you can to instruct him in seamanship, and see that he behaves himself. That's all; take him to the fore-castle."

"But I won't go to the fore-castle!" protested Scott, backing up against the chart-case, as though he intended to fight it out on the spot.

"You needn't fool with him, Knott; take him to the fore-castle," added the commander.

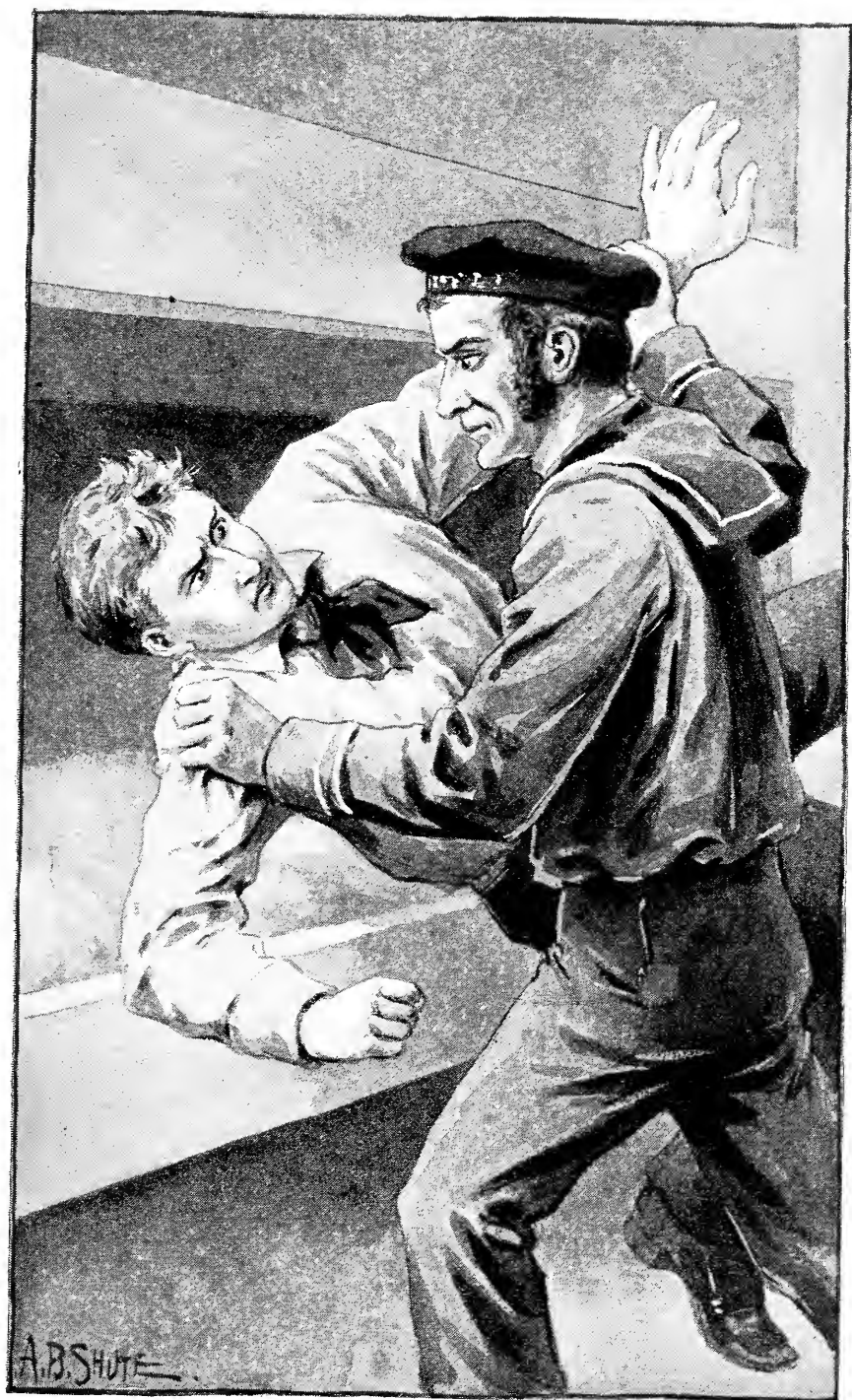
"Come along, my hearty; let's have no trouble about it. The fore-castle is nice enough for any of them kings," said the seaman, who was one of the most reliable men on board, and entirely correct in his morals.

"Keep off!" stormed Scott, shaking his fists in the face of the sailor.

"Oh, that's how it is, is it?" said Knott with a cheerful smile, as he got his hand on the coat-collar of the rebel back of his neck, and brought him to the floor before Scott could make any effective use of his fists.

He did not "fool" with his charge, but dragged him out of the captain's cabin, and then down to the fore-castle. He not only showed him his bunk, but he tossed him into it as though he had been a bundle of old clothes.

"Now, my hearty, turn over and go to sleep, for you are in Mr. Boulong's watch, and you will be called at eight bells. That is twelve o' clock, or



"HE TOSSED HIM INTO HIS BUNK." — Page 86.

midnight, if you don't know the bells. You will have to go on deck, and do duty like the rest of the watch. Your station in making sail, furling, and reefing, will be on the to'-gallant yard."

"I shall not stay in this bunk," howled Scott, after he had listened to the first lesson of his mentor.

"Perhaps you won't, my little fighting bantam; but I will just slip it into your starboard ear that my bunk is under yours, and if you get out of it twenty-one times, I shall just pitch you back into it the whole twenty-one times. I reckon you had better not be a fool, and put your fingers into hot water, for it will scald you as sure as you live," argued the stout sailor, without any appearance of anger in his tones or manner. "The captain, who is just about the best man that ever planked a deck, means to make a Christian of you if he can, and a decent fellow if he can't."

"He can't make anything of me," growled the rebel.

"I don't know as he can, but he will try; and I will do the best I can to help him, for, as he says, it is a thousand pities that a smart fellow like you should go to the chickitoos," reasoned Knott. "Now, my lad, I'm going to turn in and go to sleep; and as your best friend on earth, I advise you to shut your peepers and launch off into the land of Nod."

This was his first lesson, but it was not the last. It would take the whole book to narrate the discipline to which he was subjected, and the party in the cabin were anxious to begin the business of sight-seeing. But they had a long voyage before them, about thirty-eight hundred miles, and without unduly

hurrying the steamer, she would make the distance in about fifteen days. She would reach her first destination in the middle of April. The islands are in about the latitude of the central part of Florida, and the air was tempered by the ocean breezes, though they sometimes came from the sandy and torrid regions of Africa. Leaving Scott Fencelowe to the discipline marked out for him, and to the immediate tutelage of the inflexible Knott, who was not to be deceived or vanquished, the Guardian-Mother will continue on her long voyage.

While in Havana Captain Ringgold had explained to the carpenter how to make the pieces for playing shuffle-board, a game which is in high favor among the passengers of the Atlantic steamers. Stevens had procured the wooden discs at a turner's in the city, and had made the push-cues on board, for he had a bench. On the deck a square inclosing nine smaller squares was drawn on the spar deck, with an additional one forward and aft, in each of which was respectively marked "ten off" and "ten on," the first being nearest to the players. The figures chalked in the interior squares formed the magic square, the sum of which, fore and aft, right and left, or diagonally, amounted to 15.

As soon as the passengers began to weary a little of the monotony of the sea, Louis, to whom the game had been explained, drew the required figure on the deck, and placed the cues at the goal. The commander took part in the game, which made four on a side, and all of them soon became deeply interested in the amusement. It required considerable skill to play it well, and all of them had abundant

chance to improve, for not one of them except the captain had ever tried it before.

The "potato game" was also introduced, and it made the most uproarious amusement. The whole party shook their sides with laughter. The officers and seamen were spectators so far as they could obtain the opportunity, and enjoyed it quite as much as the occupants of the state-cabin. Eight little rings or zeroes were made on the spar deck, about six feet apart, in two rows eight feet from each other. The material for the sport consisted of two buckets or baskets, one placed at the after end of each row, and eight potatoes, with the ends cut off, so that they would stand up on the deck.

A potato was placed on each of the eight zeroes in each of the two rows. Two players at once were all the game would admit, and it was required that the potatoes should be picked up and deposited in the bucket one at a time, at the end of the line. Louis and Felix were the first to play the game, and their lively movements created a great deal of mirth as each struggled to get his number into the bucket first. They repeated the trial several times, each beating the same number of times.

Then the captain and Professor Giroud were pitted against each other, but the agile Frenchman won the day every time, for the commander was rather a large man, and his natural dignity was somewhat in his way. The two ladies were then engaged against each other, and the amusement became more interesting; but Mrs. Belgrave proved to be the victor four times out of five. The acme of the diversion came when the twins, the Brothers Avoirdupois

and Adipose Tissue, as Uncle Moses and Dr. Hawkes had respectively named each other, for each of them weighed two hundred and twenty-six pounds and a fraction.

The twins entered into the sport with quite as much vim and vigor as the youngest members of the party, and were perfectly willing to sacrifice their professional dignity for the gratification of the other passengers. They could not handle their bulky frames with the same celerity as the others, but they afforded the most amusement to the spectators. An anchorite could not have helped laughing at the frisky movements of the two fat men, from whose round faces the perspiration flowed in big drops.

The ladies made a number of small bags, which were partly filled with white beans, and with these a variety of games were played. In fact the entire party became children again. It has been observed that, on Atlantic steamers, running with crowded cabins during the summer season, the grave and dignified people, ministers, lawyers, and physicians, step down from their "high horses," and become as hilarious as the boys and girls; and no doubt it does them quite as much good, morally and physically.

During the first week of the voyage from Crooked Island to the Canaries, the weather was all that could be desired; but the second opened with a gale of wind which suspended for the time the games which had made the deck so lively. The party had been sailing in the smooth waters of the Caribbean Sea, or among the Bahamas, and they had seen no rough weather for many weeks. The effect was rather

unpleasant upon those who were predisposed to seasickness, and several of the passengers were obliged to take to their berths. It blew heavily for two days, and the effect of the storm kept the ocean stirred up for another day. But the end of it came in due time, and the games on the spar deck were resumed.

"Sail, ho!" called the lookout on the top-gallant forecastle one day during the height of the gale.

"Where away?" called Mr. Gaskette, the officer of the deck at the time.

"Broad on the port bow!" screamed the seaman, for it was difficult to make himself heard above the noise of the storm.

It was just before lunch time, when the report came from forward, and both Louis and Felix were in the pilot-house. The owner attended to his studies diligently during the forenoon. Most of the cabin party had something to do at the same time in writing up journals, reading, sewing, and other occupations, so that no games were played until after lunch. If Louis had been a student in a shore college he could not have been more assiduous and punctual in his attendance upon his studies.

Mr. Gaskette used his glass; but the air was rather thick with the mists of the ocean, and it was only occasionally that he could get a sight of the distant sail. A tremendous sea was running, and the Guardian-Mother was both rolling and pitching, so that life-lines had to be extended from one end to the other of the ship. All the openings were closed, for the seas were pouring over the decks all the time, and the smoke-stack was whitened to its apex

with the salt spray. It was by all odds the heaviest gale the steamer had experienced, not even excepting the one in which the schooner *Maud*, with Mrs. Belgrave and Felix on board, was wrecked on the Bermuda reefs.

"Can you make out the vessel, Mr. Gaskette?" asked Louis, who had been straining his eyes ineffectually to obtain a view of it.

"I can just make out some sort of a craft painted white ; but she seems to be under water half the time," replied the second officer.

"Is she a square-rigged vessel?"

"I should say not; but I have not had a good sight of her yet. She will come up on the top of a big wave in a minute or two, and I shall be able to make her out."

"What is it, Mr. Gaskette?" asked Mr. Boulong, coming into the pilot-house at this time.

The second officer explained that a sail had been discovered in the distance, and handed the glass to his superior. The first officer looked long and earnestly at the white vessel struggling with the mighty waves.

"What does she look like, Mr. Boulong?" asked Louis.

"She is too far off to be made out distinctly ; but she looks like a white schooner lying to under a close-reefed mainsail, and a storm jib," replied the first officer, as Captain Ringgold joined the observers.

He looked through one of the glasses ; but he could add no additional information to that already obtained.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WHITE SCHOONER IN DISTRESS.

THE party in the pilot-house watched the laboring vessel for half an hour, without being able to make her out very distinctly. She was a white schooner, under close-reefed mainsail and storm jib, and she was making very heavy weather of it. She was on the lee-bow when first seen. The gale came from the south-west, and the Guardian-Mother was carrying a foresail, reefed, and a fore-top-mast stay-sail, also reefed. These bits of sails were for the purpose of steadying her rather than to increase her speed, though they added something to her progress through the boiling waters.

As the steamer went ahead she came nearer to the white schooner, and it was discovered for the first time that she carried a reversed ensign at her main topmast head, if she had not just set the flag. This was a signal that she was in trouble, and the sight of the American flag, union down, caused no little excitement in the pilot-house. It was heavy weather even for the Guardian-Mother, which had been built and fitted out to stand the worst weather the ocean could produce, and she was as solid as though she had been made of adamant.

“Starboard the helm, Twist,” said Captain Ringgold. “Wear her round steadily, and then head her for that schooner.”

The quartermaster obeyed the order literally, and brought the ship to the course indicated without producing any violent convulsion in her movements. She had the gale on her port quarter now, and she pitched furiously, but the rolling was sensibly diminished. The sheets of the two sails were started, and it was soon evident that the steamer had increased her speed.

“What do you suppose is the matter with that schooner, Captain Ringgold?” asked Louis, deeply interested in the fate of the stranger.

“I don’t know, for it is impossible to form any opinion at this distance from her,” replied the commander. “She signals that she is in distress, though it may be a future peril rather than a present one that causes her to ask for assistance. She is having a rough time of it; but so far as we can see, she appears to be weathering it, though she may have sprung a leak, and has been able to keep the upper hand of it with the pumps so far. I should not give it up, if I were in that vessel.”

“She sets the stars and stripes, and she must be an American,” added Louis.

“Undoubtedly; and the United States is noted for its yachting enterprise. Every year there are quite a number of American yachts which cross the Atlantic, and that appears to be one of them. She does not look like a merchantman or a whaling schooner, of which one is occasionally seen, even over as far as the coast of Africa,” the captain explained.

Louis was in his floating college, which was to bear him all over the world ; and while he pursued his studies earnestly in the after-cabin, the commander deemed it his duty to give him all the information in his power on all miscellaneous subjects ; and therefore he always answered all his questions without deeming them a burden to him.

“I thought about all the whaling in these days was done on the Pacific Ocean, and nearer to the two poles,” suggested the student.

“The burden of it is done in those seas, but many whales are killed on the Atlantic. You have occasionally seen one spouting since we sailed from New York.”

“How far off is that schooner, Captain Ringgold ?” asked Louis, suddenly changing the topic, for he could not keep his gaze from the vessel which signified that she was in peril.

“I should say that she was still seven or eight miles from us, and was nearer ten when we first made her out,” replied the captain.

“Then we shall soon be up with her.”

“Not for an hour at least, for we cannot make a dozen knots an hour in a sea as heavy as this is.”

For half an hour more those in the pilot-house watched the white yacht rising and falling on the heavy seas, and every seaman on board was on deck, clinging to the life-lines while he observed the imperilled craft. It looked as though a shipwreck might be added to the incidents of the voyage, for the signal of distress indicated that the schooner had met with some mishap. It might be that she had sprung a leak, or sprung one of her masts. It

was Mr. Gaskette's watch, and Mr. Boulong was directed to call all hands, and overhaul the boats in order to be sure that they were in the best condition for immediate use.

"Can you send off the boats in such a violent sea as this is, Captain Ringgold?" asked Louis, who did not suppose the barge or the two cutters could live a minute in the boiling sea.

"I shall send the first and second cutters off if the situation of that schooner requires such a step. It is a sort of dangerous undertaking to send off a boat, at such a time; but it is not altogether a desperate venture. The first and second cutters are life-boats, and they will stay on the top of the water; but they are liable to upset and pitch the men out, though they may still cling to the boat, and may succeed in righting her.

"The air chambers, which make the craft a life-boat will keep her afloat as long as they remain intact; and they are not likely to be stove unless the boat is thrown against a rock or a vessel. But it requires very skilful management to handle a boat in a violent sea, and the lives of the crew depend as much upon the skill of the officer as upon the quality of the boat.

"Whale-boats are not life-boats, but they are about as good as anything that floats in a heavy sea. They use them to a considerable extent in the navy for certain purposes, and they are excellent surf-boats."

"The boats are all in excellent condition, Captain Ringgold," reported the first officer, entering the pilot-house.

"You will see that the crew of the first cutter are all in condition to take their places at the oars," continued the commander. "Mr. Gaskette, you will also have the crew of the second cutter ready for duty;" and the second officer left the pilot-house to execute the order.

"Do you think there is any change in the gale for the better, Mr. Boulong?" asked the captain, as he looked out through the windows at the heaving billows.

"No improvement, I should say, sir," replied the officer. "It is what we may call a very heavy sea."

"No doubt of that," added the commander with a smile.

"But I have certainly been off in a boat in a worse one," said Mr. Boulong, not quite able to interpret the smile of the captain, though he took it to mean that he had uttered a very innocent expression.

"You don't often see anything any more furious than this. And you have been off in a boat in a worse one?" continued the commander.

"I think I have. I was in the Centurion as second mate in the Indian Ocean, when we ran into a typhoon. We found a steamer going to the bottom, and I was sent to take off the crew and passengers. I obeyed my orders, and brought them off, twenty-seven in number, in two boat-loads, though the weather had eased up a little when I got my second lot into the boat."

"Then you have had experience in this sort of thing, I see."

"In something rather worse than this, which is certainly a violent gale, but it is hardly a hurricane,"

replied the first officer, who assuredly was not intimidated by the fury of the wind and the water. "But there is one thing more, captain; do you think you have seen that white schooner before?"

"So far as I can make her out, I should say I never had seen her," replied the captain.

"What do you think of her, Mr. Belgrave?" continued Mr. Boulong, turning rather earnestly to the young man.

"I have seen plenty of white schooners; but I could hardly tell one from another," answered Louis, looking inquiringly at the first officer.

"I do not feel absolutely sure of it, for the vessel is still at least two miles distant from us; but I am of the opinion that she is the *Blanche*," said Mr. Boulong.

"The *Blanche*!" exclaimed Louis, taken all aback by this announcement. "What makes you think so? She is just like any white schooner sailing out of New York."

"I was first officer of the *Blanche* for about three years, and I have often overhauled and set up her rigging. I have just been looking her over with our best glass, and I recognize some things which are rather peculiar about her standing rigging," said Mr. Boulong, as he proceeded to explain to the captain, for Louis was not sailor enough to understand all the technical terms he used.

"I am quite willing to believe what you say," replied the commander, who began to fish the breast pockets of his coat very vigorously. "I have a letter from Mr. Woolridge, her owner, which I received at Sagua la Grande; but I must have left it

in my desk;" and he hastened into his room to obtain it.

Mr. Woolridge had been one of Louis's best friends when he was in trouble, and had assisted him with his counsels and his influence on several occasions. He called his powerful friend the "magnate of the Fifth Avenue," and was exceedingly grateful to him for his aid. On the other hand, Louis had recovered the vast sum, amounting to nearly eighty thousand dollars, a large part of which had been stolen from Mr. Woolridge, which had been restored to him.

The magnate of the Fifth Avenue had invited Louis and his mother to several excursions with him and his family in the *Blanche*, and the two families had become intimately acquainted. The millionaire had a son and a daughter, now respectively fourteen and sixteen years old, both of whom were Louis's excellent friends. Morris, the son, was all very well, and the owner of the *Guardian*-Mother was very fond of him; but the daughter was a remarkably beautiful girl, not only with a pretty face, but with the form and grace of a sylph, as Louis sometimes called her.

The young millionaire had just entered into his seventeenth year, and he was almost as modest as the maiden with whom he had often sailed, both in the *Blanche* and in the steamer. It had never occurred to him that he was in love with the beautiful maiden, though he could not help admiring her. The remembrance of her did not keep him awake nights in his absence from New York. He was not at all inclined to be over-progressive in matters of the heart, though he could not help realizing that he

was always exceedingly happy in her presence. But he was not so demonstrative that the sylph's father, or even her mother, had ever noticed anything peculiar in his deportment.

Mr. Boulong had given his reasons for believing that the white schooner in distress was the *Blanche*; they were convincing to the commander; and Louis could not resist the conclusion he accepted. The owner of the steamer was not a little excited by the evidence, and he thought of *Blanche* perishing in the wild waves of that terrible sea.

The captain came out of his cabin with the letter in his hand. Mr. Woolridge in this letter spoke of his daughter. She had taken a cold in the winter, and she had a cough, which, though not a very severe one, had given him and his wife a great deal of anxiety. He had consulted the most eminent physicians, and one of them had advised him to take her to sea in his yacht, and pass some weeks or months, as the case might require, in Orotava, on the island of Teneriffe, which was claimed to be the best health resort for those with throat and lung troubles in the world. He had not yet concluded to accept this advice, but thought he might, if the patient did not improve.

The *Blanche* was hove to, and the *Guardian-Mother* went to the leeward of her. The schooner began to show signals as soon as the steamer was near enough to read them. "Sprung a leak," was the first made out.

CHAPTER XIII.

BOARDING THE BLANCHE.

WHETHER Miss Blanche had improved or not, her father appeared to be taking her to Orotava; but the violent gale of the last two days was giving the beautiful patient a severe trial. The *Blanche* was twice the size of many of the fishing vessels which weather the winter gales of the Grand Banks, and she was safe enough under ordinary circumstances; but she was hardly large enough to secure the comfort at all times of the family on board of her.

Though she bore the same name as the daughter of the magnate, she had not been built and christened by her present owner. Her burthen was one hundred and fifty tons, and scores of smaller yachts than she had crossed the Atlantic, and even been around the world. The accident which the first signal announced could have happened to a vessel ten times as large as she was. Mr. Boulong insisted that the *Blanche* had been built of the best materials and in the best manner, for one of the wealthiest and most liberal merchants of New York, and he was much astonished to learn that she had sprung a leak.

As soon as the Guardian-Mother had gained a

position to the leeward of the *Blanche*, her head was turned to windward, her engine working enough to keep her stationary against the fierce gale. Mr. Boulong and his boat's crew of six men, which included an extra hand in the bow, were all enveloped in oil-cloth suits, worn over their under-clothes for the weather was warm, and it was imprudent to encumber themselves with too much clothing, as they might be obliged to swim for their lives.

"Crew worn out at pumps," was the second signal spelled out on the *Blanche*.

Eight more men were immediately detailed to be sent on board of the schooner, all that Captain Ringgold could prudently spare. This request made it necessary to send the second cutter, for it was not safe to overload the first. Mr. Gaskette had his crew in readiness, and their boat was ready to drop into the water. The men were all eager to do their duty, and they had confidence enough in their officers to be assured that they would not be willfully sacrificed even in the present fearful emergency.

"I should like to go in the first cutter, captain," said Louis Belgrave, when he found the commander disengaged for a moment.

"Go in the first cutter!" exclaimed the captain.

"It seems that hands are wanted to work at the pumps, and I can do that as well as any seaman," replied Louis.

"And I should like to go in the second cutter," interposed Felix McGavonty. "I am as strong as a donkey, and I can do a man's work at the pump-handles."

"I am sorry to deny your request, Sir Louis," re-

plied Captain Ringgold, to whom the desire of the owner, seemed to be another manifestation of knight-errantry. "And yours, Felix."

"We are both strong enough to do our full share of the work to be done on board of the *Blanche*; and you know how I feel towards Mr. Woolridge and his family," pleaded Louis.

"And if Louis goes I must be with him to look out for him," added Felix, who seemed to regard himself as an all-sufficient protector of his friend and crony.

"No, Sir Louis; I must positively refuse my consent to your going in the first cutter. My duty to your mother will not permit me to yield this point," added the commander very decidedly.

"I think I could make myself useful on board of the *Blanche*," replied Louis, greatly disappointed at the decision of the captain.

"Perhaps you could; in fact, I know you could if you were once on board of her. But you are not much of a sailor yet, and the first cutter may be capsized as soon as we get her into the water. You are not accustomed to this sort of thing as the seamen are, and you would be at a great disadvantage compared with them. Besides, I have ordered nearly the whole of the ship's crew on this duty; we are rather short-handed, and we need you and Felix on the deck of the steamer."

Louis saw that the commander was resolute, and he said no more about the matter. His mother was confined to her berth, and all the rest of the party were shut up in the cabin. It was only as a special favor that the two young men were permitted to go

on deck, as they were somewhat accustomed to the movements of a vessel in rough weather.

While the commander was talking to the young men, the crew and extra hands had taken their places in the first cutter, with Mr. Boulong in the stern sheets. The last order of Captain Ringgold had been to the effect that the second cutter should not put off till Mr. Boulong made a signal, by waving his cap, that more help was required on board of the *Blanche*. The first officer had entire confidence in the ability of Captain Alcorn, who was in command of the *Blanche*, to handle his vessel in the most skillful manner under the trying circumstances. It appeared from the last signal that he had kept the schooner afloat till his men were worn out.

The seamen remaining on board of the steamer manned the falls, and the captain superintended the lowering of the first cutter. He had ordered the helm to port, so the starboard would be the lee side of the ship. The men in the boat had their oars up all ready to drop into the water when the officer gave the order. The commander watched the heaving seas for a full minute, till a wave receding from the vessel afforded him the desired opportunity.

“Lower away, steady but lively!” he shouted at the favorable moment. The cutter descended rapidly into the water, and the men stationed for the purpose cast off the falls at the command of Mr. Boulong. The wave swept the boat away from the ship, and in another moment she was mounting on the crest of an enormous billow, that elevated it above the deck of the steamer as she settled in the trough between two mountainous seas.

"Let fall, my men!" called Mr. Boulong with startling energy, for he knew that if the oars failed to get a firm hold on the water, the cutter would be dashed by the next billow against the side of the steamer and stove to pieces.

But he had carefully trained his boat's crew while the passengers were seeing the sights on shore. Once in Havana, when a fresh gale was blowing, he had gone out into the Gulf of Mexico to obtain this sort of practice, though it was nothing but child's play compared with the present occasion. The oars dropped into the water as one at the order.

"Give way, my men!" a moment later, just as the crest of the great wave broke, and deluged the crew with spray.

The oars caught firmly in the water and bent under the force applied by the stalwart seamen. It required the most tremendous power to urge the cutter against the savage wind that was blowing, after the boat had rounded the stern of the steamer; but the skillful officer in charge of it watched the sea and the boat, and took advantage of every favoring circumstance. To get near the *Blanche* he was compelled to cross diagonally to the direction of the gale. It both rolled and pitched, occasionally dipping the water up over the gunwale. A man forward and one aft were employed baling out, and they had to work lively to produce any effect.

The *Blanche* was lying to: that is, she had her head pointed very nearly into the wind, with her mainsail and storm-jib close hauled, so as to give her steerage way, and keep her from falling off into the trough of the sea. Some schooners lie to under

different sail, and in some other manner, for hardly any two vessels work precisely alike. Mr. Boulong knew the peculiarities of the white schooner, and he made no criticisms on her captain's seamanship.

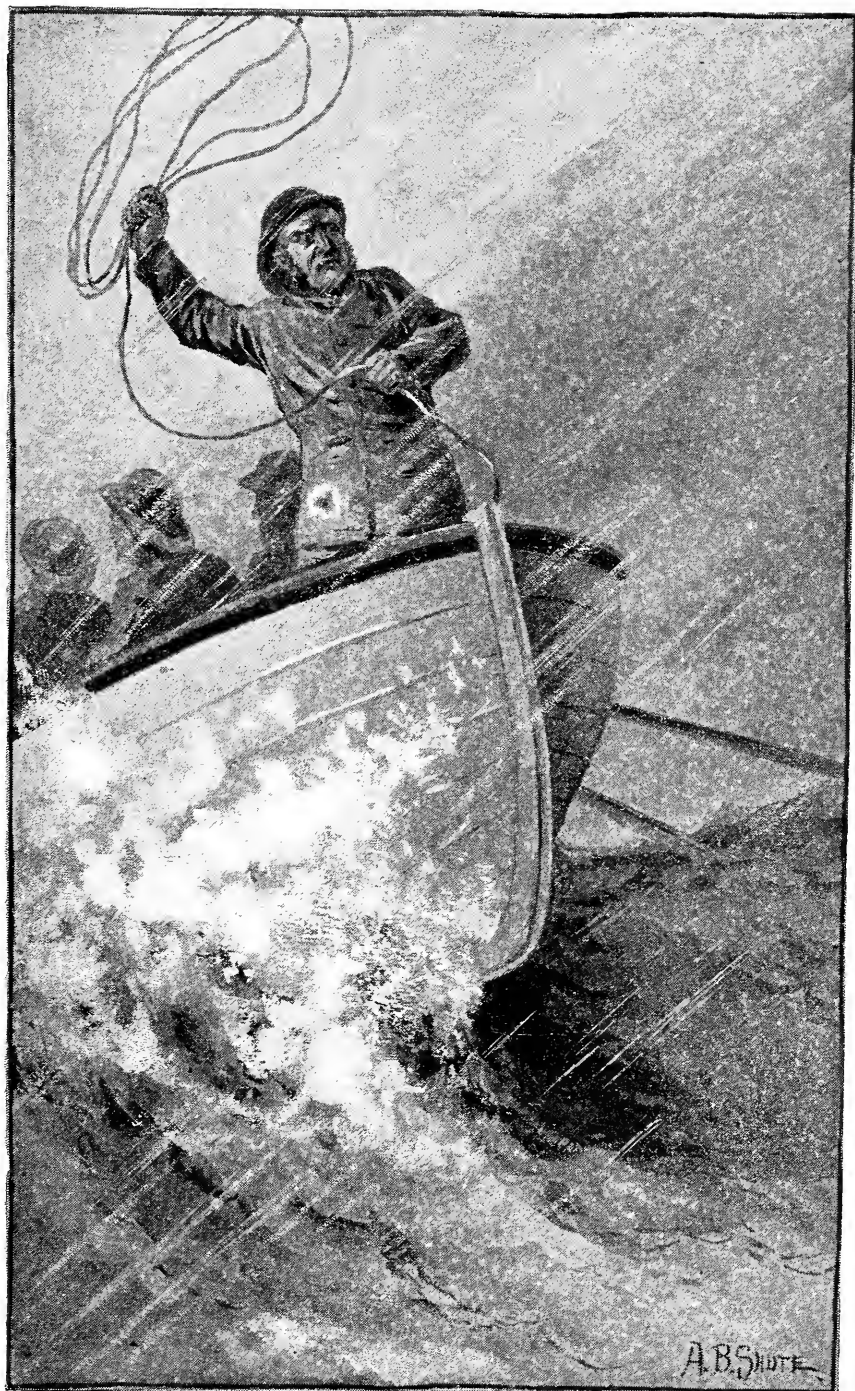
As the first cutter approached the *Blanche*, Captain Alcorn started his sheets a little, and allowed his vessel to fall off a couple of points, so as to make a more decided lee under her port quarter, as the boat was going astern of her. Captain Alcorn stood on the taffrail, clinging to the foot-rope of the main boom. His first officer stood near him with a coil of rope in his hand, and as soon as the head of the boat was within ten fathoms of the schooner's stern, he heaved the rope, which the bowmen stood ready to catch; but it fell short of the mark on account of a tall wave which lifted the stern of the *Blanche* high in the air.

As the lofty billow receded, Mr. Boulong spurred his men up to a new energy, and forced the boat to a point within five fathoms of the stern; but the first officer was hauling in his line with all his might after his last attempt.

"Heave your line when ready, Knott!" shouted Mr. Boulong to his bowman, who had coiled up a hundred feet of whale line in the fore sheets for the purpose.

"Ay, ay, sir!" answered the seaman, in tones loud enough to be heard above the roar of the tempest and the incessant swash of the water.

It was not an easy matter to heave a line accurately from one bounding, jerking body to another, with the eyes half-blinded by the driving spray, and the failure of the mate of the schooner



"HEAVE YOUR LINE WHEN READY, KNOTT." — Page 106.



was no disgrace to him. Knott, one of the ablest seamen of the steamer, had prepared himself for this maneuver, and the instant the officer gave the order, the line was flying through the air with a force that carried it over the taffrail.

Mr. Wisner, the first officer of the *Blanche*, dropped the line he was hauling in, and seized the one from the boat, which he pulled in and made fast to the sheet cleat. When he had done this, he finished hauling in his own rope, which was twice the size of the whale line, and heaved it into the bow of the first cutter, for Captain Alcorn doubted if the whale line was strong enough to hold the boat. Knott made it fast to the heavy ring in the bow.

Mr. Boulong waited till the boat was thus strongly secured, and then with some difficulty made his way to the fore-sheets. Then grasping the heavy rope, he climbed hand over hand to the taffrail of the schooner, assisted to the deck by Captain Alcorn and his first officer. The commander grasped his hand, and it was a rather painful meeting between these old shipmates, who had sailed together for years in the *Blanche*.

As soon as the first officer of the steamer was on the quarter-deck of the schooner, Mr. Wisner hurried forward to the waist, where all hands, including the cook and stewards, were pumping and baling with all their might. Mr. Boulong took in the situation at a glance, and the languid efforts of the men were the best explanation of the trials through which they had passed.

"Heave over the drag, Stoody!" shouted Mr.

Boulong, taking the speaking trumpet from the hand of Captain Alcorn, to the cockswain of the cutter.

This was a sort of log the first officer had rigged to steady the boat, and it was promptly thrown over the stern, though the thing was not in common use for such a purpose.

"Now come up the line!" continued Mr. Boulong through the trumpet. "One at a time, and don't start till the line is clear!"

Knott was the first man to come on board, and in a short time the nine seamen were on the deck. As fast as the officers pulled them in over the taffrail, Mr. Boulong sent them into the waist to take the places of the exhausted crew of the *Blanche*. Relieved from duty even for the moment, the men dropped upon the deck, over which the water was pouring in streams and waves to obtain the rest they so much needed.

The first officer of the *Guardian-Mother*, who never put on any airs, placed himself in line with those who were baling, and passed the buckets with even more zeal than the rest, inspiring his men to their best efforts by influence and example. Four men manned the pumps, and they were worked so actively that they discharged a vast quantity of water from the overloaded hold. After an hour's labor the captain sounded the well, and declared that they had gained a foot on the inflow.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BATTLE WITH THE GALE.

THERE was no time for the first officer of the Guardian-Mother to obtain any information in regard to the condition of the vessel. He had satisfied himself that his force were gaining on the leak, and that the vessel could be kept afloat till the gale abated, of which there were some signs in the western horizon. But at present there was nothing save hard work to be done.

Captain Alcorn had sent his cook to the galley to make hot coffee as soon as the fresh force manned the pumps and the buckets, and he was now engaged in serving it out to his exhausted crew, with such food as was available, for they had hardly been able to stop long enough to eat. They were good men, he said, but they had been at work for forty-eight hours without rest, and they had reached the limit of human endurance.

Mr. Boulong realized that his force could not long endure the strain at present put upon them; but at the end of another hour, the captain said they had gained another foot on the leak, and the situation looked more hopeful. He had not been willing to make the signal for the second cutter to bring off the additional hands until he understood the con-

dition of the schooner better. Thus far he had not seen Mr. Woolridge or any member of his family, for they were all shut up in the cabin.

The hands from the steamer were beginning to feel the effects of their desperate exertions; but it was evident to Mr. Boulong that the *Blanche* could be kept afloat only by continuing the hard labor at the pumps and buckets. At the end of another hour the captain reported a gain of only about eight inches on the water in the hold; but the aspect of the weather was decidedly improved. The gale had lasted nearly three days, and it might be reasonably expected that the end of it was near.

"I suppose Mr. Woolridge is on board, Captain Alcorn," said Mr. Boulong, when the situation had been considerably improved, and the force of the gale had sensibly abated.

"He is, poor man! So are all the members of his family. He worked at the pumps, and so did Morris, till both of them were worn out. I compelled them both to retire to the cabin, and then I locked them in," replied the captain.

"But what is the trouble with the vessel. I should not have expected the *Blanche* to spring a leak in any weather, for I know that she was built as strong as hard wood and the best of metal could make her," said the first officer of the steamer.

"It was not the fault of her builders," answered Captain Alcorn. "Three days ago to-night, just after the mid-watch under Mr. Wisner took the deck, there was a considerable shock felt on board. The first officer rushed to the side to ascertain the cause of the shock, and saw something in the water

that looked like a mass of wreckage. We passed it; Mr. Wisner had the well sounded, and over a foot of water was found to be in the hold. That was the origin of the leak.

"The watch kept it about where it was for a couple of hours, but before eight bells we were floundering in the beginning of this gale. The first officer summoned me, and told me what had happened. I called all hands, and went into the hold myself with four men. We broke out the cargo, and I found a hole clean cut in the planking, right in the bilge streak on the port side, with one of the bow timbers crushed in. It looked as though a spar in the mass of wreckage had been driven through the vessel, and the water was pouring through in a torrent.

"I stuffed two berth-sacks into the opening, and braced them in position with such lumber as I had. This checked the inflow for awhile to some extent; but we had to keep the pumps going all the time. As soon as it was daylight, I made three thicknesses of sail-cloth into a square, and passed it under the ship's bottom with half a dozen stays. By this time the gale was blowing very fresh, and the sail-cloth did not work very well. The berth-sacks washed out of the aperture as fast as we could put them in place, and the plaster with which I tried to heal the wound outside was not much of a success.

"The force of the waves seemed to move the sail-cloth about in spite of the stays attached to it, and made fast at the rails. I shifted the heavy cargo in the hold so as to lift the port side farther out of water, and sent two hands over the side to attach additional stays to the plaster. Both of these men

were swept away by a terrible wave that had nearly swamped the vessel, canted over as she was."

"In a word, Mr. Boulong, I could do nothing on the outside of the vessel ; and the fate of my two men admonished me that I had no right to trifle with their lives. The loss of these men made me short-handed, though Mr. Woolridge gave me all the seamen I asked for. I confined my efforts to the inside of the schooner, though the sail-cloth staid near enough to its place to do us some good. All I could do in the hold amounted to but little. Everything I put there, though nailed, braced, and battened, was driven in by the waves. We pumped and baled till we were used up. I did not know the steamer was the Guardian-Mother till she came up in the gale to leeward of us. I am confident that all on board will owe their lives to her assistance."

Mr. Boulong was not yet confident that the *Blanche* could be saved ; but his men were very weary, and he went to the rail and waved his cap vigorously in the air. This signal was followed, as agreed upon, by three sharp blasts from the steamer's whistle. The second cutter was immediately lowered into the water in the same manner as the first, and Mr. Gaskette soon proved that he knew what he was about, for in a short time she was at the stern of the schooner. Her bowman caught the line heaved over to her, and, after the boat was carefully secured, the men followed Mr. Gaskette to the deck of the *Blanche*.

They relieved their tired shipmates, and the water continued to be lowered in the hold. In the mean time Mr. Boulong visited the hold and examined the

leak. He soon devised a plan for stopping it, suggested by a screw press he had seen on board of the steamer. Captain Ringgold no doubt had a use for it in his mind, but he had never explained it to his officers. It had been demonstrated that nothing more could be done on the outside of the vessel, and it would require a tremendous pressure to force anything against the opening on the inside that would resist the inflow of the water.

The force from the steamer had been on board of the steamer six hours at eight bells in the afternoon watch, and the sea had considerably abated its fury. Mr. Boulong decided to report to Captain Ringgold, and procure the material for stopping the leak. By this time the crew of the *Blanche* were well rested and refreshed, and were in condition to resume their labor at the pumps and buckets. With only the regular crew of the first cutter he returned to the ship, and fully explained the situation to the commander.

His plan was approved, and he went back with such portions of the press as were required, and a couple of sheets of very thick rubber, taking with him Mr. Sentrick, the second engineer, armed with such tools as he needed to assist in the work. The scheme proved to be a success, and two hours later the leak had been stopped so that the pumps were sufficient to keep the schooner free from water. The commander of the steamer had instructed Mr. Boulong to leave six men on board of the *Blanche*, and as soon as the leak had been partially stopped, Mr. Gaskette and his men were sent back to the ship.

By this time the danger was at an end, and Cap-

tain Alcorn unlocked the cabin doors, and reported to Mr. Woolridge, who came on deck. He grasped the hand of Mr. Boulong, and expressed his gratitude to him for the essential service he had rendered in the most earnest terms.

"I do not think you understand how near we have been to a total loss, Mr. Woolridge," interposed Captain Alcorn. "We had all worked to the last point of endurance, and the *Blanche* was on the point of foundering, when Mr. Boulong came on board, and very soon changed the situation."

The magnate had been confined to the cabin for about eight hours, and he did not know what had transpired on deck and in the hold. The captain of the *Blanche* gave him full particulars, and explained in what manner the leak had been stopped by the engineer of the steamer, who was still in the hold watching the device he had applied.

"I hope your family have not suffered much during the storm, Mr. Woolridge," said Mr. Boulong. "They must have been greatly alarmed."

"Not one of them knew that we were in imminent peril, though they were aware that something had happened. I concealed the danger from them. Of course they were knocked about by the violence of the motion, and some of them have been considerably bruised. But I packed them away in their berths, and they have escaped without serious injury. I am not used to much hard work, and I was completely upset by my exertions on deck."

"I have reported your situation to Captain Ringgold, and he will stand by you as long as you need assistance," added Mr. Boulong.

"I have no doubt of that; and I have no doubt the lives of all on board have been saved by his assistance," replied the magnate. "Now, won't you come into the cabin?"

"No, thank you; your family are probably not in condition to receive visitors. Give my kindest regards to Mrs. Woolridge and the young people."

Though the tempest had measurably subsided, it was still blowing an ordinary gale, and the *Blanche* was pitching heavily in the sea she was facing. Captain Alcorn decided to lie to during the night, for he had not entire confidence in the means which had been used to stop the leak.

"If there is any need of further assistance during the night, I will discharge three rockets," said the captain, after Mr. Boulong had sent his men into the first cutter by means of the rope which held it, for it was certain to be stove if brought alongside.

"Captain Ringgold will probably respond to the signals," replied the first officer of the steamer. "I think we shall have a change of wind about midnight, and get fine weather after this."

Mr. Boulong went down on the line, and his boat cast off her fast. It rose on a lofty wave, and the oars were dropped into the water as she fell off. In a few minutes she was under the lee of the *Guardian-Mother* where, with the exercise of much skill and force, the falls were hooked on, and it was hoisted up to the davits and carefully secured.

"Mr. Gaskette reports that you have stopped the leak," said the captain, as soon as the first officer reached the deck.

"Not entirely; but it is under perfect control,"

replied Mr. Boulong. "A hand is to keep watch of it all the time, and give the screw an additional turn if necessary. I have seen Mr. Woolridge, and he sends his regards to you, and he is extremely grateful to you for the assistance you have rendered to him. Captain Alcorn is very confident that the *Blanche* would have foundered before this time if his crew had not been relieved, for they could have done no more, and the leak was gaining on them with fearful rapidity when I reached the deck.

"It looks as though it had been a narrow escape," added the commander.

"It has been indeed, and I believe if assistance had been an hour later, it would have been all up with the schooner," said Mr. Boulong. "It would have been a narrow chance for the family in the boats in such a sea."

"Not all of them could have been saved," added the captain, shaking his head. "There was no defect in the vessel, and this event proves that there is no absolute security for a vessel at sea. A spar projecting from a solid mass of wreckage was a peril from which no human power could have protected her, and it was only an over-ruling Providence that saved her. As it is, two lives have been lost; and nothing but the mercy of God spared the others."

No one of the occupants of the cabin had been on deck during the day except Louis and Felix, and the others knew nothing of the perils of the *Blanche*.

CHAPTER XV.

THE BREAKING OF THE GALE.

THE violent motion of the steamer, exceeding any pitching and rolling any of them had experienced before, gave them all they could do to take care of themselves. Both of the ladies had gone to their berths, where Chloe, the stewardess, had packed them in such a way that they could not easily be thrown out of their places. She was a thoroughly experienced person in her position, and knew just what to do. The ship was amply provided with extra bed-clothing, mattresses, and pillows. She drew out the berth-sack over the front board, and then placed another behind it. The occupant of the berth was wedged in between them, so as to defy all motion.

Fortunately none of them were alarmed, for the commander had given them a lesson in regard to the strength and weatherly qualities of the *Guardian-Mother*, which enabled them to overcome all terrors of the ocean, with what experience they had had. Mrs. Belgrave was a very nervous person, and the commander decided that no information in respect to the *Blanche* should be given in the cabin.

Monsieur Odervie, the chief cook, and Baldy

Bickling, his assistant, found it extremely difficult to do much cooking, for the galley floor was often at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the pots and kettles were not at all inclined to stay on the stove. But the passengers were fed in their berths, or wherever they had packed themselves away, for no dishes would stay on the tables, even with the assistance of the "fiddles." But all obtained enough to eat, and no one was in condition to complain at the absence of the excellent meals usually served in the cabin.

"We are going to have better weather, Louis," said Captain Ringgold, as the owner came into his room after the first officer had reported upon the condition of the *Blanche*.

"Did he see the family?" asked the young knight-errant.

"He did not; but he learned that Miss *Blanche* was as comfortable as any one could be under such circumstances," replied the commander with a twinkle of the eye which caused the modest young gentleman to blush. "But the family have not yet been informed of the desperate condition of the schooner, and will not be before to-morrow morning. I did not feel much alarmed about her till Mr. Boulong made his last report. It appears that she lost two of her seamen in the attempt to stop the leak."

"Two seamen!" exclaimed Louis, more impressed than he had been at any time before.

The commander gave him a full account of the condition of the vessel and her crew, and of the manner in which the leak had been checked. It took him half an hour to tell the whole story; and at the con-

clusion he added the opinion of Captain Alcorn, that the vessel would have foundered and gone down in an hour or two more if assistance had been longer delayed.

"I did not know the case was so bad as that," added Louis.

"It would have been a melancholy catastrophe if we had not made out the *Blanche* as we did, for there would have been very little chance for the members of the family in such a terrible sea as was raging when we came up with her. The energetic action of Mr. Boulong did much to save the vessel."

"He graduated from the *Blanche*, and it is fortunate that Mr. Woolridge and Captain Alcorn allowed him to take the position on board of the *Guardian-Mother*," suggested Louis.

"Have you seen your mother lately, Sir Louis?"

"About two hours ago; and she was very comfortable then."

"I cannot leave the deck; but when you go below again you may relate the story I have told you about the *Blanche*, and let your mother know that her friends are not far from her," continued the commander, as he passed out into the pilot-house.

Even the passengers realized that the gale was breaking, and the gentlemen had propped themselves up with pillows and cushions in the cabin.

"We have the advantage of the rest of the people in the cabin, Brother Adipose Tissue," said Uncle Moses, just as Louis descended the grand staircase.

"Where is the advantage, Brother Avoirdupois?" asked Dr. Hawkes, looking at the other with interest. "The furious billows have no respect for per-

sons, fat or lean, for they toss us all about with even-handed justice. I was pitched clear across the cabin before I had learned the lesson that it was best to keep still, and be moored in some safe place."

"But Mother Nature has provided you and me with a sufficient padding of fat to enable us to resist the assault of this fractious steamer; and I have not learned that you were injured by your tumble," added Uncle Moses, with his cheerful chuckle.

"I was not hurt, though I don't think I owe much to my adipose armor. But here is Sir Louis," added the surgeon turning to the new-comer. "Is there any news on deck?"

"Plenty of it, for it will be news to you, though not to those who have been on deck."

"Mrs. Belgrave would like to see you, sir," said the colored stewardess, coming up to him at this moment.

"Excuse me for a few minutes, doctor," added Louis, as he hastened to his mother's state-room.

He found her dressed, and sitting in a chair, holding on at her berth.

"Why do you get up, mother?" he asked.

"Because I am tired of lying here, and Chloe says the sea is not so bad as it was," replied the poor lady, who had recovered from the sea-sickness with which she had been assailed in the first of the tempest, "I want to go out in the cabin," she added, rising and taking the arm of her son.

Louis conducted her to the cabin, where Chloe had gone to provide a place for her, though it was with no little difficulty that he accomplished the undertaking. The moment Dr. Hawkes saw her, he

leaped from his packing, and rushed to her assistance, seeing that her son had all he could do to prevent her from being pitched over to leeward. But his zeal and politeness had outrun his prudence, and before he could reach the lady he was thrown all in a heap over at the lower side of the cabin.

Uncle Moses was startled by this catastrophe, and he dropped his ponderous body on the floor and rolled over till he came in contact with the surgeon, who was making an effort to regain his feet. At that moment the ship gave a violent pitch, and both of them rolled forward till they got hold of the dining-table, which was screwed to the floor. Grasping this piece of furniture, they succeeded in setting themselves up again, and crawled back to the divan where they had been packed.

"You had better stick to your moorings, gentlemen," said Louis, who could not help laughing at the comical movements of the professional passengers. "I am afraid you have not got your sea-legs on to-day."

"I lost mine overboard at the beginning of the gale," replied the doctor, laughing heartily at his own misfortune. "Have you broken any of your timbers, Brother Avoirdupois?"

"Not one of them, Brother Adipose Tissue; no call for your services out of my case. As I remarked before, we have the advantage of all others on board; our cushions of fat save us. If it had been Professor Giroud who went over to leeward as we did, you might have had half a dozen broken bones to set."

"Momentum is made up of weight and velocity,

and I have my advantage as well as you bulky gentlemen," added the professor.

"I think it will be wise for all of you to keep still, as I intend to do," interposed Mrs. Belgrave.

"But what is your news from the deck, Sir Louis?" demanded the surgeon, as Louis seated himself in an arm-chair, which Sparks had lashed to the legs of the table.

"I suppose you are not aware that the first and second cutters have been away from the steamer to render assistance to a vessel in distress," Louis began, looking serious enough to impress all the party.

"Of course we could know nothing about it," replied the doctor.

"And the captain would not allow me to say anything about it before. It was a white schooner, which had run into a mass of wreckage in the first of the gale, and stove a hole in her bilge streak on the port side," continued the messenger from the deck.

"We know just where that is," laughed Dr. Hawkes." Was it in her deck or in her side?"

"It was in her side, and below the water-line."

"Did she sink, Louis?" asked his mother.

"She did not; she is still on the top of the water; but Captain Alcorn said——"

"Who?" demanded Mrs. Belgrave with energy.

"Captain Alcorn, for the white schooner was the *Blanche*, with Mr. Woolridge and all his family on board of her," replied Louis. "But they are all safe, mother dear, and there is nothing to worry about. Perhaps you will be able to see them to-

morrow, or at least in a few days, for the *Blanche* is bound to the Canaries."

"What did Captain Alcorn say, Louis?"

"That the schooner would have foundered and gone to the bottom in an hour or two more if Mr. Boulong had not come on board of the vessel with assistance. They lost two men overboard in trying to stop the leak."

"Merciful Heaven!" exclaimed Mrs. Belgrave.

The surgeon soothed and quieted her, while Louis gave the narrative of the mishap to the *Blanche* in all its details. They conversed about the exciting event till it was time to retire, and more than one prayer of thanksgiving went up to Heaven, that night, for the safety of the magnate and his family.

As the officers predicted, the wind came round to the north, which is the prevailing direction in this locality, and it was almost a calm. Very rapidly the violent sea subsided, for what breeze there had been from this quarter had assisted in knocking it down. Captain Ringgold was in the pilot-house all night, keeping a close watch of the white schooner. As soon as it was light he used his glass diligently, and discovered Captain Alcorn on her deck.

Ringgold the gong to start the engine, he ran the steamer to the stern of the *Blanche*, and hailed her captain, through his speaking-trumpet. He inquired for the condition of the vessel; and the reply was "All well." This expression, often used in signaling and reporting ships, does not relate to the health of those on board, as many landsmen read it, but all is right in regard to the craft.

Captain Ringgold had placed the *Guardian-*

Mother quite near to the schooner, and conversation was not difficult between them with the aid of the speaking-trumpet. He proposed to take the schooner in tow at once, to which Captain Alcorn assented. Ranging ahead of the *Blanche*, a boat was sent with a rope to the leaky craft, by which a heavy tow-line was hauled on board of her. When it was made fast at the bowsprit bitts, the steamer went ahead slowly at first. It was still a heavy sea, but the schooner followed very well.

Louis was the first to come on deck from the cabin, and he was not a little surprised to find the steamer going ahead with the *Blanche* in tow. When the commander found that the schooner took kindly to the towing, he increased the speed of his ship. The weather continued to improve all day; the sun came out, and the air was very mild and pleasant. In the afternoon all the passengers came on deck, and the family of Mr. Woolridge could be seen on the quarter of the tow. Handkerchiefs were waved by each party, and though not within speaking distance, both felt that the connection had been made.

"Sail, ho!" shouted the lookout, shortly after lunch.

It was no sail; nothing but a hull.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE WRECK OF THE BUNYAN

RISING and falling on the billows was what appeared to be a large vessel whose masts and rigging had all been carried away. On a pole forward was hoisted what might have been a table-cloth or sheet. The steady trade-wind from the north-east had set in by this time, and the wreck was dead to windward at least three miles distant.

"The *Blanche* has not been the only sufferer in the gale, for here is a vessel which has fared worse than she did," said Captain Ringgold, when the wreck had been fully made out. "I suppose if we could sweep the ocean in a circle with a radius of fifty miles, we should find many more, for this has been an unusually severe gale, as well in the long time it continued as in the force of the wind."

"Does it ever blow any harder at sea than it did yesterday forenoon?" asked Louis, who was in the pilot-house at the time.

"Hardly for so long a time, but it comes heavier than we have seen it on the last three days, in violent squalls and hurricanes, in typhoons and perhaps in northers in the Gulf of Mexico," replied the com-

mander, who was looking through his glass at the wreck all the time.

"Shall you go to the assistance of this vessel with the white flag, Captain?" asked Louis.

"Certainly, Sir Louis; that is a very unnecessary question, for it is a part of every true sailor's religion to assist a shipwrecked brother of the sea; and however faithless to his faith he may be in other respects, only the most heathenish renegade would neglect or avoid this duty," replied the captain with earnestness, as he took a careful view of the *Blanche* astern.

On board of the schooner, which had carried no sail since she was taken in tow, the crew were setting the mainsail. Captain Alcorn had no doubt discovered the wreck, and being a noble sailor himself, he had no occasion to ask, as Louis had done, whether or not the commander of the *Guardian-Mother* would go to the assistance of the wrecked persons on the hull, for it was patent to him that he would do so, and he was getting ready to relieve him of the burden of towing the schooner.

As soon as the mainsail and jib were set, it was observed that the crew of the *Blanche* were swinging out one of the quarter boats. At the same time a hoarse call was made through a speaking-trumpet, requesting Captain Ringgold to stop the screw, with which he promptly complied. As soon as the two vessels had lost their headway, the boat put off from the schooner, well filled with men. The steamer was placed in a position to receive the men, consisting of the relief party that had been left on board of the leaky craft.

Knott was the first man to reach the deck of the ship, and touching his cap he handed the commander a letter, written with a pencil. It contained a hearty expression of the gratitude of Mr. Woolridge and his family, as well as of the captain, for the signal service rendered to them, in the first place, for this was the first direct communication which had taken place between the two captains. The writer had discovered the wreck, and he had no doubt as to the course of the commander of the *Guardian-Mother*. As he could get along very well now without them, he returned the men who had been sent to his relief. He would cast off the tow-line as soon as Captain Ringgold gave him the command to do so.

The commander went to his room and wrote a reply to the note, instructing Captain Alcorn precisely what to do, with some kindly words for those of the family on board of the schooner. The boat returned to the *Blanche*, and as soon as it had been hoisted up to the davits, the commander made the signal he had described in his note to the captain of the schooner. The hawser was promptly cast off, and hauled on board of the steamer, to which it belonged. The course of the ship was then directed towards the wreck.

The weather could not have been more favorable, though the results of the gale were still present in the disturbed surface of the ocean; but even the denizens of the cabin could get about the deck with tolerable facility, and they had mounted to the promenade abaft the pilot-house to observe the proceedings in relation to the wreck. The steamer went

ahead at full speed, and in less than half an hour she was within hail of the shipwrecked party. The first and second cutters' crews were ordered to be in readiness for duty, and the two boats were swung out in readiness to be dropped into the water.

All the spy-glasses on board had been in demand since the hull was first discovered, and one of the three had been given over to the use of the passengers, as it is convenient to call them, though they were hardly such in the proper acceptation of the word. Louis, who was properly regarded as a privileged character on board, though he seldom took advantage of the favor extended to him, was in the pilot-house, for he desired to hear what was said by the officers as well as to see what was done.

"There does not appear to be a great number of persons on the wreck," said the captain.

"I have been able to count only eighteen," added Louis. "I make out the stumps of three masts, and I suppose she was either a ship or a bark."

"She is either one or the other, for she could hardly have been a three-masted schooner or barkentine," added the commander. "You will go in the first cutter, Mr. Boulong, and Mr. Gaskette will follow you later.

As he had done in the case of the *Blanche*, the captain ran the steamer under the lee of the wreck, and in a few minutes the first officer was afloat with only his crew. With less reason for doing so than on the day before, Louis asked permission to go with Mr. Boulong.

"I need not refuse you this time, Sir Louis; but I will leave the matter to your own judgment," replied

the commander, with a good-natured smile. "You want an adventure, and I shall not deprive you of any reasonable one. You have counted eighteen persons on board of the wreck, but there may be more than that, for some of them may have been disabled and cannot be seen. Our cutters are not large, and we have at least nine persons to bring off in each boat, making with the officer and crew fifteen. If you wish to go now, you shall have a place in the stern sheets of the first cutter."

"I will not go," replied Louis very promptly. "I was unreasonable to ask the permission."

"Oh, no; you did not see the point; but you see it now, and do just as I supposed you would," added the captain, taking him by the hand to express his approval.

The first cutter went without him, the second soon followed her; and the young millionaire was quite satisfied with the decision he had made.

"I did not see any chance for an adventure, Captain Ringgold, in going off with Mr. Boulong, and I didn't suppose I could do any good, as I might have done on board of the *Blanche*," said Louis, as soon as both boats were pulling for the wreck. "We have been thirteen days on this voyage from Crooked Island, and I merely thought I should like something a little more active than walking about the decks."

"Something in the shape of an adventure nevertheless," laughed the commander.

"If stirring up one's blood once in a while is an adventure, I might as well admit that I am a knight-errant. Handling a pump-handle or a bucket was not exactly a quixotic exploit," chuckled Louis.

"That was pure Christianity, pure humanity, Mr. Belgrave, I am very glad to admit. But you would not have seen Miss Blanche if you had gone on board of the schooner," said the captain, poking his protégé in the ribs, for the worthy shipmaster, as soon as he found that his owner was not disposed to take advantage of his position, had treated him with a degree of familiarity in which he indulged with no other person on board.

"I was thinking of the whole family, and not of Miss Blanche," protested Louis with a blush.

"I have no doubt of it; and I believe you inherit your Christianity from your mother, for it is thoroughly fortified and strengthened by good works. The first cutter is under the lee of the wreck."

The conversation was suspended to observe the proceedings of Mr. Boulong. Knott caught the line that was thrown to the boat, and it came up to the rope under the stern. The first officer mounted to the taffrail by this line. He was seen to be in rather excited conversation with a person who was doubtless the captain. Then both of them disappeared for about fifteen minutes.

Then the cutter was ranged alongside the vessel, and two women were lowered into it. Seven men followed them, and the boat cast off. As soon as Captain Ringgold discovered that there were women in the cutter, he caused a sort of chair to be rigged from the lee yard-arm, and when the boat came alongside, the two women were hoisted to the deck. Mr. Boulong followed them, and touched his cap to the commander, who was standing on the main deck abreast of the foremast.

“Captain Filgreen, in command of the bark, insisted that his dismasted hulk should be taken in tow by the steamer, and I referred him to you,” said he. “He came off in the first cutter for the purpose of seeing you in regard to the matter.”

“What is the condition of the hull?” inquired the commander.

“She is loaded with cotton, from New Orleans to Malaga, where she was to take in a cargo of fruit. I went below with the captain to examine the vessel. She is a very old one, and appeared to be leaking in every seam,” continued the first officer. “This is Captain Filgreen; Captain Ringgold,” he added in introducing him.

“I am glad to see you, captain, though sorry it should be under such circumstances,” said the commander of the *Guardian-Mother*. “We are bound to the Canaries, and I shall be happy to convey your ship’s company to our destination.”

“I was in hopes you would do more than that,” replied Captain Filgreen. “It is not more than two days’ sail to Santa Cruz de la Santiago, and I will give you one thousand dollars if you will tow the hull of the *Bunyan* to that port.”

“I could not do it at any price, Captain Filgreen. “That white schooner you see to the southward,” has been disabled by a leak stove in her bottom by a spar, and I have to tow her to Orotava, on the island of Teneriffe. It is simply impossible for me to comply with your request; and this is a private steam-yacht, and we are not on the make.”

The captain of the *Bunyan* wanted to argue the question, and began to explain how easy it would

be to tow both vessels ; but the captain interrupted him, and declined to hear the argument.

“I think you are a little rough on me, Captain Ringgold,” persisted the other. “I want to save my property——”

“The duty of a sailor is confined to saving the lives of shipwrecked mariners in such cases as this, and he has the right to decide for himself in regard to property. I will not tow the remains of the Bunyan into any port ; and this answer is final. I will do the best I can to make your crew and passengers comfortable on board the steamer till she gets to her port of destination. This is all I can do for you, and it remains for you to decide whether you will stand by the wreck or go with me.”

“I hate to abandon the Bunyan,” added Captain Filgreen. “But I suppose I must do it, for I could never get the water-logged hull into any port. “You are hard on me, captain ; but I must accept your offer to take my ship’s company to Orotava.”

A signal was made to Mr. Gaskette to bring off the rest of the crew. The first thing they did was to lower two men who seemed to be disabled into the second cutter ; and after the rest had taken their places the boat was soon alongside. The two injured men were hoisted on board as the women had been, and the Guardian-Mother was headed for the *Blanche*.

CHAPTER XVII.

A FUNERAL AT SEA.

THE two ladies from the wreck were the captain's wife and her sister, the latter making the voyage for her health. They were comfortably clothed, and seemed to be ladies. Mrs. Belgrave came down from the promenade with Mrs. Blossom as soon as they appeared on the deck, though Louis's aid was required to keep his mother on her feet. Mrs. Filgreen and her sister were conducted to the boudoir, and made as welcome as though the owner's mother had been in her own house.

"What ails the two men who were hoisted into the boat, Captain Filgreen?" asked the commander, as soon as he had rang the gong to start, and given out the course to the officer of the deck.

"We took a sea aboard before I had ordered the life-lines, and half the crew were pitched against the bulwarks. "The second mate broke his right leg, and the seaman was injured in the side."

"Louis, if you want a little activity, we can keep you busy for a time," said the commander turning to his owner. "It will be for only two or three days, but we shall have to use the after-cabin for a hospi-

tal, and to accommodate the others of the Bunyan ship's company. I shall ask you to get it ready for them."

"I shall be very glad to do anything I can," replied Louis.

Four seamen were detailed by the first officer to do the work, and the young millionaire hastened to his task. The berths, as they had stood in the eight state-rooms of the after cabin, were still in their places. The ports were above them, and so were some of the book-cases. Louis and his assistants made up a couple of the beds nearest to the door into the state cabin, and the carpenter was called to restore the partitions of these rooms so that the injured men might be by themselves.

When Stevens had completed the work, Louis sent his four men to bring the patients below, and they were very carefully placed in the berths. Dr. Hawkes came with them, and immediately sent the carpenter to make a set of splints for the second mate's leg. Then he gave his attention to the injured seaman. He shook his head as he did so, for the seaman had received internal injuries of the gravest character.

Everybody in the main cabin wanted to give up his room to the wrecked party; but the captain refused to permit this sacrifice. There was one spare room, and this was assigned to the captain and his wife. Mrs. Belgrave insisted that Mrs. Blossom should share her bed, and the room of the latter was given to Miss Bellshade, the sister of the captain's wife. No others were permitted to vacate their rooms. The dozen seamen were provided for in the

after-cabin, and Louis and the professor moved all needed books into their state-rooms.

While these changes were in process, the steamer had taken the *Blanche* in tow again, and the log showed that the ship was making ten knots an hour. Louis and Felix, and all others who could be spared from their duties, made themselves very busy in attending to the wants of the additional passengers, and the two ladies could not have been made more at home in the finest house on shore. Mr. Melancthon Sage, the chief steward, had risen to the height of the occasion, and was preparing an extra lunch for the cabin party; he was always on the lookout for an opportunity to serve a nice lunch or dinner. Pinch, the mess steward forward, had been instructed to feed the occupants of the after-cabin. He already had enough to do, and Felix volunteered to assist him, an offer which Mr. Sage gladly accepted.

The ship soon settled down in a comfortable routine. The lunch was so excellent that the new passengers seemed to be bewildered, for they had evidently not been accustomed to such elegant fare so elegantly served. Dr. Hawkes's place at the table was vacant, and inquiry proved that he was still engaged with his patients. He had set the broken leg of the second officer; but the condition of Spearman, the seaman, gave him more responsibility. He came to the table as the others were rising from it.

"How are your patients, doctor?" asked the captain, who still retained his place.

"The second mate will do very well; but Spear-

man is in a very critical condition. His ribs are broken ; but his principal injury is an internal one. I have called Mrs. Blossom to stay by him in my absence, for I don't believe he will live the day out," replied the surgeon.

"Indeed! Is it so bad as that?" added the commander.

"I am confident he cannot recover ; and he may die any minute."

"Then I think Captain Filgreen should be informed of his condition," suggested Captain Ringgold.

"Certainly ; though I suppose Spearman is only a common sailor, with no friends near, and with no one to care much about him," added the doctor.

"He shall have as good care on board of this ship as though he were the son of the President of the United States," said the captain warmly.

"I could have done no more for him if he had been the President himself," replied Dr. Hawkes, who had been with the two injured men from the time they had been brought on board.

"I am sure you have done all that is possible. Sparks," called the commander to the steward. "Go to No. 3, and ask Captain Filgreen to come here."

The wrecked captain appeared at once, and a seat was given him at the left of the commander of the steamer.

"Are you aware that your seaman, Spearman, is in a very dangerous condition?" asked Captain Ringgold.

"Well, I thought he was pretty badly hurt by the

way he acted ; but I didn't know how bad," replied Captain Filgreen. "I looked him over as well as I could ; but I could not find out where he was hurt, except he said he had a bad pain in the right side."

"A non-professional man could hardly discover the nature of his worst injury, for it is internal ;" and the doctor explained it in full, though neither of the two captains could understand it. "He cannot live long."

"I didn't think it was so bad as that," added Captain Filgreen, though he did not seem to be greatly moved by the intelligence.

The surgeon's report upon the condition of Spearman was soon circulated through the vessel. Mrs. Blossom was already in attendance on the sufferer, and Mrs. Belgrave soon joined her. Dr. Hawkes declared that he could do nothing more. Spearman seemed to comprehend his situation, and asked the doctor if he was not near his end. He was informed that he had not many hours to live, and was advised to "set his house in order." He answered that he had no friends in the world, and no fortune to leave behind him.

Mrs. Belgrave became an angel at the berth of the sick man, reading and praying with him and for him. Before eight bells in the afternoon watch, he had passed away. The sad event produced an impression throughout the ship, though the deceased was a stranger to all except the score from the wreck. But it was not a strange event to many on board, for the commander, who had served for years in the navy in time of war, was accustomed to them.

Funerals cannot be long delayed at sea, and Captain Ringgold announced that the remains of the deceased would be committed to the deep at six o'clock. The body was prepared for burial under the direction of Knott, who had been a sailor all his life, and had assisted on many such occasions. It was decently dressed and sewed up in sail-cloth, with a sufficiency of heavy weights to carry it rapidly to the bottom. It was then placed on a sort of table top, three feet wide, made for the purpose by the carpenter. It was then deposited on a couple of boxes about three feet in height, on the fore-castle, at the gangway, where it would be launched to its final rest.

At the appointed time all who were not required to assist in working the ship took their places around the bier of the deceased sailor, on top-gallant fore-castle, and on the spar deck near the pilot-house. The commander and all the officers present were dressed in full uniform, and took their places at the head of the remains. The ladies and other cabin passengers were provided with chairs, for it was still difficult for them to preserve their equilibrium.

The service was to be performed by the captain, who was fully qualified for the discharge of such a duty. He began it by reading appropriate passages of Scripture, which he did in an impressive manner, and one who did not see his uniform might easily have taken him for a minister. Mrs. Belgrave had selected two hymns from the collection of which there were a dozen copies at the piano in the boudoir, and the first was sung after the reading.

Captain Filgreen, his wife and her sister were fine singers, as were a few of the officers of the steamer, and nothing could have been more solemn and impressive than the touching hymn that rose to heaven as the sun was sinking in its ocean bed. The prayer by the commander followed and the mixed audience listened to it with bowed heads, and some with tearful eyes. The second hymn was then sung, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and was even more solemn and moving than the first. The writer has been present on such an occasion, and only a heart of stone could remain unmoved by it.

The commander then took the Book of Common Prayer from the hand of Mr. Boulong, who stood next to him, and read a portion of the service for the burial of the dead. The seamen, as well as the officers, were all dressed in their best clothes. Three sailors stood on each side of the bier, and three more at the gangway to remove that portion of the bulwarks, for the sea was still too heavy to leave it open during the ceremonies.

"We therefore commit his body to the deep," the commander read from the book; and at this moment the gangway was opened, and six men at the bier raised the inboard end of the table, and the sheeted form slid from under the American ensign into the great deep, disappearing instantly from the gaze even of the men who closed the gangway. The ceremony was ended, and the audience separated, the officers and seamen returning to their usual duties, and the passengers to the cabin.

Half an hour later no one would have supposed there had been a funeral on board, unless it was

among the occupants of the cabin, none of whom had ever been present at such an occasion. Dinner was served an hour later than usual, and after the meal the party gathered in the boudoir as if by common consent. Miss Bellshade seated herself at the piano, and played one of the "Gospel Hymns," Mrs. Belgrave could not help singing, and others followed her example. Sacred music seemed to be the most congenial to the feelings of the ladies and some of the gentlemen, and the evening was passed in this manner, Captain Ringgold being present a portion of the time.

The tumultuous sea was gradually subsiding all the time, and the next morning it was comparatively calm. The *Blanche* was still in tow with all her sails furled, for the wind was very light. No communication could be had with her except by signal or through the speaking-trumpet. Of course those on board of her could not have failed to see that there had been a funeral on board of the *Guardian-Mother*, and the anxiety of Mr. Woolridge's family was soon manifested by an inquiry through the speaking-trumpet, as to the person who had been committed to the deep the evening before.

Captain Ringgold replied to the inquiry, and doubtless the family breathed easier when informed that it was no one with whom they were acquainted. "All well," was the response from Captain Alcorn to a demand for information in regard to the condition of the schooner. The weather was exceedingly pleasant, and Louis wished to know if the family were not to be invited on board. The commander thought his ship was not in condition to receive

visitors while the people from the Bunyan remained on board, and the meeting was postponed till the arrival at Orotava.

When Louis went on deck the next morning, far above the ocean mists he saw the peak of a mountain. It was the Peak of Teneriffe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE CANARY ISLANDS.

"I SUPPOSE we are in no danger of getting aground on that land, Captain Ringgold," said Louis, as he went into the pilot-house.

"Not unless we take to flying through the air, as we do sometimes through the water, replied the commander.

"That mountain is a long way off."

"It must be somewhere in the neighborhood of a hundred miles distant, and we shall not see the lower part of the islands till after lunch; and shall not get to the anchorage before the middle of the afternoon."

After breakfast the party from the cabin, re-inforced by the captain and the ladies from the Bunyan, assembled on the promenade. They were interested in the view of the distant mountain, and began to express their opinions in regard to its height, for it was a greater elevation than most of them had ever seen. Felix thought it must be twenty thousand feet high.

"Nothing like it, Felix; and you have not used the library in the after-cabin, or you would know

better," interposed Captain Ringgold, with a pleasant laugh. "I hope some of you have studied up the Canaries."

"I intended to do so; but I could not get at the books I wanted in the after-cabin," said Louis. "I wished to rake over my Spanish conversations, and about all I know of the islands is, that they belong to Spain; and of course they talk Spanish there."

"Can you give me the Spanish name for them?" asked the commander.

"I have never seen it in a book, but it must be *Las Islas Canaries*," replied the student of Spanish.

"Quite right," added Professor Giroud; but it is generally called in one word 'Canaries.'"

"I know some sea Spanish, and your barge, Sir Louis, is called a '*canario*,'" said the captain.

"And if you wanted to say 'zounds!' you would also use the word '*canario*!'" added the professor.

"You seem to be posted, Captain Ringgold: can you tell me how many islands there are in the group?" asked Louis, who realized that geography was to be a practical study in his college course on board, and he was disposed to make the best of his opportunities.

"Seven large ones and as many small ones. They lie in about the latitude of the middle of the peninsula of Florida, and farther south than any other part of the United States except the extreme southern part of Texas. Taken all together they are a little larger than Rhode Island and Delaware united, and the population is 227,000."

"You have brought the matter down to a fine point," suggested Uncle Moses, shaking his fat sides

with his habitual chuckle when anything pleased him.

"I am not a regular professor in this nautical college, but Geography seems to belong in my department, and I confess that I have made a business of studying up some of the islands and countries we shall visit. In fact I intended to do this before we sailed from New York, and I supplied my library in my state-room with books and maps for this purpose. I have been pretty well over the world; but I can't remember the figures."

"Then we may expect a lecture from you as we approach the various ports included in the voyage," said Dr. Hawkes.

"I don't care to call what I shall have to say by such a formidable name as that; but I shall try to have Sir Louis know where he is."

"I shall do the best I can to assist you," added Louis.

"A few words about some of these islands. The most western is Ferro, or Hierro, which is the Spanish word for iron. This was supposed by the ancients to be the end of the world, as it was the limit of their knowledge in this direction. For this reason it was adopted as the dividing line between the two hemispheres. The first land we shall see in the lower regions will be the island of Palma, very nearly as far west as Ferro. These two islands contain mountains from five to seven thousand feet in height."

"Then we shall be likely to see them to-day," suggested Louis, who was making notes of what was said.

"If the weather is clear enough we shall, for we pass between the two islands. Teneriffe, where we shall make our first port on the north-west side of the island, is the largest of the group, being forty-five miles long, and twenty-two wide. The natives call the top of the mountain you see 'El pico de Teyde.' On the south-east side of the island is the principal city of the group. They seemed to be short of names, for they gave the same one to two places, and there is a Santa Cruz in Palma, and another in Teneriffe."

"That word means rum," interjected Felix, who kept very still, as a rule.

"Not a bit of it, Felix, though there is a liquor called by that name which comes from Santa Cruz in the West Indies. It means Holy Cross. The city of this name in Teneriffe is Santa Cruz de Santiago, and the other is Santa Cruz de las Palmas, which make long names for business purposes."

Shall we go to all these islands, Captain Ringgold?" asked Felix.

"Life is too short; and we shall go only to Teneriffe. We may go all over the world, as the saying is, but we cannot possibly visit a hundredth part of even its most noteworthy localities. We could hardly do that in ten years. The Grand Canary island is fifty miles south of Teneriffe, and is well worth visiting, if we had the time to do so, for it is a beautiful region, fertile and populous. Its chief town is Las Palmas, a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, which is about the size of the two places I have mentioned; but there has been a great deal of rivalry between these cities, and we cannot

be very confident in regard to the population of any of them."

"Chicago and St. Louis," chuckled Uncle Moses.

"Fuerteventura, east of Teneriffe, is about sixty miles from the coast of Africa, and fifty-two miles long. It has no good harbors, and is a rather barren region. Lanzarote lies farther to the north, and it is said that the first canary-birds came from there, and made their world-wide reputation as songsters. This group of islands form a province of Spain, and are represented in the Cortes of that country."

"In the what?" asked Felix.

"In the Cortes, which is the same thing as our Congress. The islands are vine-growing regions, though the grape disease invaded the group, and destroyed the vines, but the country is recovering from this calamity at the present time. These are supposed to have been the Fortunate Islands of the ancients; if they were, they were re-discovered in modern days. We have the wind now from the usual quarter from which they prevail, which is the north-east; but the east and south-east winds come from the deserts of Africa, sometimes burning up the vegetation, and bringing disease to the inhabitants where they are most exposed to them. The vine and the olive are the principal products, though all the productions of the semi-tropical and temperate latitudes thrive here. That will do for this time, though there is a great deal more that might be said."

The partial audience of the commander saluted him with a vigorous round of applause, as he finished his "talk," as he insisted upon calling it.

"Now we know where we are going," said Dr Hawkes. "I am greatly obliged to Captain Ringgold for his very instructive lecture; and I hope we shall hear from him again when we are going into other ports."

"Now you can see a mountain on the south side of you as well as one ahead," continued the commander, evidently desirous of turning the attention of the passengers from himself. "The one on the port side is the 'Pico de los Muchachos.'"

"The peak of the boys," added Louis, translating the Spanish.

"There ought to be a 'pico de las Muchachas' on the other side, for the girls ought to be represented," added the professor.

The captain went to the pilot-house, and looked over the log-slate. After lunch, when the party returned to the promenade, much more of the mountain of Teneriffe could be seen, and at three o'clock the lower regions of the island were in plain sight. The Guardian-Mother took a pilot, and at five o'clock she was at anchor. There was no trouble with the custom-house or health officers, for the only sick person on board was the seaman of the Bunyan with a broken leg.

The anchor of the ship had hardly touched bottom before a boat from the *Blanche* brought Mr. Woolridge and Captain Alcorn on board. The meeting of the owner and captain of the *Blanche* was an exceedingly cordial one, and they were immediately presented to the rest of the passengers, who had retired to the cabin.

"We owe the lives of all on board the *Blanche*,

including all my family, to Captain Ringgold and the Guardian-Mother; and she has proved to be even more than a guardian-mother to us," said Mr. Woolridge, with tears in his eyes as he thought of the calamity from which he and those he loved had been saved.

An hour was spent in conversation, reciting the events of both voyages. During this time Mr. Boulong was preparing to land the people from the wreck of the Bunyan, for whom quarters had been provided on shore, with the representatives of the hotels in the town who were on the lookout for guests.

"But we came partly on business this time," said Captain Alcorn. "I blame myself to some extent for the perilous situation in which we were placed, for I asked for only six hands before the mast, when Mr. Woolridge would willingly have given me twice that number.

"If you had had fifty men you could not have prevented that spar from forcing its way through your bilge streak," added Captain Ringgold. "That was an accident against which no human forethought could have provided."

"But if I had had more men, I could have kept the vessel afloat; and without your help we should have gone to the bottom in an hour or two more, for all hands were absolutely worn out, and incapable of doing anything more. We lost two men, which reduced my crew to four; but we all worked, or we should have gone down before you came," Captain Alcorn explained. "Do you know anything about the men you took from the wreck?"

"Not much ; but I think there are some good seamen among them."

"I want six of them if they suit me."

While they were talking, another boat came from the *Blanche*, bringing Mr. Woolridge's family. They were received by the first officer, one of their old friends, and after a hearty interchange of good feeling, they were conducted to the cabin. It was an enthusiastic meeting on both sides, and hand-shaking and kissing was kept up for some little time, though Louis and Felix were not permitted to engage in the latter. The terrible experience on board of the schooner had to be alluded to, and each one who had been on board of her, was inclined to relate his individual experience.

The two commanders left them hard at it, and went on deck to see the wrecked sailors before they went on shore. Captain Alcorn looked them over with the advice of Captain Ringgold, and the six were selected from them. They were glad to ship on such a cruise, and they were sent on board with what they had saved of their personal effects. Captain Alcorn returned to the *Blanche* with the men, and the commander of the steamer returned to the cabin.

Louis could not but look with interest and anxiety at Miss *Blanche*, whose ill-health had been the occasion of the voyage of the family. But he could detect no signs of the insidious malady which her parents dreaded, for she was quite brown from exposure to the sea air, and she was more fleshy than he had ever seen her before. She said she was very well and she looked so, and Louis did not believe she was going to die yet.

CHAPTER XIX.

MEETING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

It was certainly a time of great rejoicing in the cabin of the *Guardian-Mother* when the two families came together after a separation of nearly five months, for the members of each had become very much attached to those of the other. The surgeon and the professor were the only strangers, though they had met Mr. Woolridge when he went to Cienfuegos with the requisition for the arrest of John Scoble. They were presented to the family.

"I don't know that I should have consented to this long voyage, Dr. Hawkes, if I had not been assured that I should find you here," said Mrs. Woolridge, as she took the hand of the ponderous surgeon. "And we have come to a health resort but little known, and which can hardly be fitted up like such places at home."

"But I think you can find comfortable accommodations, and you can live out of doors here all the time, and sleep with your windows open at night," replied Dr. Hawkes.

"We have been terribly worried about Blanche; all our friends told us we must see Dr. Hawkes;

and it is really a great calamity to have you absent so long," added the lady, warmly.

"I had to leave the city or be cut off in my prime myself, madam; but if I had supposed Mrs. Woolridge would have had any occasion for my services, I am afraid I should not have come, and should have allowed myself to be cut down like a flower in a frost, and staid at home," replied the doctor. "But I should say that Miss Blanche, of whom I have heard a good deal since I came on board of the Guardian-Mother, is not at present in need of any of my delicate attentions;" and he glanced at Louis and the young lady, who were seated on the divan opposite to him.

"She has improved wonderfully since we left New York, and she always gains health and strength on board of the yacht. But I want you to examine her, Dr. Hawkes," continued the anxious mother of the beautiful maiden.

"Of course I will do so if you desire it; but I should say there is not the least necessity of any anxiety on her account," said the surgeon.

The family from the Blanche spent the evening on board of the steamer, and returned to the yacht at eleven o'clock, when the air was mild and soft as at noonday. The next day the doctor examined the invalid, and reported that her lungs were as sound as his own. An active life in the open air was all she needed to build her up. Her cold might have resulted in something serious if it had not been treated in season; but at present she was in no possible danger from anything. A residence at Orotava would certainly do her no harm; but life for a year

or more on board of the yacht would do her quite as much good.

Mrs. Woolridge seemed to be born into a new life when the doctor had delivered his opinion. She had suffered quite as much on her account during the violent gale as though she had known the peril of the vessel, which had been concealed from her and her son and daughter. The family spent the forenoon on board of the steamer, and lunched in the cabin; in fact no one seemed to be in a hurry to go on shore. In the afternoon all the people from both vessels went to the town, those from the *Blanche* taking with them all their baggage. As soon as it had been sent on shore, Captain Alcorn weighed his anchor and sailed for Santa Cruz, on the other side of the island, where the repairs upon his vessel could be made.

"This is not a bad place to spend a month or two," said Captain Ringgold, when the party, now consisting of a dozen persons, were assembled on the shore. "You observe that we have a semicircle of mountains from three to seven thousand feet high all around us, and the place is open only on the sea. These elevations keep off the hot air from the deserts of Africa, and the cool ones from the north-east. "There is a variation of only about ten degrees in the thermometer in any month, instead of fifty to a hundred as we get in various parts of our own country."

The company walked up to the principal hotel, and the natives looked at them as though they had been a band of wild Indians. They found good rooms, though it was not yet decided what course

would be taken by the Woolridges. They were not at all inclined to be separated from the Belgraves. Everything was Spanish about the town, which contains about eight thousand inhabitants, and has a commerce in wine, cochineal, and fish.

The younger portion of the party did not remain long in the hotel, but hastened out to see the place, and drink in the pure fresh air, and it was delightful after the long sea voyage. They walked through some of the principal streets, and to the plaza, which is the great square of every Spanish town. They saw some fine churches, and looked into them.

"Oi say, Louis, darlint, do ye's moind what sort of payple they have here?" said Felix, catching up his Milesian brogue, apparently for the amusement of Morris Woolridge, who was always pleased with it.

"They are just about the same as in Cuba," replied Louis.

"Sure, they're more loike Injins; they are black-
yer, and the hair is not the same."

"Probably some of them are the descendants of the Guanches, as they called the original inhabitants of the islands," added Louis.

"Faix, ye's been rayding up yoursel', darlint. Who tould you about the Blanches?"

"I said nothing about the Blanches, but the Guanches; 'and they may have some resemblance to Indians; at least such Indians as we saw in the south of Cuba."

"Upon me wurrud, the faymales seem to be the bastes o' burden, for they load their heads very heavy wid all sorts of stuff."

"You saw that in Cuba."

"D'ye's moind how the big mountain looms up from where we are?"

"This is the nearest place to it, and parties who make the ascension start from Orotava," added Louis, who had been reading very early that morning in some of the books he found in the private library of the commander.

At the end of an hour's walk, Morris was so tired, for he had not yet recovered the use of his land legs, that he wanted to return to the hotel, but did not think he could find the way. Felix went back with him, while Louis went farther to make some small purchases for his mother. As he was passing what looked like a "fonda," or hotel, in front of which a number of sea-faring people were standing, he discovered what looked like a familiar face.

"*Como esta V* (how are you?), Señor Belgrave?" called the owner of the face, rushing out to meet him.

Then Louis recognized in the man with the familiar face, Mr. Wilson Frinks, the mate of the Maud under John Scoble; and he was not particularly delighted to meet him again. He had left him at Cienfuegos, out of employment, for when Captain Sharp took the command of the steam yacht, he declined the services of any active supporter of her former commander, then on his way to New York to be tried for his crimes.

Frinks extended his hand to the owner of the Guardian-Mother, and as Louis did not care to have any fuss with the fellow, he accepted it, but withdrew it as quickly as he could. He was well-dressed in a suit of blue, and did not look as though he was

pinched by poverty. Louis wondered how he happened to be in such an out-of-the-way place as Orotava. If he had met him in Santa Cruz de Santiago he would not have thought it so strange, for some of the steamers from Cadiz to Havana touch at these islands, both going and returning, and four months had elapsed since they had met before.

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Belgrave," said Frinks, with no little deference in his manner, for the ex-mate knew that he was the owner of a magnificent steamer, and not the young fellow he had enticed on board of the schooner.

Louis could not reciprocate the compliment, and he said nothing.

"I saw your steamer come in yesterday afternoon, and I asked myself if there was not some place on board of her for me," continued Frinks. "I would even take the berth of second officer on board of such a fine craft."

"The place is already filled, and there is not a berth on board for any person," replied the owner coldly.

"Well, I am not very anxious; I am not a beggar, for I made some money with Scoble, however unfortunate he turned out in the end," said Frinks, rubbing his hands as though he was exceedingly well satisfied with himself. "At the same time, I want to make some more."

"I know very well there will be no place for you on board of the Guardian-Mother," added Louis, very decidedly.

"I see that you have some grudge against me, perhaps on account of the little scheme I played off on

you at Van Blonk Park ; but I supposed you had forgotten all about that. I was faithful to my employer, and no one can say that I ever went back on the man that trusted me."

"I don't care to rake up any old affairs. John Scoble is comfortably lodged in the state prison, and we are no longer in peril from his machinations," replied Louis. "How do you happen to be here, Mr. Frinks ?"

"I went over to Havana from Cienfuegos, and tried to find a ship there that wanted a captain or mate ; but I found nothing, and I decided to make my way back to England. I took a Spanish steamer to this port, where I shall soon get one bound to London or Liverpool. I staid a week in Santa Cruz, and then came over here for my health, and to see the place. I did not think of meeting you here, though you told me in the Bermudas that you were to take in the Canaries and Madeira."

"I don't remember that I told you that," answered Louis, and he did not believe that he had done so.

"I suppose you are going to ascend the mountain," continued the mate.

"I don't know yet."

"I have been up ; and it is well worth your while."

Frinks recommended the ascent in the strongest terms, and assured him that no foreigner came to Orotava without making the trip to the summit of the mountain.

"By the way, I know that you speak French as fluently as a Parisian ; do you speak Spanish also ?" asked Frinks.

"I have been studying it for six months, and get

along fairly well, though I cannot speak it fluently. I had considerable practice in Cuba."

"One of the men here is the guide who takes parties up the mountain, and provides everything for the excursion," said Frinks, pointing to the party in front of the hotel. "He speaks a little English so that he can be understood; and he is a Spaniard from Seville."

"I don't know that we shall require his services," added Louis, who wished to get away from his unwholesome companion.

But before he could do so, Antonio was called up and duly introduced to him. He was dressed in the fantastic costume of a Spanish gypsy, though he carried a rather hang-dog expression on his olive face. He spoke a mongrel English till Frinks told him Louis spoke Spanish; and then he proceeded to say how exceedingly comfortable he could make the party. The owner of the steamer declined to hear much he had to say, and made his escape with the promise to speak to his friends about the matter.

He went into a *botica*, or drug-store, where he procured what his mother wanted; and he was somewhat surprised at the facility with which the man behind the counter understood him. On his return to the hotel, he spoke to the members of both families about the ascent of the mountain. The proposition was rather coldly received. The lawyer and the doctor were too fat to ride on horseback, and the excursion was too fatiguing for the ladies.

But Louis, Felix, and Morris were anxious to go.

CHAPTER XX.

AN UNEXPECTED EVENT.

FEARFUL that his mother would be alarmed, though there was no possible reason that she should be, Louis refrained from mentioning the fact that he had met Wilson Frinks, with whom Mrs. Belgrave had had more experience than her son. He had nothing to do with the ascent of the mountain: if he were to be a member of the party Louis would decline to go.

"It looks something like an adventure," said Uncle Moses, shaking his fat sides with a whirlwind of chuckles. "I suppose that is the reason you wish to make the ascent."

"Not at all; I was brought up in New Jersey, and there were no mountains near me. In fact I have seen none but those in the distance when we were in Cuba, and I should like to be introduced to one. The Peak of Teneriffe is 12,180 feet high, and is a good specimen. This is a chance I may not have again."

When he recited what Antonio had told him about the excursion, that it would take two days, and that the passage over the rocks was difficult, all the party except the three youngest members declined to take part in the excursion.

"We have decided to visit Santa Cruz in the steamer to-morrow, returning the following day. We shall remain in Orotava for a week or two, perhaps; but that will depend upon the wishes of the party," said Captain Ringgold. "You may not have another opportunity to visit the principal city of the Canaries, if you do not go with us; but you can do as you like."

There was time after the early dinner at the hotel for a ride, which the visitors improved, passing out of the town into the country. There were some beautiful mansions, occupied by the wealthy people of the island, and some of the merchants of Santa Cruz had summer residences, where they lived a portion of the year, though it was summer everywhere. They passed through plantations of oranges and olives, and the young men declared that they should have a fine time on their excursion.

"But you will not find it all, or much of it, like this," replied the commander. "These islands are all volcanic, and you will discover that some parts of Teneriffe are exceedingly rough."

"But what is this, Captain Ringgold?" asked Louis, as they passed through a field of very strange plants, looking like cacti.

"This is a cochineal plantation; and I think we had better stop and examine it a little more closely."

"And what is cochineal?" asked Felix, as soon as they had alighted.

"It is an important article of commerce, for it is a very valuable dye-stuff. I suppose you have eaten a stick of peppermint candy which was very like a barber's pole, Felix?"

"Indeed I have; many's the time," replied Felix.

"Cochineal is the color in use for the red streaks."

"I heard some one say that the color was made of bugs," added Morris.

"Which is quite true; and you may not be willing to eat candy after you have seen the bugs," said the captain. "The plant you see here is a plant very like the prickly pear, and was first brought from Mexico. This plant is the food of the cochineal insect, though it will feed on the leaves of the orange tree, and in some of the islands of the Atlantic has made terrible havoc among them. The insect, as well as the plant, was originally brought from Mexico."

"What sort of bugs are they, sir? Are they anything like a frog?" asked Felix.

"Not much; but you can see them for yourself, even in your own country. They are about as big as a dried pea, and it takes seventy thousand of them to weigh a pound."

"Where will I find a pound of them, for I want to count them?" said Felix.

"You can take them on board of the steamer, and do it while Louis is studying his lessons; you will find that you are having a harder time of it than he is. The male bug is very red, with white wings, and the female is brown, with no wings at all."

"That is so as to make her stay at home and attend to business," interjected the Milesian.

"But only the females are of any use in producing the color, and the males don't count. When the plant is about eighteen months old, the insects are placed upon it, and the females lay their eggs.

The workmen then make a sort of cotton nest, in which the plant and eggs are placed. Here the young are hatched out, and scatter themselves all over the leaf. The bugs are gathered by a very tedious process, being swept into vessels with the tail of a fox, squirrel, or other animal supplied with a bushy appendage. They are killed by putting them in boiling water, roasting them in an oven, or exposing them to the heat of the sun."

Some of the excursionists had comments to make, for they had learned what they did not know before. The ride was prolonged till it was nearly dark, when they returned to the hotel. They had gone far enough to see some of the rough portion of the island, for not more than one-seventh of it is fit for cultivation. Early the next morning those who were not going to ascend the mountain embarked in the steamer for Santa Cruz. Louis's first business was to find Antonio. He was at the fonda where he had been seen the day before.

The mountain-climbers were rather surprised to learn that the time for starting was midnight, and they did not take kindly to traveling on horseback by night. They asked the landlord of the hotel where they were staying about the matter, and he assured them that this was the usual time for setting out in order to reach the summit before dark.

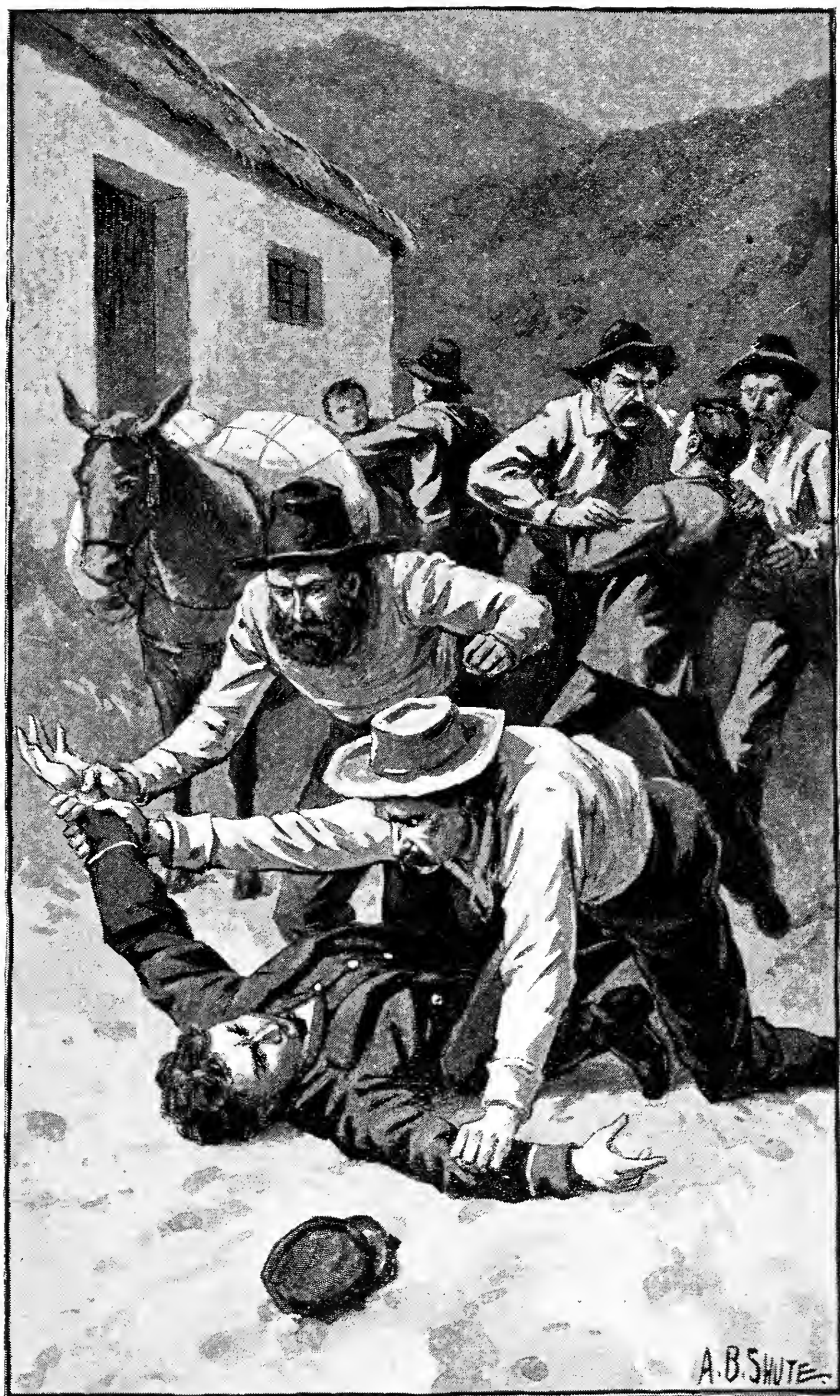
Four horses and two mules, the latter to carry the provisions and wraps, appeared at the hotel at the appointed hour. The party had slept about four hours, and had been called in season to make ready. Antonio came alone, mounted on a broken-down old horse, and the others were not much better. The

trio from over the ocean were in excellent spirits, for the affair looked very much like an adventure. In the quiet night they went forth into the darkness, following the same road they had gone over the night before. They followed Antonio, who was pounding his Rosinante all the time to make him go faster than a walk, which he was not inclined to do.

The party passed out of the cultivated region, though all available ground was still used, as the travelers could occasionally see in the darkness. The trio were used to having full nights' sleep, and the ride in the small hours of the morning was not as agreeable as they anticipated. They were sleepy as soon as the novelty of the expedition had worn away, and Morris Woolridge, if no other member of the party, wished he had gone to Santa Cruz. The mountain was still before them, and its side did not look as though it was accessible to a party on horseback. In fact, though Antonio had said nothing about it, the last part of the excursion had to be made on foot.

Louis could just make out on the face of his watch that it was three o'clock when the guide halted his little company in front of a small house which was no better than a cabin; and all the mountain-climbers wondered what this stop was for. The hut was not lighted, and everything about it was silent and gloomy. It is true that they were tired enough to rest even after three hours horseback riding, for they were not used to it; but they did not like the look of the premises.

"Why do you stop here, Antonio?" asked Louis, as he drew up his horse at the side of the guide.



"THE STRANGER AND ANTONIO FELL UPON HIM." — Page 163.

It was easier, Louis found, for him to talk Spanish than to interpret the mongrel English of Antonio. There was something about the man he did not understand, for instead of dismounting, and rousing the people in the cabin, he looked about him, and seemed to be waiting for some one to come to him. Presently three men did appear in the gloom of the morning, and one of them hastened to each horseman except Antonio, who now dismounted, and joined the man who presented himself to Louis.

"*Buenos dias*" (good-morning). "Will you get off your horse, señor?" said the one who went to the young millionaire.

"I will," replied Louis, suiting the action to the words, though he thought the speaker's Spanish was vastly worse than his own.

He was no sooner on the ground than both the stranger and Antonio fell upon him, tripped him up, and laid him flat at the feet of his horse. The attack was so sudden and entirely unexpected that there was no chance for resistance, for Louis had not had the slightest suspicion of any danger other than that from the roughness of the road.

But he was not willing to yield to this sudden aroused enemy, and he began to struggle to free himself from the hold of the men; but both of them dropped down upon him, pinning him to the ground by their weight. He struck out with his fists in a very vigorous manner till one of the assailants got hold of each of his arms, while his body was kept down by their knees. All the advantage was on the side of the two men, and Louis could not hold out long against them. When they had possession

of his arms, they had practically won the battle, and the victim could do no more. They turned him over on his face, and then bound his arms behind him.

Of course the affair was all a contrived plot, and the cords were all ready for use when needed. Louis was subdued none too soon for the success of the conspirators, for Felix McGavonty was getting the better of his assailant, who was calling for assistance from his companions. The Milesian had covered the face of the brigand who attacked him with blood, and he looked as though he had been dyed in a cochineal vat.

The conquest of Louis by more than double his own force enabled one of the ruffians in charge of him to go to the aid of his companion who was getting the worst of the conflict. Felix was soon conquered with the help of the re-inforcement, and the cords were at hand to secure him. As in the case of the other victim, one of the men got hold of each of his arms, and then his means of resistance were gone. After he was tied he could do no more, and he looked about him to ascertain how Louis and Morris had fared in the encounter.

He saw that Louis had been reduced to his own condition; and Morris had been conquered by his assailant almost without resistance, for he had never taken any lesson in the art of self-defense, or had any experience outside of the playground in anything like a fight. His arms had been tied behind him as in the case of the others, and like them he lay upon the ground. It was not yet daylight, but it was a clear night, and it was light enough for him to understand the situation. If he had wished be-

fore that he had gone to Santa Cruz in the steamer he was vastly stronger in that desire when he realized that all the members of his party had been captured.

As usual on such occasions, Louis made an effort to understand the situation. It did not take him a moment to reach the conclusion that there was no ascent of the Peak of Teneriffe in the present adventure. If he had made more extensive inquiries in regard to an excursion to the mountain, or asked the advice of the landlord of the hotel, he would have learned that the trip was a much more formidable affair than Antonio had made of it; that usually a dozen horses and mules and half as many men were employed to accomplish the ascent in safety and comfort.

It was still too dark to permit him to see the faces of the conspirators. They seemed to understand themselves and the business in which they were engaged, for they said nothing to each other, and the salutation of the leading man of the three at the cabin, and the few words spoken during the conflict, were all that had been said. He noticed that the Spanish of the one who had addressed him was no better than the mongrel English of the guide. This was all that he had been able to make out in regard to the assailants.

All three of them were out of breath, as were their victims, after the conflict, and they seemed to be disposed to rest themselves, and recover their wind before anything more was done.

CHAPTER XXI.

BREAKFAST WITH THE BRIGANDS.

LOUIS BELGRAVE could form no decided opinion in regard to the nature of the conspiracy in which he was playing a prominent part. He knew that there were banditti in Spain, though only in the mountain region in the vicinity of San Roque, in the southern part of the peninsula, where travelers were sometimes politely captured, and held for ransom. Antonio was said to come from this locality, and possibly he had introduced the business in the provinces of the mother country.

After the brigands, as Louis chose to regard them, had recovered their breath, they tied the ankles of the prisoners as well as their hands, for the battle they had been compelled to fight in order to overcome two of the victims, led them to take every precaution to prevent the escape of any of the trio. Thus confined it was impossible to do anything in the way of further resistance, and Louis, sorely against his will, was compelled to keep quiet.

He had no doubt that the next step in the affair would be to fix upon the amount of the ransom to be paid for the deliverance of the party, and to arrange the method by which it could be paid with-

out the danger of arrest on the part of the brigands. Even in Cuba this pestilential fraternity had sometimes done a thriving business, though the marauders were immediately hunted down by the government, as they were in Spain. But it was entirely against the grain of the young millionaire to pay any ransom whatever. It would be the wages of iniquity, and he could not help feeling that he should be trifling with crime if he asked his trustee to pay it.

He had no doubt that his mother could easily persuade Uncle Moses to pay any sum that might be demanded; but Louis decided that no such call should be made upon him, through her. Mr. Woolridge would certainly be ready and willing to pay any amount to recover his son; and he did not wish to prevent Morris from writing to his father, and making arrangements for the payment of the ransom.

Uncle Moses and Captain Ringgold would have something more to say about his thirst for adventure, and doubtless the present affair could be called by this name; but like the former difficulties into which he had fallen, this event had not been of his own seeking, and no one had suggested that there was any danger, unless it was in falling over a precipice, in making the ascent of the mountain.

The brigands, after they had further secured their prisoners, seemed disposed to take another rest; but they said nothing which could give Louis any clew to the actual situation. If John Scoble had been anywhere but in the state prison, he could easily understand that he was again in his power, or in that of his agents. Mr. Woolridge had assured the

party after his arrival that the great enemy of the family was at work in the institution at Sing Sing, employed as a cabinet-maker, for he had some skill in the use of tools.

Very nearly an hour had elapsed since the first attack, and the daylight was beginning to brighten up the east. Then there was a light in the cabin; but the brigands were smoking their cigarrillos, though one of them soon threw his away, and lighted a pipe. This was the one who had saluted Louis in bad Spanish. He appeared to be the leading man in the enterprise. Antonio's part was to bring the trio to this cabin. They were seated on a rock with their prisoners on the ground in front of them where they could be seen all the time.

"I have forgotten something," said the principal man, suddenly rising from his seat. "Two of these fellows carry revolvers in their pockets, and we have not taken them away."

He spoke in even worse Spanish than before, and there was something in his voice which sounded rather natural to Louis, though he could not identify the man by it, as he might if he had spoken English.

"Don't you know him, Louis, my darling?" asked Felix, after the last utterance of the leader of the brigands.

"I don't quite make him out," replied the one addressed.

"Sure it is the mate of the Maud!" shouted the Milesian, who seemed to be in good spirits in spite of his misfortune. "Don't you see that the black-guard is Wilson Frinks, who wanted the command of the Viking?"

"And I might have had it if Mr. Belgrave had been willing to speak a word for me, and thus made a friend of me for life, instead of an enemy, as he has done," said Frinks, unable longer to conceal his identity.

"I am exceedingly glad I did nothing to hand Mrs. Scoble, who is a lady in every sense of the word, over to the keeping of a pirate and a brigand," said Louis; and the speech of the fellow assured him that Felix was right.

He wondered that he had not recognized him before, and he would have done so if the darkness had not concealed his face. Frinks had introduced him to Antonio the day before; but it had never entered his mind that the fellow had anything to do with the ascent of the mountain, though he had strongly recommended the excursion. This villain could not now be in the employ of Scoble, and Louis's former step-father had been thrown aside as a dead factor in future events.

"It would be better for you to keep a civil tongue in your head, Mr. Belgrave," added Frinks. "You and I began our acquaintance by overwhelming each other with politeness; and I think we had better have some of that element in our present intercourse."

"You appeared to be a gentleman then; you spoke French fluently then——"

"And I can now," interrupted Frinks.

"You were a graduate of an Oxford college then, and even named the schooner the 'Oxford' after your alma mater, and——"

"I am still a graduate of an Oxford College."

"You don't behave like one, for you have become a brigand as you were a pirate before."

"Softly, my gentle little bantam. It is not profitable to indulge in unpleasant epithets. But before we go any farther, I will trouble you for the revolver you carry in your pocket."

"You are a brave man, and with my hands and feet tied, I am not in condition to resist your will and pleasure," replied Louis.

"That is sensible, and I hope I shall find you as reasonable in the further business we have before us," added Frinks, as he drew the revolver from the side-pocket of the prisoner, and searched for another, which he did not find.

He then went to Felix, and took possession of his weapon, for both of them had been thus armed since they were in peril from the attacks of Scoble and his agents.

"I can't help myself with my hands and feet tied, but I should like to put the lead in that plaything where you keep your brains, if you have any," said Felix, as the revolver was drawn from his hip pocket.

"Shut up, Paddy! You are only the shadow of Louis Belgrave, and you are not worth noticing," growled Frinks.

"Faix, I'd rather be the shadow of a gentleman than the substance of a brigand."

"You have them all right," said another actor, stepping upon the scene at this moment.

He came out of the house, and as he spoke good English, Louis looked at him with interest, though as he seemed to be on good terms with the chief brigand, he did not expect any comfort or assistance

from him. As he approached the group, Louis was not a little astonished to see that he was Scott Fencelowe, though how he happened to be with the brigands he could not explain. He had been bound over by his foster-father to Captain Ringgold, who had taken him on board of the steamer, not because he wanted him, but to save him from the ruin to which he was rapidly hastening.

After the commander had laid down the law to Scott, he sent him into the fore-castle to do duty as a seaman. At first he had rebelled, and refused to do anything required of him; but the captain shut him up in a store-room, which he called the "brig," or ship's prison, and after a couple of days' confinement, he submitted to the discipline of the crew, and did his duty passably well; but he vowed that he would be revenged for the insults heaped upon him, for he insisted that he was a gentleman and ought to have a place in the cabin. He obtained no sympathy from the crew, who only laughed at his pretensions.

It appeared afterwards that Scott had been called upon to pull an oar in an extra boat that was taking in provisions and fruit, for the trip to the south-east of the island, and he had deserted, concealing himself in the *fonda* where Frinks boarded, and there had made the acquaintance of that worthy, who had secured his services as cook for the present enterprise, for he had learned his art on board of the Seahound.

"We have them all right, Scott, and in due time we shall find that we have three geese that lay golden eggs," replied Frinks, to the question with

which the runaway had introduced himself. "Did you suppose there was any doubt on that point?"

"I had no doubt, and I am glad you got them. Why didn't you call me when the work began, for I have just waked up, and I should have liked to take a hand in the business."

"I was afraid one of them might know you, if you showed yourself too soon. But it is all right now, and we have them all where the hair is close to the scalp. Is breakfast ready, for we have been out long enough to get up an appetite?" asked Frinks.

"How could it be ready when I have just turned out? It will be on the table in a few minutes," answered Scott, as he went back into the cabin, which was the home of Antonio, who kept a sort of bachelor's hall here.

Louis felt as though his morning ride had prepared him for breakfast; but he was not confident that the ruffians would take the trouble to feed himself and his companions.

"I suppose you don't feel very comfortable, Sir Louis," said Frinks, who appeared to have heard this title applied to the young millionaire in the Bermudas, or at Cienfuegos, where he had been near the Guardian-Mother's people.

"I can't say that I am, with my hands tied behind me," replied the prisoner.

"I wish to treat you like a gentleman, though my business with you may be a bit unpleasant," continued Frinks. "We both know how to be exceedingly polite, and we had better conduct our affair on that basis."

“What is your business with me, though I ought to be able to divine its nature?” asked Louis.

“I am not ready to inform you just yet. We shall feel more like business after breakfast. I know you to be an honest and reliable young man,” continued the chief brigand.

“I am sorry that I cannot say as much of you,” added the prisoner.

“That is not polite; but I shall not follow your vicious example, and I will return good for evil. If you will give me your word of honor that you will not attempt to escape if I let up a little on you, and remove a part of your bonds, then we shall be in a better condition to be polite and conciliatory.”

“I will not give my word not to escape, for I assure you I shall do so if I find the opportunity,” replied Louis, gently, but decidedly.

“That is honest and square; but in spite of what you say, I shall loosen the cords so that you can eat your breakfast,” said Frinks.

Nothing more was said, and half an hour later the party were called to the morning meal. It consisted mainly of mutton-chops and fruits. The bonds of the prisoners were loosed, so that they could use their hands; but the cords were put on above the elbows, and secured, so that they would be cramped if they attempted any resistance. The meal was creditable to Scott's skill as a cook.

When breakfast was over, the horses were brought out, and the prisoners were tied to the saddles. After a long ride they came to the sea-shore.

CHAPTER XXII.

A VOYAGE IN A FELUCCA.

OF course the idea of going to the mountain was abandoned when the party left the cabin where breakfast had been provided. If the trap had not been sprung at this place, it would have been impossible to keep up the delusion any longer, for the route did not now lead in the direction of the peak. Scott Fencelowe was supplied with a mule, on which he had probably come to the cabin the day before.

It was about noon when the brigands arrived at the sea-shore, though Louis was unable to look at his watch, for his arms were still secured, and his horse was led by Frinks. The prisoners had seen the ocean for some miles, but did not suppose that the shore was their destination. It was an exceedingly rough locality, as though the submarine volcano which had thrown up the island had not completed its work.

Louis was looking about him all the time, in order to learn the way back to Orotava if he should be so fortunate as to effect his escape. Frinks knew him well, for he had had considerable experience with

him in the capacity of a prisoner ; he did not for a moment relax his vigilance, and repeatedly urged Antonio, who was in charge of Felix, not to let him slip through his hands.

Not much attention was given to Morris Woolridge, for he had been captured without a battle, and was not regarded as a dangerous prisoner. His hands were still tied behind him, but he was not secured to the saddle. The man in charge of him rode ahead so that he could talk with one of his associates. The steed on which he was mounted was a mere horse-frame, and he scented no oats in advance, for he often fell behind the procession, and his special conductor had to go back and hammer the animal with a club at times to keep him within hailing distance of the others. If he had been so disposed he could easily have escaped, and taken to the rocks where neither horse nor mule could have followed him.

The place at which the final halt was made, was at the head of a deep and narrow bay, which might be the outlet of one of the mountain streams. In a little cove, half a mile distant, Louis discovered the top of a mast which belonged to a boat or small vessel. It began to look as though the rest of the journey, wherever it was to take them, was to be made by water. The men proceeded at once to unload the three mules, for a third had come from the cottage. The burden of the beasts consisted of provisions and bottles of wine or liquor. Louis was sure that Frinks would not be satisfied with Canary wine, and that some of the bottles contained something stronger.

"Now, Mr. Belgrave, we will relieve you from the discomfort of horseback riding, for I reckon you are not accustomed to it," said Frinks, as he removed the cords which bound his prisoner to his steed.

"I suppose you are going to embark in the craft whose mast I see above the rocks farther down the bay," said Louis, who was inclined to make the best of the situation, since he could not help himself, though he was on the lookout all the time to improve any opportunity to escape.

"You are quite right, my dear Mr. Belgrave. I am afraid this island would become too warm for us soon after the return of the Guardian-Mother to Orotava," answered Frinks; and he was so chipper that his prisoner concluded he had a private bottle in addition to the general stock.

"I dare say you have no objection to informing me where you intend to go in the boat," added Louis. "You are quite as polite as the original Mr. Fobbington," which was the name under which the brigand had visited Von Blonk Park and enticed the young millionaire on board of the Maud.

"It is my nature to be polite, for I was brought up as a gentleman, and though our business is somewhat disagreeable, we may as well be courteous about it," added Frinks. "As you are aware, even your friend John Scoble could be polite on an emergency."

"I suppose, if it suits your purpose, you would politely blow my brains out, Mr. Fobbington."

"If I had to do such a disagreeable duty, I should desire to do it as courteously as possible. I suggested that I would parole you; that I would re-

move your bonds if you would give me your word of honor not to escape," continued Frinks; and he appeared to have the utmost confidence in the high tone of his prisoner.

"I should prefer to understand more fully what your intentions in regard to our party are before I assent to anything. What do you intend to do with us? Perhaps we can compromise the matter," added Louis.

"We certainly can compromise the case if you are so disposed. I have not the slightest desire or intention to blow your brains out, cut your throat, starve you to death, or anything of that sort," Frinks proceeded, after he had taken a draught from a bottle he carried in his breast-pocket, the contents of which seemed to make him more cheerful and talkative. "Although you have branded me as a brigand, I shall take great pleasure in convincing you that I am still a gentleman, and that I propose to manage this affair in the most courteous manner possible."

"Precisely so; and I have read that the highwayman in Spain who holds you up in the road, extends his hand and says: '*Perdon V, por Dios, hermano,*' (Excuse me for God's sake, brother) which is also the answer a Spaniard gives to a beggar, when he declines to contribute."

"I do not intend to conduct my business in that manner," protested Frinks.

"Will you do me the favor to inform me what the nature of your business is?" asked Louis.

"Of course you can readily infer that we are not doing this thing at our own expense, and besides compensation for my own trouble, I shall think it

fair to collect something for these honest fellows who have been so kind as to assist me in this little enterprise," replied Frinks, with an exceedingly significant smile.

"Of course I inferred that you and your assistants I were to be paid for all the trouble on our account; but I assure you that I have not a dozen pesos about me, for I intended to pay the bills for this excursion after our return to Orotava. Besides, I had not the remotest idea that I was to have the very great pleasure of meeting you on the way," replied Louis, deeming it the most prudent course for him to fall in with the humor of his custodian.

"Oh, I did not intend to put you to the inconvenience of paying the little assessment it is necessary for me to levy on you on the spot. We can discuss that matter at a later day."

"But you have not yet answered my question as to where you intend to take us in the craft whose mast I see among the rocks," continued Louis.

"As you may have observed, my Spanish is rather deficient for the want of practice, and I could not pronounce the name of the locality to which we are bound to save my life. But if you will excuse me now, we will defer further conversation on this subject till we have embarked in the Luisa, which is the craft in which we are to make our voyage."

Louis had descended to the ground and his arms were immediately tied behind him again; but his feet were left at liberty. Felix was treated in the same manner. The horses were unsaddled and turned loose, and doubtless they knew where to find good pasturage. The three mules loaded with

Stores were led by two of the men, and the party began to move in the direction of the mast seen peering above the rocks. It was a rough path, and even the mules made bad work of it, for it was impracticable for horses.

At least an hour was used up in climbing the rocks, up and down, till they came to the place where the Luisa was moored. She lay at a sort of natural wharf, formed by a flat rock. Louis looked with interest at the vessel, which was apparently about forty-five feet long, heavily and clumsily constructed, with a considerable cuddy in the forward part. It looked as though it was strong enough to breast an Atlantic gale. She carried a lateen, or leg-of-mutton sail, such as one sees along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

Frinks marched his prisoner to the after-part of the craft, and the others did the same by Felix and Morris, the latter of whom did not appear to be tied at all since he had been taken from the horse. The bundles and hampers were removed from the pack-saddles of the mules, and conveyed to the cuddy, from which a stove-pipe projected through the forward deck, indicating that the cook-room was located in this part of the vessel. The mules were turned loose as the horses had been, and they began to move off in the direction of the green fields, which were to be found only in spots in the midst of the desolation of this part of the island.

"Now, we are all right, my dear Mr. Belgrave," said Frinks, as Antonio cast loose the immense sail and hoisted the gaff to the mast-head.

"You seem to be all right, however it may be

with my friends and myself," replied Louis, as he seated himself.

"You perceive that the young gentleman, who is a stranger to me, for I have not had the pleasure of an introduction to him, is entirely free, he made no useless opposition to the gentle force we applied to him," replied Frinks, as he took another pull from his flat bottle. "If you and Felix are disposed to accept the parole I have generously offered to you, you shall be as free as he is."

"I have not changed my mind in regard to that matter, though of course I am very sorry to disoblige you," said Louis.

"Oh, my dear fellow, it is all the same to me; I was acting only for your comfort," protested the leader of the enterprise. "Scott, it is about dinner-time," he added, shouting to the runaway from the steamer, who was at work in the cuddy.

"All right; I shall give you a cold dinner to-day, for I have not put things in order for cooking yet."

The cook and steward immediately brought out a boiled ham, with bread, olives, and fruit, and placed them on the after-thwart of the boat. Frinks took the knife, and cut off several slices of the ham. Then he released the right arm of the two bound prisoners, but secured the left to some cleats in the rail. Antonio had set the sail, and made fast the sheet, taking his place at the tiller. The felucca, as she may be properly called, was sharp at the bow, but the stern was quite broad, so that the party seated there had abundant room.

The dinner was eaten by those in this part of the craft, though Scott and one of the other men who

had been in charge of Morris, took the meal in the cuddy. The wind was rather fresh from the north-east, but the Luisa had slant enough to take her out of the bay without beating. By the time the lunch was finished, and Frinks had washed it down with two more draughts from his bottle, the felucca had passed out into the open ocean. Though Frinks was talking to him all the time, Louis kept a close watch on the course taken. He had learned the geography of the islands from the chart while the steamer was making her port, and he knew where he was.

Antonio made his course to the north; but as the sail was close-hauled this indicated nothing in relation to the destination of the vessel. She was not bound to Palma or Ferro, but she might be going to the islands to the east of Teneriffe, or around it to the Grand Canaria. Once more he asked his captor where the craft was bound.

"I told you, my beloved Mr. Belgrave, that I could not pronounce the name of the place," replied the mellow director of the enterprise.

"Perhaps Antonio will pronounce it for you," suggested Louis. "You are aware that I have been studying Spanish for six months, and I can understand him, if you cannot."

"My Spanish is only a little rusty," replied Frinks evasively.

"*A donde va V, Antonio?*" (Where are you going?) suddenly demanded Louis.

"A Fuerteventura," he replied, without hesitation.

This is one of the large islands east of Teneriffe.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE MODEST DEMAND OF MR. FRINKS.

FRINKS did not seem to be at all disconcerted at the ready answer the skipper had given to Louis's question. Whatever the tippie in the bottle which he consumed, it did not make him ugly, but rather mellowed him. He had passed it to Antonio several times, and that individual had perhaps lost some of his usual caution.

Louis had not studied the chart in Captain Ringgold's room with respect to the location and distances apart of the several islands; but the one with the long name had attracted his attention on account of its nearness to the coast of Africa, which was only sixty miles distant from it. How far it was from Teneriffe to this island he had no means of knowing, but he was sure it was over a hundred miles.

"How could an Englishman be expected to pronounce a word like that?" said Frinks.

"That word is very mild compared with some we meet in Spanish. But I think it is about time for us to arrange our business, if we have any," added Louis.

"This is about as good a time as any, Mr. Belgrave. I will come out fair and square with what I have to propose," replied the brigand.

"That is the right way," said the chief prisoner, when Frinks halted; and he was afraid he would fly away from the subject again.

"You have been a sort of *bête noir* to me, my excellent friend, though I will not say that it has been from any fault of yours. You have been a stumbling-block on my path;" and he paused to note the effect of this speech upon his auditor.

"I certainly was not obstinate at the hotel in Von Blonk Park, for I fell into your trap as easily as a man could fall off a log," replied Louis in an encouraging tone.

"You did very well there; and I commended you for your pliability. I was to have three thousand dollars from Scoble if we succeeded in getting your mother safely into the Bermudas. I lost it."

"Was it my especial fault that Scoble wrecked his schooner on the Bermuda Reef? But you would all have been drowned if the Guardian-Mother had not saved you."

"That did not put the six hundred pounds into my pocket. Then you would not let me go on board of your steamer at Hamilton."

"That was the captain's business, and not mine."

"Then you picked up Scoble and sent him North."

"That was the captain's work again."

"Then I wanted the command of the Viking after Scoble left for New York; and that was the most hopeful venture of all for me; but you refused to lift a finger to assist me to get the steamer."

"Captain Ringgold put forward the man who has the command of her to-day."

"But you could have overruled him if you had been so disposed, for you were the owner. Your mother would have done anything you asked for."

"I did not think you were qualified for the position, either nautically or morally," answered Louis, more decidedly.

"That's only a flimsy excuse. I lost the command and I lost even the place of first officer, for Captain French sent me adrift."

Louis did not think it prudent to express his opinion and endorsement of the action of the commander of the Viking.

"That was my ruin, financially speaking," continued the brigand.

"I don't see how, for you could obtain any position you were qualified to fill."

"But it dashed down all my hopes, upset my cherished scheme. As soon as I discovered that Mrs. Scoble was a millionaire, my plan was laid. She was an attractive woman, and I meant to marry her, as I could easily have done if I had obtained the command of the Viking. You all became millionaires except me; and you threw me out of this fortune, for which I now ask some compensation."

Louis could not help laughing at the absurdity of this claim.

"And I have another claim, which my friend Mr. Frinks has agreed to assist me in adjusting," said Scott Fencelowe, who had taken a seat on the after-thwart as soon as he had removed the provisions.

"I was not aware that I owed you anything,"

replied Louis, looking at this second victim of his misconduct.

"Didn't you rob the *Seahound* of thirty thousand dollars, my fine fellow?" demanded Scott, who had evidently imbibed from some of the bottles which were so abundant on board; and the occasion seemed to have been turned into a frolic.

"I did not see it in that light," replied Louis. "I obeyed the captain's order, and the money was sent to the bank from which it had been stolen."

"Stolen! That is none of your business. That captain of yours is a convenient bugbear to shoulder all the crimes and robberies committed on board of that steamer," blustered Scott. "Now I want that thirty thousand dollars; and you will put that in with your claim, Mr. Frinks."

"All right!" added Louis, laughing at the ridiculous position of both of the claimants. "I have not the money in my pocket to pay off any of these little claims."

"Thirty thousand is only a mere bagatelle, Scott; and you shall have your money before we have finished up this affair," continued Frinks. "I want not less than a hundred thousand; and that will hardly make me whole. Louis is a millionaire, and I heard some one say at Cienfuegos that he was worth a million and a half, besides the steam-yacht. Paddy is not worth anything; but Mrs. Belgrave will give fifty thousand to have the friend of her son returned. You say, Scott, that the father of the young fellow is a millionaire, and he can afford to pay a hundred thousand for the kid. The total claim, Mr. Belgrave, is two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and con-

sidering the circumstances, that is letting you off dog cheap. If your friends want you at that price, they can have you ; but I will not knock off a shilling."

"A very modest demand," added Louis, laughing heartily, though he did not believe it was good policy ; but he could not help it. "But suppose Squire Scarburn——"

"That's the fat fellow, isn't it, whom you call Uncle Moses ?"

"Precisely so ; but suppose he refuses to pay this modest demand ?"

"It would be very unfortunate for you if he should refuse. But just look at it a moment : it is only a bagatelle for each of the millionaires to pay, and they will not be so unreasonable as to refuse," argued Frinks, as unconcerned as though he were engaged in a legitimate undertaking. "You observe that I am to get only a very moderate sum for my trouble. Just remember that we are dealing with millionaires, and a hundred thousand dollars is nothing ; only about twenty thousand pounds."

"I suppose you will make this demand in person of Squire Scarburn, Mr. Fobbington," added Louis.

"Well, no ; I am afraid his magnitude is somewhat prejudiced against me, though I have not the slightest personal ill-will against him, for I fear your estimable mother may have spoken somewhat disparagingly to him of me. No, my dear Mr. Belgrave ; I do not intend to negotiate in person with the ponderous gentleman who has charge of your money, and I shall depend upon your good offices to intercede with him, and to manage the business for me," continued Frinks.

"Then of course you will send me back to Oro-tava," suggested Louis.

"Is thy servant a fool that he should do this thing? No, my dear fellow; I purpose to have the negotiations conducted through the medium of correspondence. I have provided writing materials for your use, and in due time I am going to trouble you to write a letter to his excellent ponderosity, politely requesting him to send the money to the island with a long name under such prudent arrangements as I shall stipulate."

"Granting that Squire Scarburn and Mr. Woolridge are entirely willing to advance the modest sums you have named, I fear that a difficulty will come in the way," replied Louis. "You will readily perceive, beloved Mr. Fobbington, that these rich men don't carry their millions about with them in their trousers' pockets. I am quite sure that nothing like the sum you name as the share for Felix and myself will be available to my trustee in these out-of-the-way islands."

"Oh, we shall not be hard upon the millionaires!" exclaimed the brigand. "You always found me willing to favor you in everything consistent with the line of my strict duty. We will arrange that matter, and give them what delay they need."

"Is there a first-class hotel on the island of Fuerteventura?"

"Not first-class, if there is any at all. I have never been there, and I should have to consult Antonio, for his English is like my Spanish, so thin and weak that it will not stand alone, and he does not understand what we are saying. All these

things in good time," said Frinks, with a long gape. "I didn't sleep any last night, and I feel like taking a nap."

The brigand party numbered five persons, all of whom seemed to be in the same condition as their leader, more or less tipsy and very sleepy. Doubtless they had spent the night before in making their arrangements, and getting to the scene of action at the cabin where they had breakfasted. Antonio must have had a busy day of it, for he had been obliged to convey his boat to the rocky bay, though perhaps he employed others for this purpose. Those who made their first appearance at the cabin could not have been there long when the capture was made, though Scott had slept till a later hour.

All the brigands had evidently been drinking something stronger than water, though none of them were actually intoxicated, unless it was Frinks. Antonio was so sleepy he could hardly keep the tiller in his hand, and what he did was done by fits and starts. It was simply a fresh breeze, and the Luisa appeared to be making at least eight knots an hour. She carried a weather helm, so that if the skipper neglected his duty the craft had a tendency to come up into the wind, and the shaking of the huge lateen sail aroused the helmsman.

Louis could not help feeling that the time for some kind of action was approaching, if it had not already come. He looked at Felix, and Felix looked at him. It was not prudent to speak, even in a whisper, but each understood the look of the other. It was emphatically a business expression that each countenance wore. Of the eight persons on board

five were in the standing-room, and three, Scott and two of the skipper's men, were in the cuddy, where they had evidently fallen asleep, for nothing had been heard from them for the last hour.

Antonio was seated at the helm, with Frinks at his side, while Morris, whose arms were not tied, was at the right of the latter. He was regarded as "of no account," for he had not proved that he was a fighting character. These three occupied the starboard side of the felucca, while opposite to them, with their arms still secured behind them, were Louis and Felix, where they could be observed all the time by Frinks, when he was awake.

The chief of the enterprise had plied his flat bottle, with the assistance of the skipper, till its contents were exhausted ; but he called Scott, and had it replenished. More than an hour had elapsed since he explained what he required ; and at the close of it both he and the skipper had taken a long draught from the bottle. Its effect was soon perceptible, for Frinks tumbled over on his right side, with his head in Morris's lap ; but the young New Yorker made haste to get out of his way.

"Give him that overcoat for a pillow," whispered Louis, who was entirely willing, for reasons of his own, that the sleepy chief should have his nap.

Morris placed the overcoat under his head. He had rolled over so that he lay partly on his stomach ; but he was sound asleep. It was only with a struggle that the helmsman could keep his eyes open.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A REBELLION ON BOARD THE LUISA.

As Frink stretched himself out on the seat, Morris could see that the handle of a revolver projected from the pocket of the sleeper. Without any prompting from either of his fellow-prisoners, he glanced at the wavering eyes of Antonio, and then carefully drew out the weapon. Then he discovered that the pocket contained another, and he took possession of it in like manner. He did his work so gently and skillfully that the slumberer was not disturbed. He transferred the pistols to his own pockets, and then crossing over, seated himself between Louis and Felix.

Working behind himself, he soon untied the cords which bound his fellow-prisoners, and then handed to them the weapons he had recovered from the chief. A movement was thus started by Morris, by whom it was least expected that anything would be done, either in the beginning or at any later period.

Antonio was still dozing, starting up at times when the great sail flapped. Louis was seated in the corner next to the skipper, and the tiller was

within reached of his now liberated arm. Without announcing his intention, he relieved the sleepy boatman of his charge. He was not a skillful skipper, though he could handle a boat under ordinary circumstances very well, and had sometimes managed the first cutter of the steamer, which was provided with a sprit-sail.

As long as Antonio was not disturbed by the shaking of the sail, which caused the long gaff or sprit to thump against the mast, he remained entirely quiet. As Louis steered the boat, he was not awakened again by the noise, and he soon relaxed his hold upon the tiller. A little later he fell back and pillowed his head on the taffrail.

"You have done bravely, Morris," said the new skipper in a whisper. "Now go forward and close the door of the cutter, and don't make a bit of noise. You see there is a hasp and padlock on it, and you will lock the door if you can."

"All right, Louis," answered the quiet member of the party. "I know just how to do it."

He was the youngest of the trio of prisoners, and Louis had not considered that he would be of any service in regaining their liberty. The brigands appeared to have the same opinion of him, for they had not secured him, as they had the other two, on the arrival at the bay. But without any prompting, he had taken the initiative, and put his companions in condition to act.

Morris crept stealthily to the cuddy, and working with the utmost caution, he closed the door, having first satisfied himself that the three occupants of the cabin were fast asleep on the floor. With the

same care, he adjusted the hasp, inserted the padlock, and locked it, putting the key in his pocket. Then he returned to the standing-room.

Louis had not been idle in his absence, but had prepared the cords with which he and Felix had been bound for a similar purpose in another direction. Frinks was considered as the most dangerous of the two in the stern, and it was decided to dispose of him first. But before he did anything he made an examination of Antonio, and saw in his breast-pocket the handle of a knife, which was carefully removed without waking the tipsy pilot.

This was certainly an adventure, and Sir Louis was used to working his way out of a bad situation. He was therefore the natural leader of the undertaking. Like a prudent general, he made his plans before he went into action. He did not wait to be elected to the command, but instructed Felix and Morris exactly what they were to do. It was decided to lower the sail before anything was done, for it required that some one should be at the helm all the time.

Louis and Morris were better sailors than the Milesian, and they attended to this duty. The long sprit was lowered with the greatest care, after the felucca had been brought up into the wind. The two tipsy brigands in the standing-room had fallen into a heavy slumber by this time, and they were not disturbed. The sail and its appendages were secured so that they should make no noise, and the two returned to the stern.

While they were at work Louis had repeated his instructions to Felix, to whom the duty of securing

Antonio was assigned. At a nod from the principal, both of them began their work by dropping on their respective victims. Louis first turned Frinks more completely on his stomach, and then laid down on him, with his hands upon his throat, and choking him with all his might. Morris was all ready with the cords, and drawing the two wrists behind him, tied them together with the utmost care. The same operation was performed on his feet, and the chief of the brigands was in the condition of a chicken trussed for the spit.

By this time he was wide-awake, and he did some terrible swearing, for his politeness had vanished. He rolled off the seat on the floor, and there Louis left him, with Morris to keep watch of him, and went to the assistance of Felix, who had tackled the skipper. He had been told to hold fast to the throat of his man, and not to attempt to do anything with him alone; and he had followed his instructions to the letter.

With Louis's help he was tumbled over on his stomach, and tied hand and foot. Then he was rolled off on the floor, and placed by the side of his fellow-worker in iniquity, though each of them was shoved partly under the seats. So far as the principal men of the banditti were concerned, the battle had been fought and won. The other three were asleep in the cuddy, and could be disposed of at a more convenient time. For the present they were entirely harmless.

"Here ye's air, Louis, moi darlint, on the top uv the heap, where ye's allus air, long loif till ye's, and ye's ought to have another million or two!" shouted

Felix, when he could no longer suppress his emotions.

Frinks could not help hearing this gush of enthusiasm on the part of the Milesian, and he broke out again in a storm of oaths which shocked all of his conquerors.

"Don't use profanity, for it will not help your case. 'To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise,'" said Louis.

"You needn't crow, Paddy, for you haven't got to the end of this thing yet," howled Frinks.

"Hould yer houldt, Mr. Mate, and sure ye's will see the end of a rope that will be loikely to tickle ye's about the throat," added Felix.

"Let him blow it out, Felix, and never mind him. I haven't the least idea where we are; but we must try to get back to Orotava," interposed Louis. "We will set the sail again."

"Sure, ye's have a bit of a compass on your watch chain, darlint, and that will take ye back to the oisland. Can't you see the big mountain on the shore, and can't ye's steer for that?"

"But it will soon be dark, and then we may not be able to make out the Peak of Teneriffe," replied Louis, as he led the way forward.

"Antonio kept her about north all the time, and all we have to do is to head her about south, and that will bring us to some part of the island," said Morris, who was fourteen years old now, and was more of a boatman than either of his companions, for he had sailed a great deal in the *Blanche*.

"My charm compass will do some good, though it is not perfectly accurate, if we can see it in the

darkness," added Louis, as he looked at the trinket, which he had often compared with the ship's compasses when at sea.

"Perhaps we can find a lantern on board; at any rate these fellows that smoke most of the time have their pockets full of matches, and we can get a sight at the compass at times with their help," suggested Morris, as they proceeded to hoist the sail.

It was a simple operation, the halyards were the only ropes to be handled, and it was soon in its place. Morris went aft and attended to the sheet, and took his seat at the helm, which had been occupied by Antonio. The two prisoners on the floor were very restive and uneasy; but the only attention given to them was to see that their bonds were still secure.

"You shall be the skipper, Morris, for I believe you know more about handling a sail-boat than Felix or myself," said Louis, as he seated himself opposite the helmsman. "I wonder what time it is, for I have not been in condition to look at my watch before now."

It was half-past five in the afternoon. The sun had been obscured by light clouds for the last two hours, and it looked as though it might rain before morning, for the sky was quite black in the west.

"We were sailing about four hours when we took possession of the felucca," said Morris. "I think this craft made about eight knots an hour, for she is a fast sailer."

"I heard Antonio say that in Spanish to Frinks, who could not understand him; for his Spanish is worse than the skipper's English."

"Then we must have made something over thirty miles from the island. I don't know exactly where the island with a long name is, except that it is near the coast of Africa. Antonio must have made a long tack to the northward so that on the other leg he could hit his destination," continued Morris. "Doubtless he intended to keep as far from Teneriffe as possible. For the present the wind is fair and enough of it."

"But if we go back to the bay from which we sailed, we have no pilot to take us in during the night; and if we land we should have to walk a good many miles to get back to Orotava," suggested Louis.

"Sure we don't want to be dumped in among those rocks where we started from," added Felix.

"I am weak on my geography," said the new skipper. "Can either of you tell me on which side of the island of Teneriffe Orotava is situated?"

"I give it up," replied Felix.

"It is on the north-west side," interposed the young millionaire. "Teneriffe is in the shape of a pear, and the longest way is north-east and south-west. Orotava is in the curve of the north-west side. I took it all in from the chart on board of the steamer."

"That settles it, and Orotava is our port of destination," replied Morris, as he put the helm a little to port so as to make the course for the west side of the island.

"The water is very deep all about the island, so that you need not be afraid of getting aground. I don't believe it is more than fifty or sixty sea miles

to the harbor," continued Louis. "We are comfortable enough now, and we need not complain if it is a hundred."

"We shall want some supper, and it won't do for us to go to sleep more than one at once, or things may be tipped over on us," added Morris, who had now become one of the most useful of the trio.

"You bet they will!" howled Frinks, in a tone that sounded very much like the voice of an angry child; and at the same time he began to flounder about on the floor of the standing-room in a desperate effort to break the cords that secured him.

Louis drew his revolver, which Morris had given back to him, and Felix followed his example. Morris, who tied the knots, had taken lessons of the sailors on board of the *Blanche*, and he did his work well, making no "granny" knots, and the bonds of the villain stood the test he had given them.

"I hope you will not compel me to put a ball through your body, Mr. Fobbington; for two of us can fire twelve shots if you make it necessary. You had better submit to your fate as we were compelled to do," said Louis, in a warning tone.

Frinks exhausted himself in his struggle, and then he was quiet again. Antonio made a similar attempt with no better success. It was supper-time, and it was decided to open the cuddy, and compel Scott Fencelowe to prepare the meal.

CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW DANGER IN THE DISTANCE.

NEITHER of the rebels against the new authority on board of the felucca had yet become sober, and they were lying in very uncomfortable positions on the floor of the standing-room. Louis put the overcoat Frinks had used for a pillow on the seat under his head, and Felix found something that answered the same purpose for Antonio. Both of them were still muddled. The liquor which the chief brigand drank was not wine, whatever the trio in the cuddy may have used, for the odor diffused through the after part of the boat was that of brandy.

At first it made the ex-mate of the Maud mellow, pleasant and polite; but the later effect was to develop his ugly vein. When he found that he was a prisoner his rage seemed to be uncontrollable. The pillow improved his situation, and he had exhausted himself with his ineffectual struggles so that he was apparently disposed to be quiet.

"Mr. Belgrave, I see that it is useless to rebel against fate just now, but I should like the use of one of my hands for a few minutes," said he.

"What do you wish to do with it?" asked Louis.
"But I ought to inform you that we have done our

work quite as well as you did yours, for Felix and I are both in possession of our revolvers; both of us have taken lessons and know how to use them. I should be very sorry to be driven to the necessity of shooting you."

"If you will give me the use of my left arm for a couple of minutes, both of you may point your revolvers at my head all the time," pleaded the prisoner.

"What do you wish to do, Mr. Frinks?" asked Louis.

"I want to go to sleep, and I wish to get a drink from my breast-pocket?" replied the brigand.

"I will not release your arm for any such purpose. I cannot put the bottle to my neighbor's lips," answered Louis, very decidedly.

"I won't ask you to do that; I will put it to my own lips," added the prisoner seriously.

"No, Mr. Frinks; I don't fasten the door with a boiled carrot when I want to keep liquor out. Besides I would not trust you a quarter of an inch from the chief end of my nose, and I must respectfully decline your request. While I am about it, I may as well add that I have concluded, on mature reflection not to request Squire Scarburn and Mr. Woolridge to pay the modest sums you require of them."

Frinks swore again; but Louis gave no further attention to him. He had hardly declined the favor demanded at the stern before there was a noise in the bow. The prisoners there had evidently waked from their slumbers, and were trying to get out of the cuddy. Felix hastened forward with his

revolver in his hand; but he had no opportunity to use it, for the door was still closed.

"Let me out!" shouted Scott. "We shall all be smothered in here."

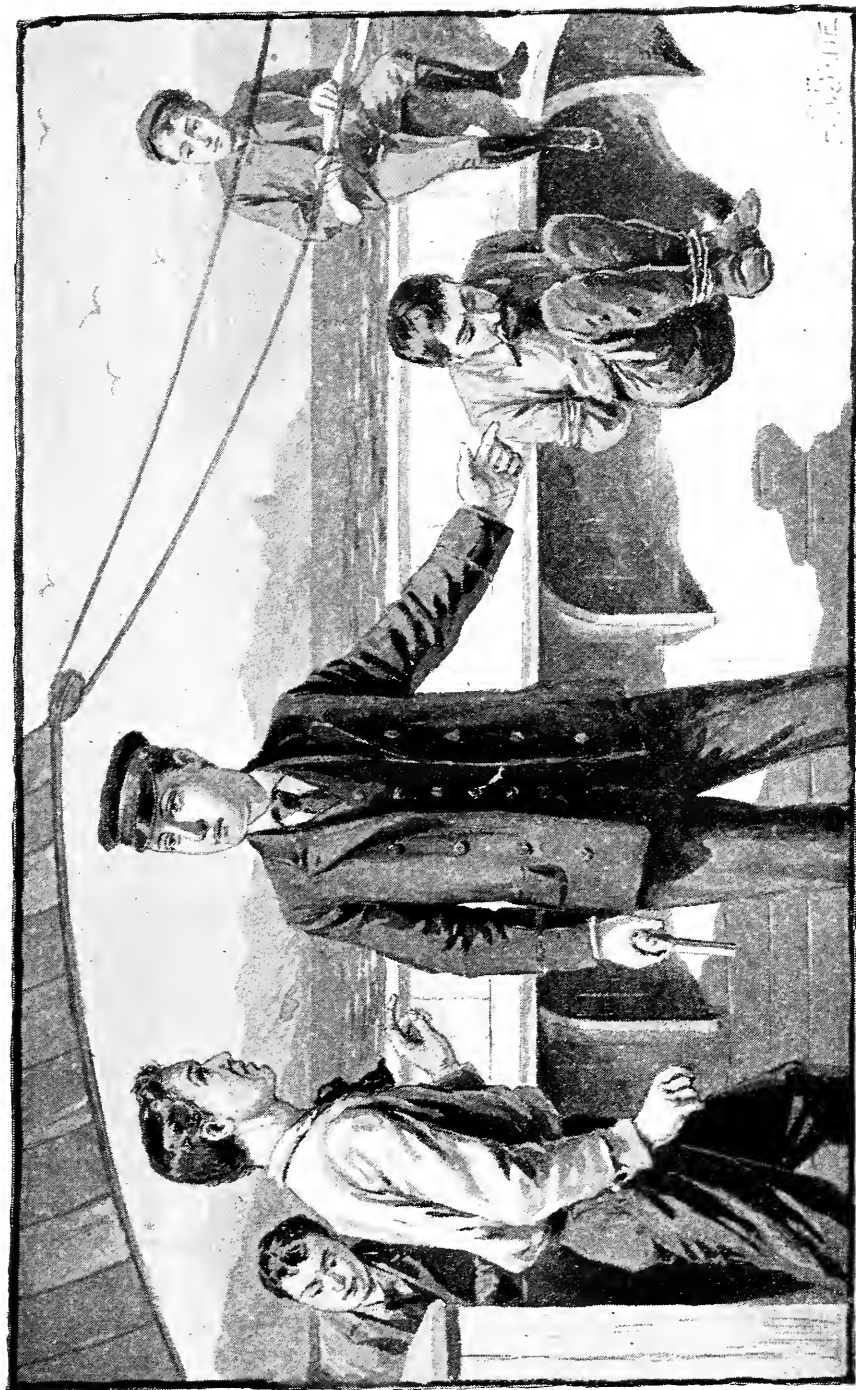
"*Abra la puerta!*" added one of the Spaniards.

The weather had been warm all day, as though the temperature had been affected by the blasts from the African desert, and no doubt the three prisoners were suffering from the heat. As soon as Louis had assured himself that there was no present danger from Frinks, he went forward to the assistance of his friend. He had provided himself with an abundance of small ropes for use in case of need.

"We will open the door just enough to let Scott out, for we want to use him," he said, as he joined Felix. "I don't know much about the fellow, and he may show fight. We won't let the Guanches out till we have him in proper condition."

Louis had obtained the key of the cuddy from Morris, and he removed the padlock. The door was cautiously opened, and Scott was the first to appear at the opening. He was permitted to pass out into the waist, and Felix closed the door again without an instant's delay. The Guanches, as the descendants of the original inhabitants are often called, attempted to follow the cook; but Felix was too quick for them. A volley of angry Spanish followed; but it was not heeded.

"We have had a new deal here, Scott," said Louis, with the revolver still in his hand. "You can see your late employer lying on the floor of the standing-room with his arms bound behind him, and the skipper in the same situation."



"WE HAVE HAD A NEW DEAL HERE, SCOTT," SAID LOUIS.—Page 200.

Scott looked at his late associates. He could not help seeing that the battle had been fought and won by the intended victims of the conspiracy. He seemed to be astounded and confounded by this result, and made no serious opposition when Felix went behind him and tied his hands together in the vicinity of his backbone, which did not materialize on this occasion. He was seated on the middle thwart of the felucca; and the presence of the two revolvers secured his submission.

Felix then opened the door of the cuddy, and permitted one of the Guanches to come out; but it was instantly closed so that only one of them could step upon the stage of action. The pistol was shown to him as it had been to the cook, and Louis immediately secured him with the cords he had provided for the purpose, while his companion menaced him with the other revolver. The other native was then allowed to come out, and was treated in the same manner.

"Now we are all right, Sir Louis," said Felix. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours. I don't see that we can get any more fun out of this adventure."

"Not if we are prudent and watchful; and some of us must keep awake all night long, which will not be an easy matter, as we did not have much sleep last night, and this has been rather an exciting day," replied Louis.

"Sail, ho!" added Felix; and a felucca with a lateen sail was discovered ahead of the Luisa.

"That won't do," added Louis. "We must put these fellows out of sight."

Then he spoke in Spanish to the Guanches, commanding them to lie down in the bottom of the boat, flourishing his revolver to secure prompt obedience.

Felix directed Scott to do the same thing as Louis went aft. All the prisoners were now quiet; in fact the two in the stern-sheets had gone to sleep again, still muddled and made comfortable by the pillows placed under their heads.

"What's the matter now, Sir Louis?" asked Felix, coming aft as far as the thwart that bounded the standing-room.

"Nothing, so far as I know," replied Louis.

"You said something wouldn't do."

"Oh, I referred to the felucca that was ahead of us when I spoke. Morris has shifted the helm so as not to go near her," added Louis. "I do not believe Antonio is a mountain-guide, after looking the matter over, and we ought to have called upon the *posadero* to have arranged the excursion for us, instead of calling upon this fellow."

"Called upon whom?"

"The *posadero*, I mean the landlord of the hotel."

"Why didn't you say so, then, my darling?"

"I did say so; but I have tried to do some of my thinking in Spanish, and sometimes I let out a word or two of it."

"That's all very well with the brigands; but no Christian would call a landlord anything like that."

"You must study Spanish, Flix."

"And choke mesel' over wurruds as these blackguards use? Not till I forget my modther's brogue. What about the faylucca beyant?"

"Antonio is no guide, and in my opinion he is a fisherman, for this craft smells of *pescado*——"

"Is it payscado it schmells of?" I don't moind it."

"Fish!"

"Why don't ye's say fish; I know what that manes."

"I can't stop to translate everything into Milesian brogue."

"Spake English, and I can oondherstand that same. I moind that the faylucky schmells of fish. Very loike Ahntonio was a payscadist."

"*Pescador*, Flix."

"Faix, I know no dooer but that forninst the cuddy."

"Speak English, Flix, and I will. I was saying we had better not go too near the felucca yonder, for the men in her may know Antonio, and want to talk with him, and ascertain what luck he has had on the fishing-grounds, which seem to be off this way somewhere. If any of our ruffians happened to see her, they might try to hail her; and that is the reason I made the two natives and Scott take to the bottom of the craft.

"All right; but I begin to be as hungry as a wolf in a snow-storm."

"We have cleaned out the cuddy, and you can go in there and see what you can find to eat; and I will stand guard while you do it," added Louis, as he turned his attention to the felucca now on the port bow.

"That craft was headed on the same course as the Luisa till I put the helm to port," said Morris.

"She must be bound to Orotava; but it is clear enough that this boat outsails her, for we were overhauling her very rapidly when you spoke to me about the matter."

"I have no doubt Antonio is a fisherman; probably the men in that felucca are his friends, and I don't care to meet them."

"It will be easy enough to keep out of their way," replied the skipper. "Ah, ha!" he exclaimed a moment later.

"What now?" demanded Louis.

"That craft has put her helm to port, which means that she intends to intercept us," answered Morris, beginning to be a little excited.

Eight black heads could be counted in the stern sheets and waist of the felucca, and once in a while a shout could be faintly heard as though the fishermen on board of her were in a merry condition. As she changed her course a more decidedly hilarious yell came over the water from the distance.

"I heard Antonio tell Frinks that this was a feast day of some sort, I could not make out what; but I am confident the other did not understand him. This appears to have been the reason why the late skipper was drinking so much; and Frinks was quite willing to render like honor to the occasion, even without knowing what it meant. They evidently want Antonio to join in the festivities; and they have been consuming something besides Canary wine on board of that felucca. Probably they have a supply of *aguardiente* on board of her."

"What's that?" asked the skipper.

"Captain Ringgold called it Spanish brandy, and

said it was white, and very nearly the same thing as clear alcohol," replied Louis. "We must not let the merrymakers get any nearer to us, for they have tippie enough in them to be quarrelsome; and they certainly would be so on an appeal from Antonio."

"But if I head the Luisa more to the westward those fellows will do the same thing," replied the skipper, who was evidently anxious, to say the least, in regard to the situation.

"Then lay your course to the eastward, as we must keep clear of that craft at all hazards, for of course Antonio would appeal to his countrymen if they get within hail of us," said Louis, who believed that prevention was the only remedy they had in confronting the dreaded evil.

"Give a pull on the main sheet, Louis," added the skipper, adopting the advice of his companion.

The felucca had been running before the northeast trade-wind, and as Louis hauled in the sheet, Morris put the helm down till the craft took the breeze about on the beam. Somewhat to the disappointment and greatly to the disgust of Louis, the felucca ahead did the same thing, and both vessels were now on the same tack again. It was possible that the hilarious fishermen merely wanted to race with the Luisa, and Morris gave especial attention to the sailing of the felucca. Felix came out of the cuddy with a full stomach, and the new situation was explained to him.

CHAPTER XXVI

A VERY LONG NIGHT IN THE FELUCCA.

By this time it was getting to be dark, though the wind continued with the same steadiness, and from the same direction. The two feluccas appeared to be at the same relative distance from each other, and Louis could not see how any greater speed could be obtained from the Luisa. The sea was not what could be called rough, though there was considerable motion to the boat. As she was going at right angles with the direction of the wind, she was often in the trough of the sea, which made her roll more than she had at any time before.

"There is a bit of a table in the cuddy, and I have put what there is to eat on it. I found two lanterns, and I lighted both of them, so that place don't look so much like a tomb as it did. Now, my darling, I will stand guard while you get your supper," said Felix.

"I will take the tiller, Morris, while you eat your meal," suggested Louis.

"No; I have not quite got the hang of the new course, and I am not sure we are on the right tack to beat the other felucca. You go first, Louis, and I will go afterwards," replied the skipper.

The leader of the party went to his supper, and Felix made a careful survey of the condition of the five prisoners. They had been so well secured that they were not likely to get loose. The Milesian examined every cord, and found that the knots had not been tampered with. Then, with the revolver in his hand, he seated himself near the skipper, and watched the movements of both crafts.

"We are all right, are we not, Morris?" he asked.

"I am not quite satisfied," replied the helmsman.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter; but I cannot make out whether that felucca is gaining on us or not," answered Morris. "We get into the trough of the sea, and it may be that retards our progress."

"But the other craft has it in about the same way."

"It looks to me just as though she was gaining on us," added the skipper, anxiously.

"She shows a light; and you will soon be able to tell whether she is or not."

"That is so; and I don't quite like to have those lanterns burning in the cuddy. The fishermen can make out just where we are by the light that comes out through the open door."

"But no one could stay in there with the door closed," added Felix.

"When Louis comes out, will you bring me my supper, and let me eat it here? Then you can put out the lamps in the lanterns," continued Morris.

"Of course I will do whatever you say, Mr. Skipper."

"But don't put the light out till I tell you, for I am going to alter the course," added the helmsman.

Louis soon came out of the cuddy, and said he felt wide-awake and like a new man. He proposed to take the helm; but Morris explained his plan, and Felix went for his supper. Before it was too dark to do so, Louis made an examination for himself into the condition of the prisoners, for he would not trust even Felix on a matter of such momentous importance. The two leading brigands were still asleep, working off the fumes of the liberal allowances of brandy they had consumed, and their bonds were still intact.

Morris was too much interested in the sailing of the felucca to eat just then, and he directed Felix to put out the lights in the cuddy. It was now so dark that the other felucca could not be seen, though the light on board of her still indicated her position. The lanterns had been a nuisance to the skipper, for they half blinded his eyes. In a short time he became accustomed to the gloom so that he could see a great deal better than before.

"Now, Louis, I am going to brace her up, and make her go as close to the wind as she will, and this will make the course about east by north.

"What is that for, Captain Woolridge?" asked the leader.

"To get out of the trough of the sea as much as we can. I have had the light put out so that the jolly fishermen cannot see that we have changed our course. But I am afraid she will not lie up so close to the wind and make good time. If she don't

I shall come about on the other tack, and run to the northward and westward," said the skipper.

"I don't know much about sailing a boat, Morris, and I leave that department wholly in your charge," added Louis.

All hands watched the light on board of the other felucca; but they could not yet make out that she had changed her course. The skipper was satisfied at the end of a quarter of an hour that the Luisa was not doing very well so close to the wind.

"Ready about!" called he. "Stand by the main-sheet, Louis."

At the same time he put the helm down, and the craft came up into the wind, the sail going over to the other side; Louis secured the sheet at the cleat when the order was given. But instead of heading her to the north the sheet was let off till the Luisa pointed her sharp bow to the north-west. The skipper explained why he had altered his mind.

"In the morning we shall be in a better position to run for Orotava if we succeed in keeping at a distance from those festive fishermen. We get the wind on the beam again though we are running away from the island of Teneriffe. This is the Luisa's best point in sailing I have found out, and I don't believe the other felucca will overhaul us before morning," said Morris, keeping his gaze fixed on the light in the distance.

The skipper now ate his supper with one hand on the tiller all the time, for he would not allow Louis to relieve him. At the end of an hour the distance of the light from the Luisa had been sensibly increased. It was evident that she had not changed

her course and was still headed to the eastward. Morris declared that they were safe, and they began to think that some arrangement might be made so that one of them might sleep while the other two kept watch. It was not prudent for more than one to sleep at once, for the solitary watch might fall asleep.

After the festive fishermen had been successfully dodged by the stratagem of the skipper, Morris gaped more than his companions, for he was the youngest and the least able to do without sleep, and Louis decided that he should have the first nap. The best possible bed for him was arranged on one of the seats, and the young millionaire was to take his place at the helm.

"I suppose if we continue on this course long enough, we shall fetch up in the United States," said Louis, ready to steer the felucca.

"We cannot make out the light on board the fisherman now," added Morris, as he resigned his position at the tiller. "I think we had better continue on this course until twelve o'clock, and then make it south."

"All right, Captain Woolridge," replied Louis.

"But what time is it now?"

Louis lighted a match in the bottom of the boat, and looked at his watch. It was about nine o'clock in the evening, and Morris asked to be called if he did not wake at midnight. The tired skipper was soon fast asleep on the seat. Felix was seated by his side, and very sleepy. He gaped heavily, and Louis was afraid he would drop off, or that he might do so himself.

"This won't do, Flix," said he, springing to his feet. "If we lose our case now, after getting everything into our own hands, it will be by going to sleep at our posts."

"It is very hard to keep awake, I find," said Felix, with a frightful gape, which could be heard but not seen.

"It won't do for either of us to give up to this drowsiness," added Louis, as he shook himself and thrashed his arms. "You must keep on your feet, Flix. Walk back and forth from one end of the boat to the other, jumping over the thwarts, and that will keep you awake."

"I'll do it, my darling!" exclaimed the Milesian with a sort of desperation; and it required a mighty effort to resist the demand of nature.

The attention he was required to give to the helm and the sail kept Louis awake, though he was obliged to stand up and shake himself occasionally. The felucca made good progress through the water, and the time wore slowly away. The helmsman had kept a sharp lookout for the fisherman's light, but he had not seen it for two hours. He decided that it was safe to light one of the lanterns, and he called upon his watch-mate to do so.

The first use made of it was to examine all the prisoners; but they were still sleeping soundly. Then the lantern was placed on the floor in the stern-sheets, and shoved under the seat. By its assistance Louis could see his watch and the compass on his watch-chain. Felix brought ham and bread from the cuddy, which they ate at their leisure. This assisted in keeping them awake.

"It is twelve o'clock now, Flix; but I don't like to call Morris," said Louis, after he had consulted his watch.

"Why not?" demanded the skipper, springing to his feet. "I feel all right, and as though I had been abed eight hours."

"I don't want you to get worn out in this scrape," replied Louis.

"I think I can stand it as well as you can. I have taken my trick at the wheel on board of the *Blanche* in the night," protested Morris, as he resumed his place at the tiller. "How does she head now?"

"North-west; just as when you left her," replied Louis.

The skipper changed the course to south, which would bring the *Luisa* off the port of Orotava by daylight in the morning. Louis refused to take his "watch below" next, and insisted that Felix should "turn in," to which he assented after considerable argument. The young millionaire took the lantern, and made a careful examination of the prisoners. Frinks was awake, and again he asked permission to apply his bottle to his lips, declaring that he was in a suffering condition; but Louis sternly refused this indulgence. No doubt the ruffian was feeling the effects of the quantity he had drank the day before, and was in a shaky condition.

Antonio was also awake, and both of them wanted to talk, Frinks suggesting a compromise. The resolute sentinel turned his back upon both of them, assured that their bonds were securely fastened. The other prisoners were still asleep. Louis had to keep moving all the time to avoid going to sleep.

It was a very long night to Louis, who was not accustomed to going without his sleep, and it required a tremendous amount of resolution to enable him to keep awake even while he was walking back and forth. About three o'clock in the morning the prisoners in the standing-room became very obstreperous, one declaring in English and the other in Spanish that they could stand it no longer. They floundered about on the floor, yelled and swore.

The only effect of this uproar was to wake Felix; but he had slept his three hours, and insisted that Louis should take his place on the seat. He gave some instructions to his relief as sentinel, to the effect that he had heard Antonio say in Spanish that they must be near the entrance to Orotava harbor, and they might attract the attention of some fishing vessel by keeping up a constant yell.

"Is that where they are?" added Felix. "It will take two or three of us to play at that game."

Louis was so thoroughly exhausted that he dropped asleep, almost instantly in spite of the yells of the prisoners beneath him. Felix took the lantern and went forward to the cuddy, from which he presently emerged with a couple of tow-cloth bags in his hand, from which he had emptied the contents. Frinks was doing the loudest yelling, and the Milesian immediately wrapped one of the bags about his head, which stifled his cries. Antonio was served in the same way. They squirmed, threw up their feet, and writhed with their heads; but they could hardly make a sound.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE MISSION OF THE JUANA IN THE CHASE.

FELIX was wide-awake after his three hours' nap, and his discipline of the two prisoners in the standing-room amused Morris very much. The wind continued to blow with unfailing steadiness from the north-east, and the felucca made good progress. The morning light came to gladden the voyagers, and they discovered the island of Teneriffe with its first rays ; but it was a long distance off.

"Shut up!" said Felix, when the rebellious prisoners renewed their attempts to howl after an interval of silence. "Be aisy ; and if ye's can't be aisy, be aisy as ye's can. See here, moi darlints, if ye's don't shtop yer n'ise, I'll whale ye's wid a bit of a shtick I have in me hahnd!"

This was not an idle threat, for the Milesian had found a weapon less terrible than his revolver in the cuddy. As silence did not follow his threat, he began to lay it on the legs of the two men, impartially dividing the blows between them. For a moment they howled worse than ever ; but the louder they yelled the faster and the heavier fell the blows.

“Will ye’s shtop yer n’ise?”

Suddenly Morris ceased to laugh at the manner in which Felix handled his case, and for some time his gaze was fixed in the direction of the island; but he said nothing, lest the prisoners should hear what he had to say. Felix succeeded in silencing them very soon, for they did not relish the discipline to which he had subjected them. After an examination of those in the waist, he returned to the standing-room and seated himself by the side of the skipper.

“Do you see that sail over to the westward, between us and the island? Don’t speak out loud, but that is the fisherman’s felucca. You can see that her lateen sail is parti-colored, as I have seen them in the waters of Italy. She is headed this way,” said the skipper in a whisper. “They have kept the frolic up all night. They have seen us, and for some reason, they want to overhaul us.”

“Bad luck to that same felucca with the ribbons for a sail!” exclaimed Felix. “But we needn’t be afraid of them. We can fire twelve shots with our two revolvers, and that will be enough to kill the whole eight or ten of them.”

“But we don’t want to kill anybody, or even get into a row with those drunken fellows,” protested Morris. “I shall put about, and run to the westward again.”

The skipper suited the action to the words, and wore entirely around so as to take the wind on the starboard tack, though Felix was in favor of fighting it out on the other tack. For three hours the Luisa was kept on this course, the felucca with the parti-colored sail following her. In this time she

had increased her distance from the island by at least twenty-four miles ; but it was evident to Morris that he was outsailing his pursuer.

It was seven o'clock by Morris's watch, and as Louis had slept four hours it was thought best to call him. He complained that he had been allowed to sleep so long. He said he dreamed that some one was whipping him. He was informed of all that had transpired since he went to sleep. He insisted that the bags should be removed from the heads of the prisoners, as they were quiet now, which Felix did with the assurance that they would be restored if the brigands made another disturbance.

Provisions were brought out from the cuddy, and all three of them ate heartily. Louis was humane, and he thought the prisoners ought to be fed.

It was decided to give them food, one at a time, under the muzzle of a revolver ; and Louis attended to this duty himself. They ate as heartily as their custodians, and the cords were restored as they had been without any accident. When this task was finished, the entire attention of the trio was given to the felucca.

Morris was sure they had gained on her during the three hours, and the course of the Luisa was changed to the southward. The other felucca followed her example, and during the whole forenoon both vessels maneuvered, each to gain her own object. At last Louis got tired and disgusted with the game, and concluded to take the course advocated by Felix. The felucca was headed for the entrance to the harbor. The fisherman laid her course to intercept her.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" suddenly shouted Felix, springing to his feet.

"What is the matter now?" demanded Louis, who was watching the fisherman with the utmost solicitude.

"Don't ye's see? There's the Guardian-Mother coming out from beyant the island!" replied the Milesian.

"She can do us no good, for she is more than twenty miles off, if it is she," replied Louis, though his heart was gladdened by the sight.

For three hours longer the two feluccas skirmished with each other, and finally Morris managed to get a position to windward of her. That was all he wanted, he said, and he immediately headed his craft for Orotava. The steamer had kept a long distance off the shore, and she was now not more than six miles distant; but her speed would carry her into the port long before the Luisa could come within hailing distance of her.

Louis desired to make signals to her. He found a Spanish flag in the cuddy. He could not set it union down, for it had no union; but he attached it so that the two red stripes were up and down instead of horizontal, and hoisted it at the mast-head. An hour later the steamer was within three miles, and beginning to run away from the felucca. She had not seen the flag, and she would soon be out of sight.

Felix had taken off his shirt and fastened it to the blade of an oar; and this signal he began to wave with all his might on the half-deck of the felucca. He swung it about with a sort of desperation, and

presently his efforts were rewarded by seeing the Guardian-Mother come about, and steam in the direction of the two feluccas, for they were now not more than an eighth of a mile distant from each other. The fisherman was still doing her best to overhaul the Luisa, and the men on board of her were shouting and gesticulating in the most violent manner.

Morris kept on his course towards the steamer, and took the utmost care to get the best speed out of the felucca; and he was certainly managing her with great skill. In fifteen minutes more, the Guardian-Mother came to under the stern of the Luisa, thus placing herself between the two feluccas. An officer stood on the taffrail of the steamer in whom Louis recognized Mr. Gaskette; but of course he had not yet discovered who it was that had called assistance.

"*Que tiene V?*" (What is the matter?) shouted the second officer.

"Talk English! My name is Louis Belgrave!" responded Louis, after he had sent Felix aft to look out for the prisoners.

"Mr. Belgrave!" exclaimed the officer.

A moment later it looked as though all on board had flocked to the stern of the ship. In a few minutes more, the barge, which was the owner's special boat, put off from the gangway with eight seamen at the oars. Captain Ringgold and Mr. Boulong were in the stern-sheets. The boat dashed furiously on her course, the oars bending under the muscle of the oarsmen, and in a few moments it was alongside the Luisa.

"What under the canopy does this mean, Mr

Belgrave?" demanded the commander, as he stepped on board of the felucca, and gave his hand to his owner. "What are these men lying in the bottom of the boat?"

"Those men are our prisoners: and we have five of them," replied Louis.

"Prisoners!" exclaimed the captain.

"Our guide to the mountain was a brigand and a treacherous fellow. It was a plot to extort a large sum of money from us as ransom; and Wilson Frinks, the former mate of the Maud and of the Viking, is at the bottom of it," replied Louis, as he seated himself, about tired out, in the standing-room.

"Guardian-Mother, ahoy!" shouted Captain Ringgold. "Send the second cutter!"

"Second cutter, sir!" replied Mr. Gaskette.

By this time the felucca with the parti-colored sail had come around the steamer, and dashed up to the port side of the Luisa, the barge being on the starboard. The count made by Louis in the distance the evening before proved to be correct, and there were eight men in the craft, which had the name of "Juana" on her stern. The fishermen were on their feet, and evidently intended to leap on board of the Luisa, and take possession of her.

"Don't let them come on board, Captain Ringgold!" said Louis with earnestness.

A moment later the eight men from the barge, with Mr. Boulong at the head of them, were on board of the Luisa, and formed a solid wall against the approach of the fishermen. The patron, or captain, was violent in his manner, and shook his fist at the boat rather than at any one in sight. He jabbered

furiously in Spanish, and Louis was the only one who could understand anything that he said, and he could not make out much of it, the man was so excited.

"What does he say, Sir Louis?" asked the captain.

"He talks so fast I cannot understand him," replied Louis, walking over to the port side of the felucca. "*Que quiere V?*" (What do you want?) he asked, very gently, addressing the patron.

"*Antonio! Me ha robado de este barco!*" (He has robbed me of this boat) stormed the skipper of the Juana.

When the patron had cooled off a little it appeared that Antonio had stolen the Luisa, of which the speaker was the owner. He wanted to buy her and pay for her in a month, but Manuel would not trust him, for he was a *bribon*, or rascal. He wanted his boat first, and satisfaction afterwards. Louis told him he could have the boat, and that Antonio would be handed over to the authorities for other crimes.

He learned that the Juana had made out the Luisa the night before, and Manuel had chased her ever since, though he had lost sight of her in the darkness. Manuel's friends had volunteered to go with him to recover the felucca, and punish the thief, and they had made a jolly night of it.

"If I had understood the matter before, I should have been glad to hand the felucca over to the owner," said Louis, when he had explained the mission of the Juana to the captain and Mr. Boulong.

"If the patron wants Antonio now, we have no use for him," said the commander; and Louis translated this permission to the patron.

“*Gracias! Muchas gracias, caballero!*” (Thanks! Many thanks, sir!) added the patron, when he was invited to come on board of the Luisa.

Felix cast off the cords with which the prisoner was bound, and Manuel seized him by the collar and dragged him to the Juana. Antonio begged his late conqueror not to let the patron of the felucca take him; he begged and pleaded in English and Spanish; but no attention was given to him. The second cutter came alongside in charge of Biggs, the boat-swain, and the other prisoners were put on board of it.

The three heroes of the adventure took their places in the stern-sheets of the barge, and Manuel and his friends took possession of the Luisa, with all the wine, brandy, and provisions the brigands had put on board of her, which was a very liberal supply. The cords were removed from the feet and wrists of the prisoners, for Biggs said he could take care of them.

“Well, Sir Knight, you got what you were looking for this time,” said Captain Ringgold, laughing very pleasantly. “This was a real, genuine adventure.”

“But, as in all the other adventures in which I have taken a hand, it was not of my own seeking,” replied Louis stoutly. “All I wanted was to get on the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe; and I had no suspicion that the guide was not all right till we got to the cabin.”

“If I had known that Frinks was here, I would not have consented to the excursion; at least not till I knew about your guides.”

The barge came up to the gangway of the ship.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE COMMANDER'S EXPLANATION.

THE cabin people on board of the *Guardian-Mother* knew nothing about the adventures of the young men till the boats came up to the gangway. Mrs. Belgrave had no suspicion that Louis had been in danger, or she would have worried all the time. The Woolridges were still on board of the steamer, and perhaps Mrs. Woolridge would have been as much concerned about the safety of her son as Mrs. Belgrave if she had known what had befallen them.

As it was, both of the young men were received with open arms, and for a few minutes nothing was said about the adventure. When Wilson Frinks and Scott Fencelowe were brought on the upper deck by order of the commander, the ladies looked at them with curiosity rather than interest. Mrs. Belgrave promptly recognized the mate of the *Maud*, with whom she had made the voyage from New York Bay to the Bermudas, and the very sight of him made her nervous.

"What have you brought these men up here for, Captain Ringgold?" asked this lady.

"I think you had better ask Sir Louis, for he knows more about the present affair than I do. He

has not exactly been tilting against a windmill or puncturing wine-sacks with his lance; but he has been doing a little business in his own line," replied the commander.

"Where have you been, my dear boy? You were to ascend the mountain, and how do you happen to be off here in a fishing-vessel?" asked his mother, beginning to be anxious. "Here is Scott; I did not know he was to go with you."

"He went on his own hook, mamma dear. Your baby has not been to the mountain at all," said Louis, assuming a playful manner to quiet the lady's nervousness.

"And what in the world have you been doing, Morris?" asked Mrs. Woolridge, who was quite as glad to see her son as the other lady was.

"What have you been doing, Morris?" asked Miss Blanche, who was holding one of her brother's hands. "I hope you have not been leading him into danger, Louis."

"I don't think he has actually been in danger at any time; but we have all had a rather lively time of it," added Morris.

Though Felix McGavonty had no mother to welcome him, he was as kindly received by all as his companions had been, and Mrs. Blossom acted as a mother to him. The party surrounded the trio of adventurers, and as soon as the captain had rung the bell to go ahead, Louis began to "spin the yarn" of what had happened to them since they left Orotava. As soon as he came to the scene at the cabin, where they had been made prisoners, Mrs. Belgrave used some exclamations, and Dr. Hawkes placed himself

at her side. By some means he reduced her to a quiet state, and her son finished the narrative.

"And you were in a fight with these ruffians?" added Mrs. Belgrave, drawing a very long breath. "I wonder they did not kill you."

"They had not the least idea of doing anything of that sort, for it would have been killing the goose, or the three geese, that laid the golden eggs, or were to lay them," replied Louis, making as light as he could of the adventure. "Felix and I fought them; but we should have done just as well if we had submitted, as Morris did, for they were too many for us, and took us by surprise."

"Then Morris did not defend himself," added Mr. Woolridge.

"But Morris did his full share of the work, and I don't know how we should have got out of it if it had not been for him. He took the first step in getting the upper hand of the brigands, for he untied my bonds and recovered our revolvers," Louis explained.

"I am glad he was of some use, for I have been inclined to believe that he was rather chickenish," added Mr. Woolridge.

"Not at all, sir," protested Louis. "He is a boy of fourteen, not very heavily built, and the brigand who attacked him was a full-grown man. That is the fellow;" and he pointed to the one in the group of prisoners in charge of Biggs and a couple of seamen. "Of course he was no match for such a man, and it was useless for him to try to do anything. But there was nothing chickenish about him."

"I am glad to hear it," said the magnate of the

Fifth Avenue. "I don't believe in making a fighting character of him, but I think this adventure has done something to develop him."

"I meant to do my share of whatever had to be done," said Morris, a little disturbed by what his father had said.

"And you did it, Morris. You handled the boat like an old salt, as neither Flix nor I could have done it," added Louis.

"I am very well satisfied with him," continued Mr. Woolridge. "He has been educated for the most part abroad, where boys are babies till they have got their growth."

The adventure of the young men was discussed till the steamer reached her anchorage. She was in charge of a pilot, who had taken her around to Santa Cruz, and he saw her fast to the bottom.

"Well, Scott," said Captain Ringgold, after the runaway had been brought to his cabin by the boat-swain, "you were going to make some money out of this affair, it appears ; but you did not accomplish anything."

"Not a thing, sir," replied the culprit in a sullen tone.

"What put it into your head to run away ? Were you not well treated on board ?"

"I claim to be as good a fellow as either of the young cubs we captured, and I did not like the idea of being a common sailor. I told you in the beginning that I wouldn't stand it long," growled Scott.

"My object was to try to make a decent man of you. You refused to assist in the operation, and I

sent you to the fore-castle," said the commander. "What am I to do with you next, since you have shown that you are capable of becoming a brigand?"

"You needn't do anything with me. Let me go on shore, and I will take care of myself," replied Scott.

"Not exactly, my young friend. You seem to forget that you have made yourself liable as a brigand, and are subject to the penalty of your crime."

"I was engaged by Mr. Frinks as the cook."

"All the same, you were one of them; and put in your claim for thirty thousand dollars of the plunder. I shall hand Frinks and the two Spaniards with him over to the authorities; and I have no doubt they will discover the beauties of the prison discipline of a Spanish colony. Perhaps I had better include you with them."

Scott was evidently startled at this announcement. While they were talking, the officers, who had been sent for, came on board. The prisoners were still on the spar-deck, guarded by Biggs and two seamen. They were handed over to those who had come for them, and the three young men were invited to appear as witnesses. The cook of the party was appalled at this action, and he came down from his "high horse" so far as to beg the commander not to send him on shore with the officers, promising to behave himself like a lamb, as he phrased it, in the future. The captain did not send him with the others.

At the proper time the witnesses went on shore, accompanied by the captain and Mr. Gaskette. By this time the Juana and the Luisa had arrived, and

Manuel and his friends brought Antonio into the court. He was arraigned with the others on the charge of brigandage, a crime not unknown in the islands, and all of them were ordered to be sent to Santa Cruz for trial. The next day, Captain Ringgold volunteered to take the officers and prisoners to that port in the steamer, and the offer was accepted.

Dr. Hawkes had kept a careful watch on his young patient, and declared that nothing ailed her; there was not the least sign of any organic malady about her, and it was decided that the Blanche should accompany the Guardian-Mother on her next voyage. They were detained two weeks longer in the island; but the voyagers became well acquainted with several distinguished persons living there. Dinners and luncheons on board and on shore, with a constant interchange of visits, filled up the time very pleasantly, and the captain declared that it was a constant frolic.

The charge against the prisoners was fully proved, and all of them were condemned to three years imprisonment. Frinks protested that he was a British subject, and invoked the aid of the consul of his country; but it did not save him, for the English official was a member of the frolicking parties, and knew the whole adventure by heart. Then he made an abject appeal to Louis Belgrave to do something for him; but that was in vain, and before the voyagers sailed from Santa Cruz, all four of the condemned were seen at work, with ball and chain on their ankles, cleaning the streets.

After lunch, two weeks after the steamer's arrival,

she left the port of Santa Cruz amidst a very decided demonstration on the part of the inhabitants, and especially of the friends the voyagers had met in social intercourse. The weather was as beautiful as the dream of a fairy, and the party had never been happier, though they missed the Woolridges very much after they had spent over two weeks on board. But the Guardian-Mother had not been fitted up below for so large a party, especially since the after-cabin had been taken for a school-room.

A course to the northward had been taken for the benefit of the *Blanche*. She could hardly be expected to keep pace with a steamer, though she had made twelve knots an hour under favorable circumstances. The north-east trade-wind was quite fresh, and with all her kites that were of any use the schooner, close-hauled, kept within sight of the steamer, which had to slow down at times to avoid running away from her. The party were gathered on the officers' promenade, watching the sea and the *Blanche*, and frequent signals were exchanged between the two vessels.

"I think we had better talk a little now, said Captain Ringgold, taking an arm-chair in the midst of the group.

"We are all very comfortable and happy, captain," replied Mrs. Belgrave, "and we don't need to talk for the fun of it."

"Certainly not," replied the commander; "but do you know where we are bound now?"

"To Funchal, in the island of Madeira, of course," answered Louis, who was holding his mother's hand like a lover.

"Picking up what I have heard some of you say, I am afraid you have got a wrong impression in regard to this cruise. From what I have heard I judge that a few of you expect to visit all the principal cities, and even countries of the known world," continued the captain.

"I did not expect anything of the kind," said Mrs. Belgrave. "We are going around the world: that is all I understand about the cruise."

"You can go around the world and see very little of it. We cruise in search of amusement and instruction. It would not pay to keep the steamer in some port while the party travel over the interior of Europe, for example. A millionaire need not waste his money; and that would be doing so. I have had it in mind to show you some of the strange sights of foreign lands. When you want to travel in the United Kingdom, and on the Continent, you had better go over in the ordinary steamers, and make a business of it."

"Just my idea!" exclaimed Uncle Moses, who did not like the idea of paying the steamer's bills, even out of Louis's fortune, while they were spending piles of money traveling on shore.

"And just mine, Brother Avoirdupois!" ejaculated Dr. Hawkes.

"This cruise is for health, pleasure, and instruction, Brother Adipose Tissue; and you want to visit all the hospitals and medical schools in London and Paris. We can't wait for you to do this."

"Some of you have the idea," added the commander. "For the next strange sight, I shall take you to Mogadore on the way to Madeira."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN AFTERNOON IN MOGADORE.

"MOGADORE! Mogadore!" exclaimed half the party in one breath, as soon as Captain Ringgold had finished his explanation.

"I never heard of such a place before in all my life," said Mrs. Belgrave.

"Very likely, madam; and for that reason it is likely to be a strange sight."

"What is it,—a country, town, city, or village?" asked Uncle Moses.

"A city, Squire Scarnburn, though not a very large one," replied the captain. "I beg to remind our voyagers that we are not more than a hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Africa, and over here you will see something quite different from New Jersey."

"I have heard of Mogadore; but I don't know the first thing about it," said Louis.

"Is it in Oirlahnd, heaven bliss her?" demanded Felix.

"Nothing Milesian about it. But if you never heard of Mogadore, you have seen the map of Morocco, as included in that of Africa," continued the commander, taking some papers from his pocket.

"Now for the lecture!" exclaimed Dr. Hawkes, clapping his hands, in which he was joined by all the others in token of their approbation, for they seemed to be eager to learn.

"It will not be much of a lecture. I had some conversation with Mr. Woolridge the other day, as he had decided to go with us, and he suggested Mogadore, as we were going within a couple of hundred miles of it, and were in no hurry. For this reason I informed myself to some extent in regard to Mogadore and Morocco."

"Isn't the country called Marocca, captain? inquired Louis.

"It is given both ways; but neither is the one by which it is known to the natives, for they call it in full *Moghrib-el-aksa*, which means 'the extreme west,' as it was supposed to be the end of the world in this direction. They cut the name short, and call it simply *Moghrib*. It is about fifteen thousand square miles smaller than the state of Texas, with the Atlas Mountains extending through it. The ancient name of it, with a part of Algiers, was Mauritania."

"What a pretty name!" exclaimed Mrs. Belgrave.

"It is; and if I build another ship, I shall give that name to it. I shall not attempt to give the ancient history of the country, for it is somewhat mixed. Probably the original inhabitants were Arabs. In the year that Columbus discovered America, the Moors were driven out of Spain, and they came to Morocco. The country was afterwards united under one sovereign, and has so remained ever since.

"In earlier years Morocco and Algiers were given to piracy, and Christians were kept as slaves. This country abolished Christian slavery and piracy three quarters of a century ago. Algiers now belongs to France, and it took many years to subdue the country. Abd-el-Kader was one of the most resolute champions of his country, and struggled ineffectually against the French. They were too powerful for him, and he fled into Morocco, where he incited the Moors to make war upon his enemy. The French navy bombarded Tangier, and captured Mogadore, and Morocco made peace with her powerful conqueror. The religion of the country is Mohammedan, and in a couple of days or so you will see what most, if any of you, never saw before, mosques, and other evidences of a strange faith to you.

"Mogadore is five hundred miles from Teneriffe as the crow flies; but we shall make it much more than that, for the *Blanche* cannot sail into the wind's eye, as we can, and we shall make at least a hundred miles more than that of it."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Belgrave.

"If we sailed direct for Mogadore, we should take the diagonal of a square," replied the captain, using his paper to illustrate the subject, as he folded the sheet so as to show the line. "As it is we shall go around the two sides of the square;" and he showed the course with his paper. "But we are sure of a good breeze for the *Blanche*, and we shall make it inside of four days."

"But what is Mogadore, captain?" inquired Uncle Moses.

"The name of this place is spelled in three dif-

ferent ways, and I use the most common one. The Moorish name is *Suira*, or 'The Beautiful.' It has a population of twenty thousand, though the figures on statistics are never reliable in such countries, about a quarter of whom are Jews. It is built on high land, and is divided into two quarters: the citadel, where the Moors reside, and another quarter inhabited by the Israelites; and you will find such a division as this in many cities of the world. The streets are very narrow, as you will find them in most Mohammedan cities, Constantinople included. The houses are large, with flat roofs, and some of the mosques are fine specimens of architecture. If you go to Spain you will find a great deal of Arabic architecture, such as the Alhambra and the great mosque at Cordova. The city has a good harbor, and the commerce of the country is considerable."

"In what?" asked Louis.

"Wool, gums, flax, hides, almonds, honey, ostrich feathers, ivory and gold dust," replied the commander, reading from his paper." I think that will do for to-day."

"We are very much obliged to you, captain," said Dr. Hawkes. "I supposed we were to see the usual routine of things presented to the tourists, but it appears that we are to go out of the common course."

"I have already explained what my intentions are; but I wish to add that I am not supreme here, except so far as handling the ship is concerned, and I shall go just where I am ordered by my owner."

"You will get no orders from me, Captain Ring-

gold, and I shall be only too happy to go wherever you take us," added Louis.

"So say we all of us!" exclaimed Mrs. Belgrave.

Seven persons traveling together by sea or land were never more harmonious, were never better satisfied with each other, and with the mode of conveyance, than those living in the cabin of the *Guardian-Mother*. The captain and all the officers might be included with the number, for they were closely associated with the party. Not an unkind or an unpleasant word had been spoken by any one of them from the beginning of the voyage.

Most of the company were practically the guests of Louis Belgrave and his mother, and it could not well be otherwise, for there are some people in the world who, when they pay for what they have, consider that they also pay for the right to grumble and make things unpleasant for their associates. There were none of this kind on board of the steamer, and if there had been, "one cannot look a gift-horse in the mouth." Some would have complained that the ship was going too slowly in order to allow the *Blanche* to keep in sight of her; but this was the owner's special desire, which he had only to mention to the captain.

The schooner was making from eight to ten knots an hour, and she was often near enough to the *Guardian-Mother* for the voyagers to exchange signals between the two vessels. Communication was had every day by the ordinary marine telegraphy, and each vessel assured the other, after breakfast in the morning, that all was well. On the fourth day from Santa Cruz the little squadron

made the African coast, and this fact introduced a new novelty.

They were approaching a country whose manners and customs were entirely different from what any of those in the cabin of the steamer had ever seen. The books of travel relating to Mohammedan countries were eagerly sought, and were read aloud in the boudoir and on the promenade. But in regard to Morocco there was hardly a work that alluded to it except the encyclopedias, of which there was an abundant supply. Captain Ringgold had been in Oriental seaports, and he was almost the only source of information on board.

The city of Mogadore was soon in sight. The most of it was built on a hill, and the domes and minarets gave it an odd appearance to the visitors, who had never been outside of their own country before they embarked on this voyage. Off the port a pilot was taken, and when he came on board he became, as it were, one of the seven wonders of the world. He wore great bagging trousers, with a sort of circus jacket, in the usual oriental fashion. He was a very good-looking man, in the opinion of the ladies, the only competent judges, and bowed very politely to the party on the promenade as he went to the pilot-house.

"I see they have steeples on their churches here," said Mrs. Belgrave, as she observed the aspect of the city with interest.

"Hardly," replied the commander. "If you look a little more closely you will see that what you call steeples are not on the buildings, but simply beside them."

"I suppose they are steeples all the same, though they are very slender and look more like needles," added the lady.

"They look more like needles than steeples. They are called minarets, and each of them has one or more galleries high in the air, from which the Muezzin, or priest, calls the people to prayers. They do not keep their religion to themselves to the extent they do at home; but the Mohammedan says his prayers at the prescribed seasons, wherever he may happen to be; and where there are mosques the calls from the minarets do not permit them to forget it."

In due time the steamer was anchored near the island, and the *Blanche*, which had also taken a pilot, soon followed her example. This is said to be the best harbor on the coast of Africa, on the western side. There are several forts, and the place is well defended, though the French reduced it without difficulty. The party were impatient to go on shore, and the barge was brought to the gangway. A custom-house officer, who spoke a little English, came on board, and the commander explained to him the character of his vessel. Everybody was treated with the utmost politeness, and the official bowed low to Louis, when he was pointed out as the owner of the ship.

The barge was manned by her crew of eight oarsmen and a cockswain in uniform, and the boat made a decided sensation as it moved towards the landing-place, following the caïque which took the pilot ashore. The streets varied in width from six to eight feet, and they were filled with people, all of

whom were Moors, though an occasional Arab could be seen, readily known by his dress. The strangers were as much of a curiosity as a circus procession would have been. All the inhabitants gazed at them, but they were very respectful, though they regarded them as infidels, for Mohammedanism is neither broad nor liberal in its view of Christians. The sights were all strange, and it would take a volume to describe them all.

"That is a woman, I suppose," said Mrs. Belgrave, who was walking with Captain Ringgold.

"It is; but the higher class of ladies do not walk the streets," replied the commander.

"She wears trousers just like the men, though her upper garment is something like a short gown. She keeps her face well covered," added the Christian lady, looking over her Moorish counterpart with the greatest interest.

"That is required by their religion. The muslin about the head is called a yashmak; and you perceive that the ladies cover the entire face with the exception of the eyes."

"But are these the beautiful creatures we read about in the Arabian Nights?" asked Mrs. Belgrave. "They are all short, fat, and dowdy."

"They certainly are not beautiful. But it is not my intention to exhaust oriental manners, customs, and people in a city like Mogadore, for we shall probably visit Constantinople, and see other cities of the kind in our voyage around the world," added the captain.

The party from the *Blanche* came on shore, and the whole afternoon was spent in wandering about the city.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE VISIT OF ALI-NOURY PACHA.

MR. SAGE, the chief steward of the steamer, had been instructed to have a dinner for twelve persons ready at the usual hour. He had been on shore to replenish his stores ; but he did not find a satisfactory market in Mogadore, though he obtained some fine fish, an abundance of fruit, and some oriental delicacies. The Woolridges had been invited, and came on board from the city. The dinner was all that could be desired even by the magnate of the Fifth Avenue, and the evening was passed very pleasantly in the boudoir.

The next day was Sunday, and as usual services were held in the cabin, the commander officiating, and the Woolridges spending the day on board. The party did not go on shore ; but they talked a great deal about the strange sights they had seen in the Mohammedan city. Louis had been reading all the books he could find that threw any light on the subjects uppermost in the minds of all. The weather was delightful, and most of the day was spent on deck.

“We know this is Sunday ; but how strange it is

not to hear any church bells," said Miss Blanche, who was promenading the spar-deck under the awnings with the young millionaire; and he thought he had never seen her look so pretty as she did in the white dress she wore.

"This is not Sunday with the Mohammedans, for that is our Friday," replied Louis. "Besides, they don't believe in bells, and do not permit their use. This is the reason why the muezzin calls the people to prayer from the minarets."

"Then it appears that there is more than one Sunday in the week," added Miss Blanche.

"And more than two even. I don't know that there are any Christians in Mogadore: if there are, they have three Sundays, for the Jews, of whom there are plenty here, keep Saturday as such, as you know."

"I did know it; but I did not think of it."

"Do you know, Sir Louis, whether or not Scott had any money about him?" asked Captain Ringgold, touching his cap to the young lady. "You were with him on your excursion from Orotava, and you may know something about it."

"I do not know anything at all about it," replied Louis, surprised at the question.

"The fellow has run away again. I did not think there was any danger of his leaving us in such a place as this, where none of us can speak a word of the language, and I did not have him watched."

"I should say that he would come back again," suggested Louis.

"I should suppose that he would be compelled to do so if he has no money."

While they were wondering what would become of Scott in a strange city like Mogadore, where it was not probable that he could find a friend, get anything to eat, or secure a place to sleep, a magnificent caïque, ten times as large as anything they had seen, came up to the gangway of the ship. The order had been given to admit no one on board that day; but the caïque, elegant enough for a sovereign, with about twenty men in uniform at the oars, must form an exception to the rule, for Captain Ringgold concluded that it must be the state barge of no less a personage than the Pacha, or Kaïd, who governed the province or the city under the Sultan. He came in style enough to be a distinguished individual.

Everybody on the spar and main decks hastened to the side of the ship to see this elegant barge. It looked very like a visit to the steamer, and the commander had to confess that he knew very little about Moorish etiquette; but he decided to receive the visitor according to American fashions. The pacha, or whatever he was, was seated under a gorgeous canopy at the stern of the barge; but as soon as his oarsmen had secured the craft at the gangway, he rose from his seat and stepped nimbly from the caïque to the landing of the gangway, as though he did not intend to stand on any ceremony, Moorish or otherwise.

The captain was at the head of the steps to receive him, and bowed very politely as the gentleman approached him. The distinguished Moor returned the salute with a flourish, and spoke to the captain in French. The commander replied to him in the same language; but he was not fluent

in it, and he called Louis to his assistance. The Pacha asked the privilege of seeing the vessel, for he had learned that she was a steam-yacht. The permission was readily granted, and he was conducted to the boudoir.

"You have the American flag," said the Pacha. "Are you American?"

"I am, sir; and all on board with two or three exceptions, are Americans," replied the commander.

"Then you speak English?" inquired the visitor, using it himself for the first time.

"I do, sir; and I can't speak any other language very well," replied Captain Ringgold, laughing, and wondering why the pacha had not spoken English in the first place, since he could not help knowing that the American flag covered that tongue. "Are you, may I ask, the governor of this province, the Pacha?"

"No, sir, I am not," answered the visitor, laughing in his turn. "I am a Pacha in rank, but I hold no office."

The commander conducted him all over the steamer, though he did not seem to take much interest in the vessel. At the end of the examination they reached the spar-deck, where Miss Blanche was still walking with Louis. As soon as he saw her, he fixed his gaze upon the beautiful maiden, and did not seem to be inclined to remove it. The captain had learned his name for the purpose of introducing him to the party. He was duly presented as Ali-Noury Pacha.

"This is not according to our custom to be presented to ladies; but I was educated in Paris, and

went to the military school of St. Cyr," said Ali Noury, when he was introduced to Mrs. Woolridge.

He conversed for some time with the ladies, but his gaze was fixed all the time on Miss Blanche. He spoke English very well for a foreigner, and said he had spent a year in London. He was a man of about thirty, with a very fine black beard, and the ladies said he was very handsome. He was elegant and graceful in his form and manners. Part of his costume was European, though he wore the fez, and on the breast of his coat sparkled several gems in the orders he wore there.

He was presented to Miss Blanche and Louis. He was polite enough to the latter, but he did not take much notice of him, while he bowed low to her, took her hand as he had no other lady's, and his eyes sparkled as brightly as the diamonds on his breast. He gave his whole attention to her, and Louis, perhaps not especially pleased with the admiration with which he regarded her, wandered to the rail to inspect still farther the magnificent caïque.

"I say. Louis me darlint, d'ye's moind the hot-tentots in the barge alongside?" said Felix, who had been watching the boat and the men in it.

"They are Moors, Flix," replied the owner.

The moor shame for them for haythen as they air whin they moight be Christians, loike meself. But see, darlint, do ye's moind any face there ye's know?" continued Felix.

"I don't see any one there I ever saw before," replied Louis, with a glance at Miss Blanche and the Pacha.

"Look at the blackguard on the port side, the scoundrel from the stern-sheets."

"I see him; but what of him?"

"Don't you know that face, Louis?" persisted Felix more earnestly, and dropping his brogue.

"Never saw it before. He is a Moor, with a swarthy face like the rest of them."

"Upon my word you have seen that fellow before, for as sure as you were born into this world, and not into any other just yet, that is Scott Fence-lowe!" exclaimed Felix.

"Nonsense!" replied Louis; but he proceeded to study the face and form of the oarsman of the caique.

He was dressed like all the rest of them and wore a fez, which he had pulled well down over his forehead. When he discovered that the two young men were looking at him, he bent over the side of the boat and looked into the water. Louis insisted that it could not be Scott, though the features were something like those of the runaway. But he felt sure that it could not be as his friend insisted.

At this moment Miss Blanche beckoned to Louis and he hastened to her, as he always did when he had the opportunity. He had an intense admiration for the beautiful girl, and he could hardly blame Ali-Noury Pacha for being similarly affected.

"This gentleman is the owner of the steamer, Mr. Noury Pacha," said she, as he presented himself before them.

"He is a very young man to own such a fine steamer," replied the Pacha, very coldly, as he took

the hand of the young millionaire in a very formal manner. "But I own a steamer also."

The bell for lunch rang at this moment, and the Pacha had been invited to join the party at the table. He gallantly gave his arm to Miss Blanche and followed the commander to the cabin. Mr. Sage had been instructed to provide no ham, or pork in any form, for Mohammedans will not touch it. They are equally averse to wines and liquors; but as these were never served on board of the steamer, no orders were necessary in regard to them.

Mr. Noury Pacha, as Miss Blanche called him, and the others soon learned to address him in that manner, made himself exceedingly agreeable, altogether too agreeable, Louis thought, especially to the young lady, though he was very polite to all present. Dr. Hawkes tried to introduce a conversation with him about the city and the customs of the country; but he was too much occupied with his attentions to the beautiful maiden at his side to talk about sublunary matters.

He invited the entire party to banquet at his palace the next day, and volunteered to show them everything there was to be seen in the city, even to visiting the interior of a mosque, for they had been rigorously excluded from every one they had attempted to enter. "Nothing less than a firman from the Sultan could procure this permission," the captain said, and he did not believe the Pacha could redeem his promise.

"When do we sail for Funchal, Mr. Belgrave?" asked Captain Ringgold.

"To-morrow," replied Louis, very decidedly, for

though nothing had been said about the matter, the party had expected to remain at Mogadore at least a week.

Ali-Noury Pacha remained on board the greater part of the afternoon, and was unremitting in his attentions to Miss Blanche. It was plain enough that she was not fascinated with him as he was with her; but he was a very distinguished man, an Oriental Cræsus, and holding a very high rank in the army. She could not shake him off, and she walked the spar-deck with him till she was completely exhausted. His magnificent caïque remained alongside all the time, and when Miss Blanche wished to stop at the rail and look at it, the Pacha invited her to make an excursion about the harbor in the dainty craft.

The maiden was astonished at this invitation; but she promptly declined it, with many blushes. Then he promised to come the next day, early in the morning, and would take her and all the party to the palace of the Kaïd, or governor of the province, and introduce them to all the notable men in the city. He said nothing about the ladies of the place; but Miss Blanche knew that they were all practically prisoners. The Pacha took his leave at last, shaking hands with all the party, and more than one of them were glad that he had gone.

Louis saw that Mrs. Woolridge seemed to be very much disconcerted, and as soon as the "Grand Mogul," as the sailors called him, had gone, she and her husband had an interview with the commander.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE GRAND MOGUL.

LOUIS BELGRAVE had no difficulty in interpreting the disturbed expression of Miss Blanche's mother, or in divining the object of her interview with the commander. It was evident enough to all on board of the Guardian-Mother that Ali-Noury Pacha had been fascinated by the wonderful beauty and grace of the fair daughter, and this was cause enough for alarm on the part of her parents. The owner was not admitted to this conference; but Mr. Woolridge soon joined his wife, for he was hardly less disturbed than she was.

Both the father and the mother of the young lady understood very well what the attentions of a Pacha must mean. Louis was equally well informed, and these attentions on the part of the distinguished visitor looked to him very much like profaning the shrine of a deity. His own feeling towards her was that of simple admiration, for in spite of the warnings of his mother in the beginning of his acquaintance with her, he had never passed beyond that. He was still a boy of seventeen, and so far as the "sylph," as he had called her, was concerned, his thoughts did not reach forward into the future.

"Sir Louis, I asked you when we were to sail from this port," said Captain Ringgold, after the conference with Miss Blanche's parents was finished. "You answered me in a rather low tone, so that the Pacha could not have heard you, that we should leave to-morrow."

"Yes, sir ; I have seen quite enough of Mogadore," replied Louis.

"If you don't object I shall get under way at daylight in the morning," added the commander.

"I heartily approve of your intention. But His Excellency the Pacha is to come off early in the morning to take the party to the residence of the Grand Mogul of the province," suggested Louis, with a meaning smile.

"And that is the particular reason why I propose to sail at daylight. I shall tow the *Blanche* out of the harbor, and well out to sea, so that we may see no more of His Excellency, who appears to have lived in London and Paris long enough to have learned the manners and customs of fast young men."

The captain said no more, and Louis was heartily rejoiced that the Pacha was to be avoided in the manner indicated. Mrs. Woolridge was more alarmed than was apparent even on her troubled face, and when the family embarked in their gig for the *Blanche*, he found that the daughter was to remain on board of the steamer. No one explained the reason for this step ; but it was evident enough to Louis that Mrs. Woolridge thought she would be safer on board of the *Guardian-Mother*.

"Have you heard anything from Scott, Captain

Ringgold?" asked Louis, who was again in his usual place at the right of the commander, for the seat, as the position of honor, had been given to the Pacha at the luncheon.

"Not a word; this afternoon I sent Mr. Gaskette and the boatswain on shore to look him up. They obtained an interpreter who spoke Spanish; but they could find nothing of the runaway. They went to all the khans, as they call the hotels here; but he had not been seen at any of them. All the information they could obtain was that a Moorish gentleman met him in coming out of a café, and had spoken to him. A fruit pedler had seen so much, and knew no more."

"That reminds me of something that passed between Felix and myself while the barge of the Pacha was alongside," added Louis, as he called his crony. "He pointed out one of the rowers, and thought it was Scott, though his face had been colored and he was dressed in the Moorish uniform of the crew of the boat."

"You thought the fellow was Scott, did you, Flix?" asked the commander.

"I did; and I felt powerfully sure of it till Louis said it was nonsense," replied Felix.

"The oarsman was about Scott's size; but none of these Moors are very large, and his features were like those of the runaway," added Louis.

"I knew the rascal would run away as soon as he got a good chance; but I did not suppose he would do so in such a place as Mogadore. It looks now as though he had gone into the service of the Pacha, who doubtless had a use for him. There is no help

for it now ; but I wanted to make a man of him, for he is what Yankees call smart."

Nothing more was said about the young reprobate, though the captain had a theory in regard to the matter. He was confident that Noury had seen Miss Blanche in the street while she was walking about with the party, and the fascination had begun at that time. When he met Scott he inquired in regard to her. He spoke English, and he had taken the runaway into his service.

In the evening Louis had the pleasure of walking on the spar-deck with Miss Blanche. He rallied her somewhat upon the attentions of the Pacha ; she admitted that he was a very handsome man ; but he was a Moor, and she declared that she was not at all inclined to follow in the footsteps of Desdemona, for he was not an Othello to her. He amused her at first ; but she became very tired of him, and was quite disgusted when he invited her to go on board of the caïque.

The spare state-room was assigned to the young lady. An anchor watch was kept all night on deck, and there was not the least danger that the beautiful maiden would be spirited away from the ship. All the orders necessary had been given to the chief engineer and other officers, and the pilot had been found and brought on board. At the time appointed the ship was under way, with the Blanche in tow. It was not thought best to wake the guest in the cabin at this early hour to transfer her to the schooner, and she went to sea while still slumbering.

In due time the pilot was discharged ; and as the

breeze was quite fresh the tow-line was cast off. The course was about west north-west, and, the trade-wind still prevailing, it was fair for the schooner. She took a position to windward of the steamer, which kept her speed down to that of the sailing vessel, and both them logged ten knots an hour for the next two days.

All the party in the cabin found that Miss Blanche was a pleasant addition to their number. Louis attended to his studies as usual; but the afternoons were spent with the young lady. Neither of them talked any nonsense, and both joined in the games of shuffle-board, bean bags, and the potato race, in the latter of which Louis allowed the fair guest to beat him every time.

On the afternoon of the second day out, land was discovered in the distance, and the company gathered on the promenade abaft the pilot-house. It was an exceedingly pleasant day, with a sky as blue as azure itself, and the air was mild and soft. While the voyagers were expatiating upon the beauty of the weather, Captain Ringgold appeared with a paper in his hand, the sight of which produced a general clapping of hands.

"The lecture!" exclaimed Dr. Hawkes. "I have sent a few patients here, though I know little about the island of Madeira. But Orotava seems to have an even better reputation as a health-restorer."

"I haven't much to say," replied the captain modestly.

"I suppose those high peaks we see ahead are in the island," said Professor Giroud.

"They are not; those are three sister islets, bar-

ren and uninhabited, called the Disiertas. They are about twenty miles from Funchal, which is the capital and largest town of the Portuguese province, formed of this group of islands. They are in latitude 32, and about 390 miles from the coast of Africa. They are about as far north of the equator as the middle of Texas, and the south-central part of Georgia and Alabama. They were discovered in 1416, three quarters of a century before America; and our friend Captain Columbus has been here. They belong to Portugal, and they were partially settled soon after they were discovered. What is the Spanish for wood, Louis?"

"*Madéra*, sir."

"The principal island was covered with forests; and from it came the name in Portuguese. It has 345 square miles of territory, and about 100,000 inhabitants. The people are of Portuguese, Moorish, and negro descent, wide-awake and industrious, but entirely uneducated. The main island is of volcanic origin, as you will be willing to believe when you have seen something of the interior.

"It is a very rough region. From the shore the mountains rise abruptly, and the highest is Pico Ruivo, over 6,000 feet high. It is noted for deep valleys, or gullies, the Curral being over 2,000 feet deep. The fruits and grains of our own country are raised here, with most of the semi-tropical productions. There are always plenty of invalids here, for it is a noted resort for people with pulmonary complaints, of which the doctor can tell you more than I can. That is all I think you can stand to-day."

The captain was applauded again as he returned to

the pilot-house, and the voyagers gazed at the islands in the distance. A few hours later the steamer approached the town of Funchal, which has about twenty thousand inhabitants, including a considerable sprinkling of English, who are there to enjoy the delicious climate, and to trade in wines and other productions. The place consists of a single street on the sea-shore, a mile in length, with lanes and roads extending up into the hills.

The Loo Rock first attracted the attention of the tourists. It looks like a snake-head, with a fort built on the top of it, seventy feet above the water. The Pontinha next claimed attention, after health and custom-house officers had passed the two vessels; it is a sort of breakwater, extending out to a small island. A number of vessels were seen inside of this structure, formed in a line as though they were part of a naval display.

The harbor, what there is of it, is rocky, and furnishes no good holding-ground for the anchors of vessels. A heavy iron cable is stretched from the Loo Rock along this mole, and craft of all kinds make fast to it, while a stern line is carried to the shore. The pilots of the little squadron from Mogadore took their charge to this cable and made them fast. The Woolridges hastened on board of the steamer, where Miss Blanche was duly hugged and kissed as though she had been away from the family for a year.

The next morning the business of sight-seeing was begun in earnest. The party were landed and spent the forenoon in a walk though the only street. There was enough to interest them, and something

of a new nationality was presented to them. No one could speak the language, though with Spanish one gets along. The afternoon was used up in a visit to the church of Nossa Senhora do Monte, Our Lady of the Mountain, which is two thousand feet above the sea.

"But how are we to get up there?" asked Mrs. Belgrave. "I don't see a single carriage here."

"They have no use for them, for they have no practicable roads," replied the captain. "You can walk, or you can be carried up. They have something like a sailor's hammock, in which the passenger lies, which is swung from a pole on the shoulders of two stout men."

The two ladies preferred to be carried, while all the rest of the party decided to walk. The road was paved with cobble stones, and walled in on each side so that the fine gardens could not be seen. But the air was fragrant with flowers. The road was hard to travel, and they were obliged to stop frequently to rest. But they reached the top at last, and were glad the church was no higher up in the air. The building and its interior were not worth the trouble they had taken to reach it; yet the view was magnificent, and they were not sorry they had come.

The descent was easier, for they found a sort of sled in which they seated themselves, and were guided, as the affair slipped over the stones, by boys. The boats were ready for the travelers on their arrival at the shore, and all of them went first to the Blanche, where they dined.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE STEAMER UNDER THE FLAG OF MOROCCO.

THE sight-seeing was renewed the next day, and the first place to be visited was the market. It was a busy scene, and all the natives seemed to be looking out for themselves without much regard to the comfort of others. Food for man and beast were on sale, and all were crying their wares with a vigor which recommended the climate for the growth of good lungs. Mrs. Blossom got a rap in the head from a grumbling rooster, one of a score of similar birds of both sexes hung by the legs on a pole, borne on the shoulder of a diminutive Portuguese.

"There is business here for the society of the long name," said Uncle Moses, as he pushed the end of the pole away from the lady's head. "I don't believe the fowls enjoy that method of transportation."

"There is a pole-full of pigeons, Brother Avoir-dupois ; but the owner has been kind enough to kill them before hanging them," added Dr. Hawkes.

"Look out, Brother Adipose Tissue, or that pig will upset you," replied the squire, as a man attempted to force a grunter through the openings in

the crowd, and was having the usual luck of those who drive this refractory animal.

"What is the use of all these bundles of brush, doctor?" asked Mrs. Belgrave; and all the company were asking more questions than could be conveniently answered.

"I asked that question myself yesterday of an English physician whose acquaintance I had made," replied the doctor. "Wood for fuel is scarce here in spite of the name of the island, though they do not require it for heating purposes, only for cooking; and this brush is used for heating the ovens."

"I wonder who that gentleman is," said Mrs. Belgrave, as a well-dressed native bowed and politely raised his hat to her. "I am sure I don't know him."

"The Portuguese gentleman bows to every lady he meets; and these people are even more polite, so far as external forms are concerned, than the French," replied Captain Ringgold, who was never far from the owner's mother.

"What in the world are they carrying on those donkeys, captain?" asked the same lady, as quite a cavalcade of these animals, conducted by men from the country, passed through the principal street, which was not more than twenty-five feet wide. The load looks like a dead creature of some kind."

"Those are wine sacks, brought in by these men to sell. They are the skins of goats, and the legs are left on as convenient handles. They are sewed up so as to be tight enough to hold the wine. You will see plenty of them in the south of Spain."

"Then that must be Madeira wine."

“Hardly,” replied the captain, with a smile. “We don’t drink wine, and therefore we do not suffer from imposition; but very little of the wine sold as Madeira is genuine. The vine crop has been a failure here as elsewhere for some years; but it is improving now.”

These walks about the town and vicinity were continued for several days. The younger members of the party amused themselves with “coasting,” as they called the trips down-hill on the paved roads with the native sleds. The same kind of a vehicle was used for conveying pipes of wine, when they are drawn by oxen. When the thing goes hard for the team a wet swab is placed in front of it, and the drag goes over it, the water from it serving as a lubricator.

On one of these days an excursion to the Curral was undertaken, though the two fat members declined to join it. Some went on horseback, and some in the hammocks suspended on poles. They had an opportunity to see something of the interior of the island, and to obtain a good view of what would be called a cañon in the Great West, where many on a much larger scale may be seen. It was a very enjoyable day, for the party moved slowly, and rested often.

Through the physician whose acquaintance Dr. Hawkes had accidentally made, the tourists were hospitably entertained by several of the best families, and these courtesies were reciprocated by a dinner on board of the Guardian-Mother, and an excursion to Porto Santo, twenty-six miles from Funchal. It lies north-east of the principal island, and like that,

is of volcanic origin, very rugged and mountainous, but has six or eight thousand inhabitants. It was discovered and settled before Madeira. But there was little to be seen at the island, apart from the manners and customs of people living so retired from the centers of civilization.

"You were all very much interested in Watling's Island when we visited it last December," said the commander when they were seated at the collation served at Porto Santo. "Perhaps you are aware that our friend Captain Columbus lived for a time on this island. The great discoverer was human like some of the rest of us,"—and he involuntarily glanced at Mrs. Belgrave— "and while in Lisbon he fell in love with Doña Felipa, the daughter of Prestrello, a noted navigator, and for some time governor of this island, and married her. It must have been from pure affection on his part, for the lady had no money or estates of value.

"They lived with the mother of the bride, and when she found that her son-in-law was greatly interested in maritime affairs she gave him the charts, journals, and all the papers of her deceased husband. Senhora Prestrello was the heiress of some real estate of little account in Porto Santo, and the married couple came here to live, and resided here for some time, during which the captain studied his charts and papers, and fitted himself for the accomplishment of the great work of his life."

To this brief statement, some of the Portuguese gentlemen present made some additions. It was an exceedingly pleasant party, the sea was smooth for the ocean, and the guests were as much delighted as

the Americans. As the steamer was approaching the *Disiertas*, the lookout gave the well-known shout of a "sail ahead." The vessel had been seen from the windows of the pilot-house where a couple of the Portuguese gentlemen were smoking their cigars, and talking with the captain.

Half an hour later the craft was near enough to be made out in detail. It was a steamer of about four hundred tons, the commander judged, and somewhat peculiar in her construction. She was "long, low, and rakish," as piratical schooners were described in former times. She had two masts with an excessive rake, to which the smoke-stack corresponded. She was of most symmetrical build, and all in the pilot-house called her handsome.

The commander and Mr. Boulong observed her very attentively through their spy-glasses. Her colors were set at the main peak, and she sported a burgee at the foremost head. The glasses were directed to the colors, which the observers had thus far been unable to make out. The flag was peculiar; the captain and the first officer were familiar with those of all nations; but the north-east wind carried it over so far that it could not be seen distinctly.

"I think that is the flag of Morocco," said one of the Portuguese gentlemen.

"And that looks like the Pacha's steam-yacht," added the other.

"I recognize the flag now," said Captain Ringgold. "It looks more like a red table-cloth, with a border of half-diamonds in white, and a pair of sheep sheers in the middle. Who is the Pacha to whom you allude, Don Roderigue? We have just come

from Mogadore, and possibly we may have seen him."

"He is an immensely wealthy Moorish gentleman, who holds a high place in the army, and has been governor, or Kaïd of the province in which he resides," replied Don Roderigue.

"He is not thirty years old, and is called the handsomest man that ever comes to Funchal; but we are always very sorry to see his yacht approaching our shore."

"Why so?"

"He is a Mohammedan, but does not live up to his creed. He was educated in Paris, and once lived in London. He drinks too much wine over here, and is a reckless, unprincipled scoundrel," continued the Portuguese gentleman. "We do not think our wives and daughters are safe when he is in Funchal, and we shut them up."

"We have met the gentleman, and we do not fancy him," added the captain.

"He comes to Funchal two or three times a year, and cruises every summer in the Mediterranean," said Don Joao. "You have the most beautiful young lady I ever met in my life; and I advise you not to let the Pacha see her."

"Unfortunately he has already seen her at Mogadore; and that fact was the reason why we sailed from that port very abruptly," replied Captain Ringgold.

Before the arrival of the steamer at the town, the commander had informed Mr. Woolridge of the coming of Noury Pacha, and pointed out the steam-yacht to him. They had an anxious consultation in

regard to the matter. The Guardian-Mother came up to her former moorings, and soon landed her gratified passengers from the island, who were profuse in their acknowledgments of the pleasure they had derived from the excursion.

Before the return of the barge from her trip to the shore with the guests, the commander had ordered the second cutter into the water, and the chief steward was ordered to obtain what provisions and stores he needed at once. Mr. Gaskette was in charge of the boat, and Louis and Felix were permitted to go with him. The Pacha's yacht had anchored quite near the shore, but at a considerable distance from the Guardian-Mother. Boats were already plying between her and the town, and one of them had landed near the market.

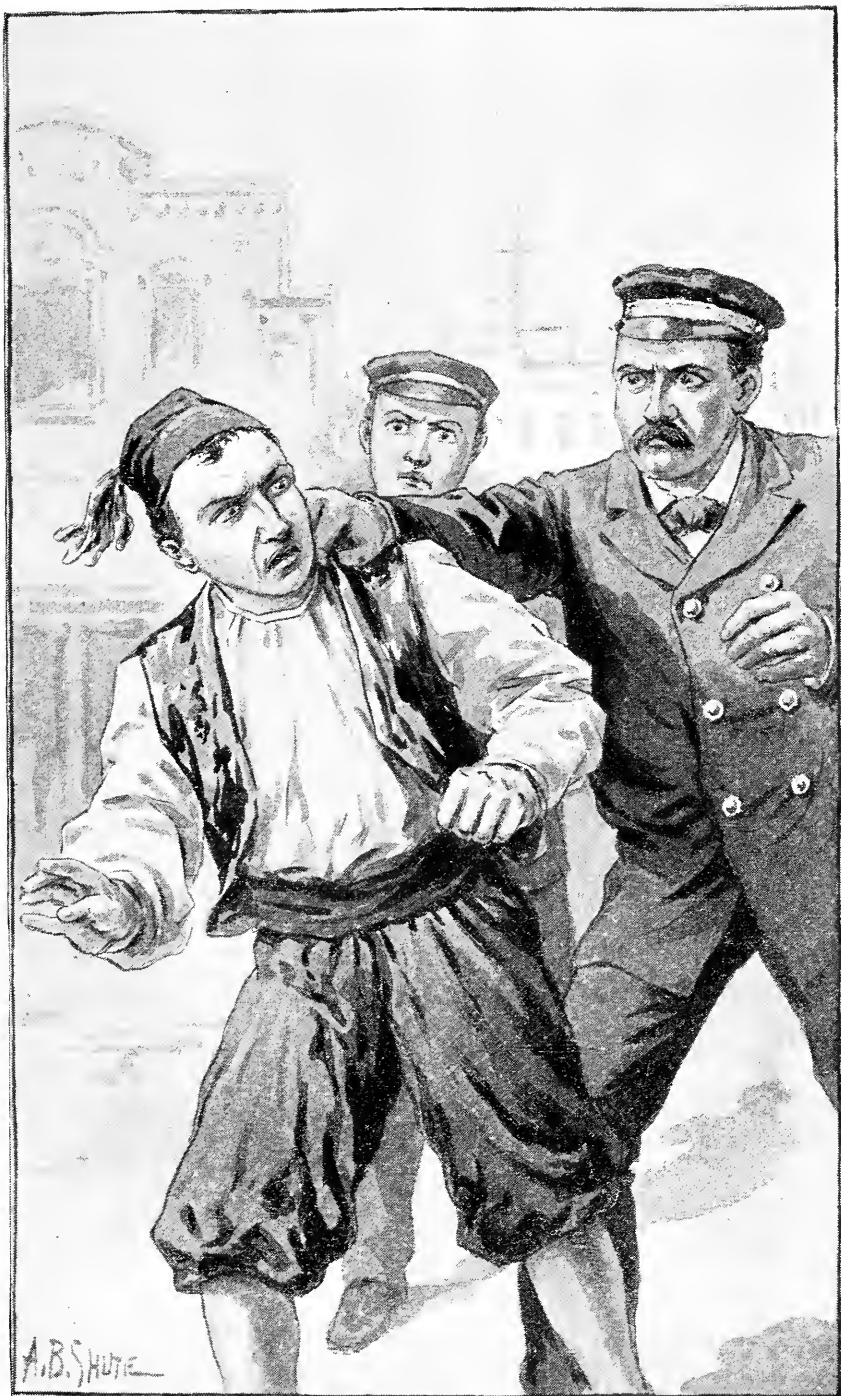
Several of the sailors of the second cutter were sent up to bring off the purchases of Mr. Sage, and Mr. Gaskette and Louis followed them. The provisions were purchased and sent to the boat. Several of the Moorish tars were seen in the vicinity, and they looked as little like sailors as possible.

"By the powers of Mud!" exclaimed Felix, suddenly, as they passed a couple of the Morocco sailors. "One of them is Scott as sure as you live!"

"Which one?" demanded Mr. Gaskette.

"The one on the right."

The second officer asked no more questions, but seized the runaway by the collar of his tunic. Louis understood what he intended at once, and thrust his arm through that of the young reprobate, as the officer had done with the other. They had him as a couple of French policemen would handle a pris-



"HE SEIZED THE RUNAWAY BY THE COLLAR OF HIS TUNIC." — Page 260.

oner, and they marched him at double quick to the boat. The companion of Scott attempted to interfere. He seized Louis by the back of his coat-collar, when Felix planted a blow on the side of his head which caused him to stagger and fall. When he got up he departed in the other direction.

Scott was tumbled into the boat, and held fast by his captors. Mr. Sage had come, and the officer hurried the boat off. Scott protested with all his might, but he might as well have kept his breath. Louis was not a little surprised to see that the *Blanche* had hauled out from her moorings, and was already under way. She stood out of the port at once, and when the stores and the prisoner had been taken on board, the *Guardian-Mother* followed her; But Don Joao was at the head of the customs department, and everything had been arranged with him.

"Well, my lad, you look as though you had joined a circus company," said Captain Ringgold, when he had time to speak to the runaway.

"You will pay dearly for this," howled Scott, crying like a baby in his anger. "The Pacha is the biggest man in Morocco except the Sultan, and he is my friend."

"Knott, take him below, and see that he is dressed like a Christian," said the captain.

The old salt obeyed the order with a relish.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WANDERER ON THE OCEAN.

SCOTT FENCELOWE was a very indignant young man when he found himself again on board of the *Guardian-Mother*, though he had been treated with kindness and consideration ; but he had been reduced to the condition of a sailor before the mast. He desired to command a yacht, or at least to sail such a craft as the *Seahound* with no one to control his actions, or limit his aspirations. Knott compelled him to put on the regular uniform of the steamer, though he growled, howled, and scowled as he changed his apparel.

As soon as the trusty seaman had "dressed him like a Christian," as the commander expressed it, he conducted him to the spar-deck, where he again confronted his tyrant, as he regarded the captain. The discipline to which he had been subjected by the sturdy mariner had not reduced him to a state of submission, and he was still ugly and rebellious.

"Now you look more like a Christian, Scott," said Captain Ringgold, as Knott marched him up to his

tyrant. "I understand that you have been in the service of His Highness Ali-Noury Pacha. How do you like Mohammedan manners and customs?"

"I liked them well enough," snapped Scott.

"Have you become a Mohammedan yourself yet?" asked the captain.

"None of your business whether I have or not!"

"Gently, little boy," added the commander with a smile. "You need a lesson in politeness. Knott, shut him up in the forward store-room, and let him cool off for the next twenty-four hours."

As the seaman took Scott by the collar and dragged him below, the lookout shouted something which the commander did not make out. At about the same moment the dinner-bell rang, for it was nearly night when the steamer sailed from Funchal.

"Steam-launch dead ahead!" was the announcement of the lookout, which was immediately reported to the commander.

Louis and Felix, who had been near enough to hear all that passed between Captain Ringgold and Scott,—and perhaps this was the reason why the runaway had been even unusually obstreperous,—the owner and his crony followed the captain to the pilot-house. The craft reported was not a mile ahead, and was easily made out. It was a steam-launch, but no smoke came from her funnel, and she seemed to be at rest on the smooth sea.

"There is only one man in her," said Mr. Boulong, who had been looking at the launch with the glass since she was first reported. "She is not working her screw."

"She looks like a fine boat," added the captain,

after he had directed his glass at her. "She is as elegant as a fairy barge."

"But what is she doing out here? She is not big enough for a sea voyage," continued the first officer.

"We shall know more about her very soon," replied the captain.

The steamer slowed down, and then one bell was given to stop her, with two more to back her when she was abreast of the steam-launch. She came to a full stop when the small craft was alongside. A rope was thrown to her, which her crew of one hand made fast forward. The solitary person then hailed the steamer in Spanish. Captain Ringgold, calling upon Mr. Gaskette to accompany him, descended to the main deck, and hastened to the rail where the stranger was made fast.

As the captain had suggested, she was a fine craft, elegantly fitted up, about forty feet in length. Her standing-room was cushioned in crimson plush, and was large enough to seat eight persons. Her cabin was twelve feet long, with four windows on a side, each having a single pane of plate glass. She had a miniature pilot-house forward of the engine, over the windows of which was the gilded name of "Salihé."

"That is hardly a Christian name," said the captain when he reached a position where he could read it.

"Arabic, probably," added Mr. Gaskette. "I should say that she was Moroccan, or Maroccan, as the French have it."

"Are you the captain of this steamer?" asked Captain Ringgold, addressing the only person on board.

"*No hablo Ingles*," replied the young man; and he did not appear to be over seventeen years old.

Mr. Gaskette spoke to him in Spanish, and he replied that he was the only person on board, and was therefore both captain and ship's company. He had used the last of his coal, and was unable to move in any direction. He had plenty of provisions and water, but no fuel.

"Where are you bound?" asked the first officer.

"I was bound to Funchal," he replied, fixing his gaze upon the floor of the standing-room which he occupied.

"But you have passed Funchal," suggested the officer.

"I know it; but I could not go into the port."

"Why not?"

"I saw the Pacha's steam-yacht going into Funchal, and I could not go."

"From what port do you hail? Are you from the Canaries?"

"I was born in Orotava, but I do not come from the Canaries now."

"Where do you come from?"

"Mogadore."

Mr. Gaskette looked at the commander, who understood Spanish well enough to know what had been said; and both of them thought they had learned enough to give them a clew to the young man's story. His name was Felipe Garcias. He seemed to be disposed to tell the whole truth, whatever it was, and in reply to the questions of the first officer the whole story came out.

The Salihé was the property of Ali-Noury Pacha,

who seemed to be provided with a whole navy of boats and vessels. The Pacha could not find a Moor who was competent to run the engine of the steam-launch, and in one of his visits to Orotava, he had found Felipe in charge of a steam-yacht and had employed him. Without going into unpleasant details, the young man declared that he was a Christian, and was disgusted with the service in which he was employed. He had refused to run the engine when the boat was engaged in a wicked expedition, and the Pacha had beaten him with a cane severely. He would not permit him to return to Orotava when he had an opportunity to do so. Finding that he was a slave, he ran away with the steam-launch.

His coal was very nearly exhausted when he discovered the *Fatimé*, the Pacha's yacht, and he had stood to the northward instead of going into Funchal. He had money enough, and would the captain of the steamer sell him coal enough to enable him to reach some other port?

"Certainly I will!" exclaimed Captain Ringgold heartily. "I will do anything to enable him to get away from such a heathen as the Pacha."

Orders were given to fill up the bunkers of the *Salihé* with coal, "without money and without price." Louis and Felix were much interested in the story of Felipe; but they reluctantly followed the commander to the dinner-table. As soon as the young men could escape they did so, leaving the captain in the midst of his narrative of the adventures of the young Spaniard. They hastened to the port of the steamer where the launch was taking in her coal.

By this time it was almost dark; but they went on board of the *Salihé*, where Louis had a chance to air his Spanish. Felipe was a gentleman in every sense of the word, as well as a Christian, if the latter does not include the former. But when a Spaniard calls himself a Christian he simply means he is a Catholic. All hands were engaged in putting the coal on board of the launch. The captain was in no hurry, for the *Blanche* had a head-wind and little of it. She was standing to the northward, while the course of the steamer was east north-east.

The coaling of the *Salihé* was finished, and Felipe was told by Mr. Boulong that he need not wait for the captain. When told that there was nothing to pay, he was profuse in his thanks, and cast off the fast which held him to the steamer. The hands were piped to supper, and the officers went to their mess-room. As Louis was moving aft to join the party in the cabin, he saw in the increasing gloom a person stealing aft as though he meant mischief.

"That's Scott," said Felix in a low tone. "He has broken out of the store-room where he was shut up.

"Don't make a noise, Felix, and his cake shall soon be dough," added Louis.

They followed the young reprobate to the stern of the steamer, and watched him for a few minutes while he seemed to be busy about something they could not explain. They wondered what he was doing, but they could make nothing of his actions. At last he jumped over the rail, and disappeared at the stern of the ship. Louis rushed to the point where he had gone over the side, and was surprised

to find a boat there, the long painter of which was passed around a stanchion.

This boat, which was the dingey, or jolly-boat, had not been secured in this position by the intending runaway, but had been left there in the hurry of getting under way by a couple of the seamen who had pulled a custom-house official to the shore. All hands had been busy, and it had not been hoisted up to the davits.

Louis did not wait a moment, but leaped over the rail and slid down into the boat, closely followed by Felix. In another second they would have been too late, for Scott had the double painter in his hands, ready to haul it in. While his pursuers were wondering what he was doing, the runaway had passed the rope round the stanchion, and carried the end of it down into the boat with him.

Louis could not see very clearly where he was going, and he tumbled over the fore thwart of the boat, with Felix on top of him an instant later. At this moment the screw was started, and the commotion of the water had nearly upset the little craft. But Scott evidently had his wits about him, for he hauled in the painter, and the boat went adrift.

"Steamer, ahoy! Ahoy! Ahoy!" shouted Louis at the top of his lungs; and Felix repeated the hail as lustily as he could.

"Shut up!" yelled Scott, as he turned upon Louis with a stick he had found in the bottom of the boat.

But Louis was not one to be turned aside from his duty by the fear of anything, and he sprang upon the runaway, wresting the stick from his hand before he had time to use it. Felix went to his aid,

and between them they laid Scott out on the bottom of the boat, where Louis held him till Felix could bind his arms behind him. While they were doing so they kept up a vigorous shouting to the steamer; but she did not stop her screw, and it was evident that no one on board had heard them.

"This is a pretty kettle of fish," said Louis, when he had time to look the situation full in the face.

"It is a fish chowder sure, and how will we get out of it?" added Felix.

"They may not miss us for two or three hours yet," continued Louis.

"I hope they won't," said Scott, as ugly as ever.

"There is a light just astern of us," Louis declared after he had made a survey of the ocean.

"That's the Sally Ann!" exclaimed Felix.

"The what, Flix?"

"The Sally Ann; the steam-launch of His Highness the Grand Mogul."

"The Salihé, you mean."

"The Sally Hay then. She is headed this way; but she is going slow enough for a funeral."

"She has not had time to get up a full head of steam yet."

"Do you know where she is bound, my darling?"

"I do not; the captain and Mr. Gaskette evidently did not care to know, and they asked no questions on the point."

The steam-launch soon came along, and with the oars the dingey was put in position to intercept her. In ten minutes more, she picked them up.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A NIGHT ON BOARD OF THE SALIHÉ.

FELIPE GARCÍAS, the captain, engineer, and crew of the Salihé, seemed to be somewhat surprised to meet Louis again so soon and under such circumstances, for the owner of the Guardian-Mother had called him by name in hailing his craft, and he had identified him at once in the darkness by the sound of his voice. The engineer had stopped the screw of the launch as soon as she came alongside of the dingey, and Louis had leaped on board of her with the painter in his hand.

Louis explained as briefly as he could how he and his companions happened to be in the boat, at least half a mile astern of the steamer. The young Spaniard was quite satisfied with the explanation, especially when informed that Scott Fencelowe had been in the employ of Ali-Noury Pacha, and was a runaway from the Guardian-Mother.

"Is it all right, Louis?" called Felix from the dingey, where he was keeping guard over the prisoner.

"All right; but we shall never overtake the steamer in this craft," replied Louis, who was just

beginning to wonder what was to become of them on the broad ocean if a storm should overtake the little steamer.

"We shall do very well as long as we keep on the top of the water," added Felix, who was quite as cheerful as usual; and he had never been known to be cast down at anything.

"We will look that matter over later," continued Louis. "Now let us put the prisoner on board of the launch, and dispose of him."

"You need not trouble yourselves to dispose of me," said Scott, as Louis returned to the dingey. "Let me have the boat, and I will dispose of myself."

"I think not," replied Louis. "If we don't hand you over to Captain Ringgold again, it will be because we all go to the bottom together."

Scott growled and howled again, but no notice was taken of his complaints. He was hoisted on his feet and compelled to go on board of the *Salihé*. Felipe had opened the cabin door, and the prisoner was tumbled upon one of the broad divans on each side. His arms were still bound behind him so that he could do no mischief, and the door was locked upon him. The painter of the dingey was made fast at the stern, and Felipe started the engine again, having by this time a full head of steam in the boiler.

The engineer had detached the wheel ropes leading to the helm, and arranged them so that he could steer the launch from the engine-room. He had placed a spare compass on the seat, and he lived in this little apartment. He had made the voyage of nearly four hundred miles from Mogadore to the vicinity of Funchal in this manner.

Louis's first care was to look out for the Guardian-Mother, and consider the chances of being picked up by her before morning. The weather did not look as favorable as it had when the steamer left Funchal, and before three bells the wind had hauled to the southward. It blew tolerably fresh from this quarter by ten in the evening, though the sea was quite smooth for the present.

From the pilot-house Louis and Felix looked out ahead for any signs of the steamer. It was cloudy after the change of wind, and the night was very dark. They could make out nothing in the gloom. The Guardian-Mother carried her side-lights, red on the port and green on the starboard, with a white light at the foremast head; but these were not intended to be seen astern of the ship. Nothing could be seen, nothing could be heard.

"Here we are, my darling; but where the ship is the captain of her knows, but we don't," said Felix, when they had looked in vain for her. "But we are mighty comfortable on board of the Sally Hay as long as it don't blow a hurricane. I suppose you remember Miss Sara Hay of Von Blonk Park, Louis. I wonder if this craft was named after her."

"That is nonsense, Flix, and I am thinking how we shall get out of this scrape," replied Louis.

"You have me with you this time, my darling, and I shall take care that nothing bad happens to you. It was a wonder that you didn't go off without me," added Felix.

"We can't see anything, but it feels just as though we were running into a fog," replied Louis, disregarding the patronizing remark of his friend. "I

suppose they will miss us some time this evening, and there will be a tempest on board of the ship then."

"No doubt of it ; and your mother will have a dozen conniption fits that will keep Dr. Hawkes busy. If they don't miss us they will the jolly-boat when they get ready to hoist it up to the davits. Then Knott will carry his supper to Scott, and he will turn up missing as well as the boat."

"They may not miss us as soon as they do Scott and the boat, for both of us are often out of sight in the evening. But my mother will begin to wonder where I am by ten in the evening if not sooner, for we always have a talk before we retire," continued Louis, quite seriously, for he was more disturbed about his mother than himself.

"And where are we going now?" asked Felix.

"The Salihé is headed north-west by west, for St. Michael, one of the Azores."

"Then we shall never hit the Guardian-Mother on this tack. But I do not even know where the ship is going."

"Gibraltar was to be our next port. I discussed this matter with Felipe, who offered to follow the ship ; but I thought we had a better chance of overhauling the *Blanche*, for she was obliged to make her first course to the northward, as she could not sail into the wind's eye."

"Or into its nose either."

"But the wind has hauled to the southward, though I did not notice the change till after my talk with Felipe. By this time she has laid her course to the east north-east. But I think we are more likely to

fall in with her than we are to overhaul the ship. I must go and have another talk with Felipe."

When Louis reached the engine-room he found the engineer fast asleep on his cushioned seat, though he was still sitting up, with his left hand on the tiller-ropes, which were secured with a double turn around a stanchion at his side. A glance at the compass assured the visitor that the launch was still very near her course. As before stated, Louis had given considerable attention to the handling of the Guardian-Mother. The officers had taught him to steer by compass, and the chief engineer had instructed him in handling the machinery. He was an apt scholar, and without being proficient, he had learned a great deal about the management of a steamer.

Felix, though not inclined to book study, had taken a deep interest in the wheel, and Twist, the quartermaster, had taught him to steer the ship by compass. Captain Ringgold declared that either of them was competent to take his "trick at the wheel."

"Felipe is fast asleep," said Louis, as he came out of the engine-room. "He must have been two nights, if not three, at his post, and the poor fellow has had no sleep except what he could catch in naps at his post. We must relieve him, Flix."

"With all my heart! I am no engineer, but I can steer like an old salt. I can put her out through a muskitty's eye," replied Felix.

"*Que tiene V?*" (What is the matter?) called Felipe, springing to his feet while his passengers were talking together at the door of the engine-room.

"Nothing," replied Louis in Spanish. "But you must be very tired, for you were asleep."

"I have not slept for three nights, and I can hardly keep my eyes open," answered Felipe.

"Then we must relieve you, Felipe. I can manage the engine, and Felix can steer," added Louis.

The engineer made no objection to this arrangement, and assisted in restoring the tiller-ropes to their place in the pilot-house. The binnacle was lighted up, and the Milesian took his place at the wheel, admonished to keep a sharp lookout for the *Blanche*. Louis accompanied Felipe to the cabin, where Scott was fast asleep. When he had prepared his bed with cushions and wraps on the divan close to the door, the engineer locked himself in, and Louis returned to the engine-room. Felipe had given him such directions as he needed in regard to the machinery, and he took the seat the engineer had vacated.

Louis had enough to think of during his lonely watch. A speaking-tube connected the engine-room with the pilot-house, and occasionally he spoke to Felix, more to ascertain if he kept awake than for any other reason. He had instructed him to blow the whistle vigorously if he discovered the *Blanche*. He had set the clock in front of him by Madeira time, and at midnight he heard the bell forward strike eight times. The amateur pilot was amusing himself by doing everything in ship-shape style. But the engineer had heard no other sounds save the monotonous clang of the engine.

Taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, Louis figured as well as he could upon the position of the

Blanche, and he was forced to the conclusion that he must have crossed her track. The Salihé would never overhaul her on this tack. He had no doubt the Guardian-Mother had put back to search for him and his companion, and perhaps had returned to Funchal. She would not find them there, and she could only resume her former course.

He had heard Captain Ringgold describe the difficulty, if not almost the impossibility, of one vessel finding another on the trackless ocean. It had been somewhat foggy, as Louis had anticipated, during the last four hours, which vastly increased the difficulty of falling in either with the dingey or the launch. Louis had no desire to go to the Azores. The engine really needed no attention except at times to observe the gages, and he walked forward to the pilot-house.

After some conversation with Felix he decided to change the course of the launch, and head her in the direction of Gibraltar, where, sooner or later, the steamer would find them. He gave out the course east by north half-north, without being at all sure that it was correct. Assuring himself that the engine was all right, he went aft and listened at the cabin door. No sound came from within, and he returned to his post. The rest of the long night wore away without any incident worth putting on the log-slate, if there had been one in the pilot-house.

At four bells, which Felix struck by his watch, Louis began to wonder if there was anything available to eat. Abaft the pilot-house was the galley and store-room. Taking a lantern from the

engine-room he went forward to this apartment. It was well stocked with provisions, though they were mostly strange eatables to the young American. A hamper of dates, a variety of other dried fruits, and several legs of what appeared to be smoked mutton lay on a shelf. By the side of the stove was a basket of hard bread and a cooked leg of mutton.

He cut off several slices of the meat, and put them on two plates, with a supply of hard bread and dates. One of these he carried to the pilot, and went to his post with the other. He ate heartily, and felt wide-awake after the lunch. The fog still prevailed, though the steamer kept on her course, making, as Louis judged, eight or nine knots an hour. Then he went to the fire-room and replenished the furnaces, as he had done about every hour.

It was six o'clock on a foggy, damp day when Felipe came out of the cabin, where he had slept for ten hours on a stretch. Louis told him he had headed the boat for Gibraltar, which gave the Spaniard a fit of abject terror. The Pacha would be likely to go there from Funchal; but Louis assured him he should be protected on board of the *Guardian-Mother* and he became reconciled to the change.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE GUARDIAN-MOTHER OFF TARIFA.

FELIPE GARCIAS was entirely tractable, though he regarded the Pacha with a feeling of terror and something akin to horror. He was a Christian according to his own interpretation of the name, and was very pious over and above the mere forms of his religion. He kept his prayer-book on the seat by his side in the engine-room, making frequent use of it. He knew that Louis was the owner of the Guardian-Mother, and he had unlimited confidence in his ability and desire to protect him in any peril to which he might be subjected.

The young Spaniard set the table in the cabin and prepared breakfast. Scott Fencelowe was in a better frame of mind after his night's sleep, and indulged in no more threats against those who had defeated his plan to escape from the steamer.

"If you are disposed to behave yourself like a decent fellow, I will release you," said Louis, who had come into the cabin with Felipe.

"I will make no more trouble at all," replied Scott, with an appearance of submission, whether real or pretended.

"I suppose you have seen this little steamer be-

fore," added Louis, as he removed the cords from the arms of the prisoner.

"I have; and I have seen Felipe before, though I could not talk with him, for he speaks nothing but Spanish," answered Scott.

"On board of the *Salihé* we have one who is trying to get away from the Pacha, and another who is trying to get back to him. If you had remained with him a week or two longer probably he would have thrashed you, as he did Felipe, and you would have been as glad to get away as he was."

"Perhaps I should, for I did not feel at all at home in the service of the Pacha, as I could not speak a word to any one but him," continued Scott, very humbly. "I see now that I have been running wild, and I want to turn over a new leaf, Mr. Belgrave. If you will let me, I will do my share of the work on board of this steamer. All I wanted was to get away from Captain Ringgold."

"Didn't he treat you kindly?" asked Louis.

"Very kindly indeed; but he put me into the forecastle and made a common sailor of me."

"That was your own fault, for he gave you the chance to remain on board as a passenger; but you would not agree to behave yourself like a gentleman."

"You are right; it was all my own fault. But if ever I get back to the *Guardian-Mother*, I will give the captain no cause to complain of me, whether I am a common sailor or not."

The young reprobate seemed to be sincere, and Louis decided to trust him. He conducted him to the galley and required him to do the work of cook

and steward, while Felipe went to his post in the engine-room. When the meal was ready, he relieved Felix at the wheel, and the others ate their breakfast. After the meal Louis went to the pilot-house and Felipe to the engine-room. Scott ate his breakfast, and then put everything in order in the cabin and galley. He did all his work exceedingly well, and was very pliable in his manners.

"Now, Flix, we are all right for the voyage. I really believe that Scott means to turn over a new leaf; and we must trust him just as though nothing had happened," said Louis, when his friend came to the pilot-house.

"All right, my darling; I shall do just as you say, and I will hug him if you say so," replied Felix, with his good-natured laugh.

"Now we must divide our ship's company into two watches. You and Felipe shall be the port watch, and Scott and I the starboard," continued Louis.

"I'm agreed; but I can't speak a word to Felipe," answered Felix.

"You will have no occasion to speak a word. If anything happens you must call me. Neither you nor I slept a wink last night, and we must turn in, for we shall make nothing by wearing ourselves out," added Louis, as his companion gave a long gape.

Louis explained the arrangement to Felipe, who made no objection; but he was required to watch the spare compass he had in the engine-room to make sure that there was no treachery on the part of Scott, who was to steer during the forenoon. Scott

was called to the wheel, and the plan was explained to him. He promised to be faithful, and the two who had been on duty all night turned in on the divans in the cabin, where they were soon fast asleep.

It was one o'clock by his watch when Louis waked. The wind still came from the southward, but it was nothing more than a fresh breeze, and the Salihé was still making good weather of it. After dinner Louis and Scott, who were to have the first watch, turned in, and both of them slept well till the second dog watch, or six o'clock. After supper, at eight bells, which were regularly struck on the bell forward, the new arrangement took effect. Felipe reported that Scott had kept the course while at the wheel.

The routine was continued without any variation for two days and a half, and the watches were kept as regularly as on board of the *Guardian-Mother*. The starboard watch, with Louis at the engine and Scott at the wheel, were on duty, when the helmsman shouted "Land, ho!" through the speaking-tube. Louis hastened to the fore-castle to observe the position of the land. The fog had cleared off as the sun rose, and revealed the shore, and a lofty light-house not five miles distant.

"I hit it pretty near when I gave out the course," said Louis at the window of the pilot-house; and he had studied up the future course of the *Guardian-Mother* as usual. "We are only about fifteen miles south of where we ought to have struck!"

"Do you know what light that is?" asked Scott.

"That must be the light on Cape Spartel, the ex-

treme north-western point of Africa. Now make the course north-east."

"North-east it is," replied Scott, as he threw over the wheel.

Quite a number of vessels were going in and out of the Strait of Gibraltar, and the *Salihé* continued on her course for about two hours more, which carried her within five miles of the Spanish coast. When Felipe came out of the cabin he brought with him a chart of the strait, to which Louis immediately gave his whole attention.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Felix, as he came forward. "And how far is it to Gibraltar?"

"About twenty miles; but I have some doubts about going there at once," replied Louis. "I would give a thousand pasetas now to know whether or not the *Guardian-Mother* was at Gibraltar."

"If it is only twenty miles off you can soon find out," suggested Felix.

"But there is a difficulty in the way. How do we know that the *Fatimé* is not there?" argued Louis.

"Fatty who?"

"You have heard the name of the Pacha's steam-yacht that came to Funchal just before we sailed, and whose appearance there caused Captain Ringgold to hurry off."

"Exactly so; and that steam-yacht is the Fatty?"

"The *Fatimé*; and I am satisfied that she will follow the *Guardian-Mother* wherever she goes. But we can find out whether she is at Gibraltar without going there."

Louis explained that Tarifa, the most southern

point of Europe, was a marine telegraph station, from which all vessels passing through the Strait of Gibraltar were reported to all civilized nations. The arsenal and signal point were on a small island, connected with the mainland by a causeway, leading to a city of eight thousand inhabitants. Louis took the wheel and headed the little steamer for this point. A pilot came off and he was directed to moor the launch behind the arsenal, and in a short time she was fast to the causeway.

Louis had plenty of Spanish gold with him which he had drawn in Orotava and he engaged the pilot to stand by the Salihé. This man conducted him to the telegraph station. On his arrival the signal-man was getting the name of a small steamer which had just come up from the southward. Louis looked at her with intense interest, for he had seen her before.

"That is the Pacha's steam-yacht," said the man, who spoke English fluently.

"What Pacha?" asked Louis.

"I don't know the rest of his name; but he cruises in the Mediterranean every summer. He hails from Mogadore. The steamer is the *Fatimé*," replied the signal-man.

The inquirer then asked for information in regard to the Guardian-Mother. The officials had her number, received not long before; but she had not passed the station. He was absolutely sure of it, and Louis left him, returning to the little steamer. He informed Felipe of the passage of the Pacha's yacht, and by this time he could see her from behind the walls by taking a position on the very stem of the

launch. She was five or six miles distant, and there was not the least danger of being seen from her deck.

The ship's company of the Salihé had now nothing to do, and they walked about the town till dinner time; but Felipe remained on board to look after the fire in the furnace. A supply of coal was procured from a lighter. In the middle of the afternoon a steamer was discovered coming up from the south-west. She could not be made out, and Louis talked with the signal-man. In looking over his list of vessels he discovered the name of the *Blanche*, which had gone in at daylight in the morning.

The approaching steamer hoisted her number in due time, and she proved to be the *Guardian-Mother*. Louis hastened back to the Salihé, and with the pilot at the wheel she put out from her moorings. She was in time to intercept the steamer, which stopped her screw as soon as Louis's signals could be seen. As the steam-launch approached three tremendous cheers came from the crew, gathered on the top-gallant forecastle. The gangway had been rigged out, and Louis rushed up the steps, closely followed by Felix.

As soon as Mrs. Belgrave saw her son descend from the rail, she rushed to him with outspread arms, and they were folded in each other's embrace. The commander grasped the hand of Felix as soon as Mrs. Blossom released him, for she regarded the Milesian as her boy.

"Well, Felix, you have been having another adventure," said Captain Ringgold.

"An advinture, is it? Didn't you run away from





us, and lave us, though we yelled and scraymed like toorkeys at Thanksgiving time?" returned Felix. "And haven't we made a v'yge of four t'ousand moiles to foind ye's again?"

"Hardly as many as that. But tell me about it," added the commander.

The Milesian dropped his dialect, and told the story in plain English. By this time Louis was ready to take part in the conversation, though his mother still clung to him. The poor woman had been the first to discover the absence of her son, and she had suffered exceedingly from the fear that he had been drowned, in spite of the assurance of the captain that he was safe, and would come on board again in due time.

When the absence of Scott and the boat was reported, Captain Ringgold had been able to explain the situation correctly. He had returned to Funchal; but the dingey had not been there, and he had cruised all the day after in search of it. He could not find the steam launch, and he concluded at last that the party had gone to Gibraltar in it.

"The Fatimé went by the station this afternoon," said Louis, "and the Blanche at daylight this morning."

"That will never do," added the commander with a frown.

A consultation was immediately held in the captain's cabin.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

RUNNING AWAY FROM THE PACHA.

CAPTAIN RINGGOLD was nearly if not quite as much interested in the welfare of the Woolridge family as in that of the Belgraves. The white schooner, with Miss Blanche on board, had gone to Gibraltar early in the morning, and the steam-yacht of Ali-Noury Pacha had gone there a few hours later. They had hastened away from Mogadore to avoid the infliction of the presence upon them of the wealthy Moor, and now the Woolridges were thrown into unpleasant proximity with him again.

The commander regarded the situation as really serious, and certainly Mrs. Woolridge looked upon the marked attentions to her daughter of the Pacha as exceedingly annoying at the least. Even if the Moor had not been a very bad man, according to the testimony of the people of Funchal, he was a Moham-medan, with all that his Islamism implied, and he was considered very undesirable as an intimate companion. The evidence of Felipe in regard to his character confirmed all they had seen and heard about him that was unfavorable.

"This will never do!" exclaimed Captain Ringgold, as he seated himself at his desk. "This rich

and influential Moor will worry the life out of our friends on board of the *Blanche*, and something must be done at once. Do you know where the Pacha is going in his yacht, *Louis*?"

"The signal-man at Tarifa says he cruises in the Mediterranean every summer," replied the owner.

"Then that is a sufficient reason why the *Guardian-Mother* should keep out of the Mediterranean during the next three months," continued the commander. "I believe the Pacha went to the *Madeiras* for the sole purpose of falling in with our little fleet again, and he went six hundred miles out of his way to do so if he was bound to the Mediterranean. I told him we were going from *Funchal* to *Gibraltar*, and he promptly follows us, instead of making a port at *Tangier*, in his own country."

"I should say we had better keep clear of that fellow," said Dr. Hawkes.

"No doubt of that," added Uncle Moses. "Though he is a Grand Mogul, he would make it very disagreeable for the *Woolridges* all summer."

"I am very sure of it," added Captain Ringgold. "The only remedy for this state of things is to change our entire plan for this voyage. We were to visit *Gibraltar*, *Malaga*, making a trip from there to the *Alhambra*, thence to *Marseilles*, *Genoa*, *Naples*, *Constantinople*, and the *Holy Land*. In order to avoid this Mohammedan humbug we must either give up or postpone our plan for this summer. It rests with you, Mr. Belgrave, to decide the question, in consultation with your friends."

"I am ready to do anything to save our friends

in the *Blanche* from annoyance," said Mrs. Belgrave, without waiting for her son to answer the question.

"Give it up or postpone by all means," added Louis, earnestly.

The lawyer and the doctor did not care where they went, and readily agreed to the change of the arrangements for the summer.

"The autumn will be a better time than the summer to go up the Mediterranean," said the commander. "We can give the next three months to a voyage in European waters with pleasure and profit."

"And thus escape the hot weather, which will just suit Brother Avoirdupois and myself," added Dr. Hawkes with a laugh.

"Precisely so, Brother Adipose Tissue," returned Uncle Moses, shaking his fat sides with a guffaw.

"But while we are here the *Blanche* is at Gibraltar; and possibly the Grand Mogul has opened communication with our persecuted friends before this time," continued the captain.

"We can easily inform them of the change in our plans for their sake, for we are not more than twenty miles from Gibraltar," suggested Louis.

"But I don't wish to go there with the Guardian-Mother, for that would give us away to the Pacha, and I am afraid he would follow us wherever we went," replied the commander.

"The *Salihé* is alongside—that is the name of the steam-launch in which we came here—and Felipe had no intention of stealing her. He wishes to return her to her rightful owner, the Pacha, but he is not willing to go near him," said Louis. "We can send her to Gibraltar to notify Mr. Woolridge of our change of route."

Felipe had been invited to the captain's room, though he could understand nothing that was said, and through Louis he approved the intention to return the little steamer to her owner. Scott Fence-lowe no longer desired to return to the service of the Pacha. Captain Ringgold wrote a letter to Mr. Woolridge, announcing the change of plan, and the reason for it. It was decided that Louis should be the bearer of the missive; that Mr. Sentrick, the second engineer of the ship, should take charge of the engine, with the Spanish pilot of Tarifa in the pilot-house, while Felix might go as a passenger if he wished.

It was not half-past three in the afternoon, and the wind had again hauled around to the westward, which was the prevailing quarter for it during the month of May. This would be fair for the return of the *Blanche*, and the departure of the *Salihé* was hastened in order to avoid accidents as far as possible. The pilot was glad to obtain all the paying employment he could get.

Mrs. Belgrave hugged her boy again before he went over the side, for she feared he would fall into another adventure on the trip. He was to return in the *Blanche*, and the captain thought he would be back early in the evening at the latest. The messenger went on board of the little steamer, the fast was cast off, and she started on her mission.

"Well, moi darlint, we are in for anodther advinture," said Felix, as he seated himself by the side of Louis, on the crimson cushions of the standing-room, where the latter was waving his handkerchief to his mother.

"No adventure at all, Flix," replied Louis. "I have only to deliver this letter to Mr. Woolridge, and we shall return in the *Blanche*."

"But the Grand Mogul in the *Fatty* will put a finger in the poie."

"We will not allow him to do so."

"Perhaps ye's can't help yoursel'!"

"We will try to do so, at any rate. This boat is going faster than she did on the voyage from Funchal, Flix."

"So much the betther."

Then Louis went to talk with Mr. Sentricks, who understood the necessity of haste, and was forcing the engine to its best. When he complained of the want of a fireman, Felix volunteered to do this duty, and went to the fire-room, while the messenger joined the pilot. At quarter-past five the *Salihé* was off Carnero Point, at the entrance to Gibraltar Bay on the west side. As the little steamer passed the point, Getares Bay opened to them beyond the hills.

"There she is!" shouted Louis from the pilot-house to Felix, who had left the fire-room for the fore-castle to look out ahead.

"That's the *Blanche* as sure as you live, moi darlint!" replied Felix.

She had furled her jib and flying-jib, but her fore-sail and mainsail were still set, in readiness to get under way at a moment's notice; and she was evidently waiting for the appearance of the *Guardian-Mother*, in order to anchor finally near her.

"But where is the *Fatimé*?" asked Louis.

"She must be here; but ye's can't make her out

forinst all the odther staymers," replied Felix, as he pointed to the vessels moored near the town.

It was four miles distant, and they could not identify her.

"*Quiero hallar el vapor Fatimé*" (I wish to find the steamer Fatimé), said Louis to the pilot.

"*Lo conozco muy bien*" (I know her very well), replied the Spaniard.

The pilot added that he had taken her into the port of Tarifa once. Louis told him to lay the steamer alongside the Blanche, and in a few minutes he leaped on her deck, where he found the Woolridge family seated under the awning on the quarter-deck.

"Louis!" exclaimed Mr. Woolridge, grasping his hand. "This is very unexpected."

"I am very glad to see you, Louis," added Mrs. Woolridge, taking his hand; and both Miss Blanche and Morris followed her example.

The "sylph" had never looked more beautiful before, Louis thought, as she gave him her little hand.

"I hope the Guardian-Mother has not been cast away that you come all alone, or only with Felix," who had by this time been warmly welcomed.

"She is all right, and lies off Tarifa, about twenty miles from here," replied Louis. "I come as a messenger from Captain Ringgold," he added, as he handed the magnate the letter.

"I am exceedingly grateful to Captain Ringgold, and to all your party, for this extraordinary act of kindness on your part," said Mr. Woolridge, as he grasped the hand of Louis again, and led him into

the waist where they could be alone. "We have not seen the Pacha's yacht come in."

"She must be off the town of Gibraltar," added Louis. "But I know she came up the strait, for I saw her myself."

"I was afraid she might follow us when I saw her going in at Funchal. I had made up my mind that we must part company with the Guardian-Mother if the Pacha came here, for Mrs. Woolridge and myself have been more disturbed by the incidents at Mogadore than I supposed your party could understand. But I can hardly permit the sacrifice you make for us."

"It is no sacrifice at all, sir," protested Louis. "I have quite a yarn to spin to you, but I must wait till we get under way in the *Blanche*. The steam-launch in which we came belongs to the Pacha, and as soon as we can return her to him, we shall be ready to sail."

The dingey of the ship had been towed astern; but Mr. Woolridge insisted upon sending his gig with them to bring them back. Louis and Felix took their places at the stern of the launch, and she headed for the other side of the bay. In less than half an hour she was at the gangway of the *Fatimé*, which she found behind the New Mole. Louis inquired in Spanish for the Pacha; but he had gone ashore. Directing the pilot to back away from the steamer, he waited till the *Blanche's* gig appeared, and then went up to the gangway.

An officer on board of the *Fatimé*, who spoke Spanish, wanted to know how the steam-launch came in possession of the party on board of her; but Louis

would answer no questions. Passing the painter of the *Salihé* around the side-piece of the steps, he made it fast, and Mr. Sentrick let off the steam while Felix drew the fire in the furnace. They all took their places in the gig, and the four stout oarsmen pulled away with a will, while the officer yelled at them as long as they could hear him. The *Blanche* was all ready to trip her anchor after they went on board, and was soon standing out of the bay.

Captain Alcorn, to whom his owner had explained the situation during the visit to the Pacha's steamer, set all his kites, and with the fair and fresh breeze, she was alongside the *Guardian-Mother* by eight o'clock. On the brief voyage Louis related all that had happened since they left Funchal, and described the *Salihé's* voyage to Tarifa. The steamer's barge was alongside the yacht as soon as she came up into the wind, and the family went on board of her, where there was a very happy reunion.

The Spanish pilot was handsomely remunerated for his valuable services and sent ashore in the second cutter. The party retired to the boudoir, and discussed the events of the last two weeks. Mr. Woolridge protested against breaking up the summer plans of his friends, though he could not put his family in the way of again confronting Noury Pacha; but the whole party declared that they liked the new plan better than the old ones, and were decidedly in favor of a voyage in European waters.

"I am earnestly desirous of making a sure thing of our next move, and of going where the Pacha will not be likely to follow us," said Captain Ringgold. "I mean Southampton. From there we will go

to Havre, and take in Paris, as we shall London before."

The plan pleased the tourists, and at ten that evening they were standing out of the strait on the voyage to England, running away from the Pacha.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A VOYAGE IN EUROPEAN WATERS.

ON the fourth day after the departure, the little *flot* of two vessels were moving up Southampton Water, with a pilot on board of each. The passage had been pleasant and tolerably smooth. Louis attended to his studies with his usual diligence during the forenoon. The health of one of the oilers had failed him, and he was to sail for home as soon as the steamer reached her destination. The chief-engineer, at the request of the owner, gave his place to Felipe Garcias.

The young Spaniard was a very bright fellow, and on the voyage he used every moment of his time in learning English, beginning with the names of the various parts of the engine, and the language used in handling it. He used the owner's books in the forenoon, and Louis gave up his afternoons to instructing him, and in doing so he learned as much technical Spanish as his pupil did English. The captain had a dictionary of Spanish technical terms, of which both teacher and pupil made constant use.

Scott Fencelowe behaved himself with the greatest propriety, and the commander had no occasion to complain of him again. He declared that, as he lay

in the cabin of the *Salihé*, he had contrasted his own life and character with that of Louis Belgrave, and the result had been a resolution to make the owner of the *Guardian-Mother* the model for his future conduct. This he had said to Captain Ringgold, who, however, deemed it wise to retain him in the fore-castle as a common sailor until the strength of his good resolutions had been fully tested.

The steamer kept the *Blanche* in sight during the voyage; but the west wind which prevailed enabled the schooner to make an average of eight knots. No one on either vessel was in a hurry, and everybody was disposed to take things as they came. Each family was in its own home quite as much as though it had been in the occupancy of its own dwelling. Mrs. Woolridge was an accomplished scholar, and, influenced by the example given on board of the *Guardian-Mother*, she was carrying on a course of instruction on board of the *Blanche* for her children.

As the steamer proceeded on her course towards Southampton, the cabin party had gathered on the promenade, observing the shores and the numerous vessels in the channel. The *Blanche* was leading the way, the steamer regulating her speed by that of the schooner.

"I suppose you all know where we are," said Captain Ringgold, coming out of the pilot-house and joining the party.

"Southampton! That is all we know!" exclaimed Dr. Hawkes. "Now for the lecture!"

"I beg you will not give such a dignified name to any remarks I may make," replied the commander, with a pleasant laugh. "I have been here several

times and I know something about the place. The first land we made was the Isle of Wight, which you can still see astern. It has a channel on the north, forming two passages to the ocean. The one through which we passed this morning from the English Channel is called Spithead, though the name was formerly confined to the portion of the passage off Portsmouth, the principal naval supply station of England. By the way, do all of you happen to know the proper name of this country?"

Some called it "England," others "Great Britain," and only two gave the correct name.

"Great Britain is the island which includes England, Scotland, and Wales; but 'The United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland' is the correct name of this part of the British Empire," the captain proceeded. "The passage which leads to the ocean on the west is The Solent. Two of the most important lines of steamers plying between Germany and New York call at Southampton both ways, receiving and landing a considerable proportion of their passengers here.

"At the entrance to The Solent are The Needles, frequently mentioned in the newspapers in connection with these steamers. They consist of several wedge-shaped rocks rising perpendicularly from the water; and they are the point of departure for vessels bound out.

"Southampton is a great commercial port, and is well provided with docks, something you do not see at home. Besides these there is nothing especially noteworthy about the town, though it is a thriving place. It is a very old town, and contains some

ancient churches, to say nothing of the public building which includes an arch across the High Street, or principal avenue. The Mall is an extensive park, through which we must have a ride, for its scenery is very attractive, including a beautiful little river. The Test and the Anton flow into this channel, and the city is between them."

The commander made his bow and retired with the applause of his audience of seven persons. The two vessels came to anchor before noon, and the Woolridges were immediately invited to lunch on board. A hearty, affectionate greeting was extended to them when they came on board. The ladies kissed each other and shook hands all around.

"I have been thinking all the way from Tarifa, Captain Ringgold, that we were a nuisance to you," said the magnate of the Fifth Avenue, as the two gentlemen lighted their cigars after lunch.

"Nothing could be farther from the truth," replied the commander very promptly.

"In the kindest and most self-sacrificing manner you have changed your plans to accommodate me and my family," continued Mr. Woolridge. "You have all understood and sympathized with me in the possible peril to which my daughter was subjected by the presence of Ali-Noury Pacha; and if we had been your brother and sister—Mrs. Woolridge and myself—you could not have been more devoted to us."

"We are Christians, and we are brothers and sisters in the highest and truest sense of the word," added Captain Ringgold, warmly.

"I am not inclined to be a nuisance to you as long

as we may continue to be together. You have had to keep your speed down to eight knots on the voyage we have just made, and I feel like a sort of an Old Man of the Sea lodged on your shoulders."

"If you are so, you are a very pleasant load to carry," laughed the commander.

"I have been talking to my wife about it, and she agrees with me perfectly. I see there are two American steam-yachts in this harbor. I think I know one of them, and if I mistake not, she may be purchased at a reasonable price. To make a shorter story of it, I intend to buy her if I can, and my wife begs me to do so. I shall go on board of her at once."

"Will you postpone your visit for one hour, Mr. Woolridge?" asked the captain.

"Certainly, if you desire me to do so."

Then there was a conference between the captain and Louis first, followed by another, in which Mrs. Belgrave and Uncle Moses took part. The trustee of the owner asked a great many questions, and they soon came to an agreement of opinion. Mr. and Mrs. Woolridge were then sent for, and the party were soon seated around the table in the captain's cabin.

"I have reported your decision to my owner, his mother, and trustee; they all protest against your plan to purchase a steamer," said the commander, opening the business of the present meeting.

"They insist that I shall continue to be a nuisance to you," said the magnate, pleasantly.

"On the contrary, if there is any nuisance, which we deny, we propose to abate it," replied

Captain Ringgold. "To come to the point at once, we earnestly desire to take your family on board of the Guardian-Mother."

"On board of the Guardian-Mother!" exclaimed the magnate and his wife in the same breath.

The commander went into a lengthy explanation of his plan. The after-cabin of the steamer was to be remodelled so as to contain four good-sized state-rooms, two of them to be fitted up like those occupied by the owner and his mother. Aft these rooms was to be the library and study-room, less than one-half its former proportions, but large enough for the uses to which it was to be applied. In the ship's company no change would be required except the addition of another cabin-steward.

All the afternoon was spent in the discussion of this matter; but the Woolridges assented to the plan in the end, and the magnate proposed to pay half the expense of running the ship. From this arrangement the other side emphatically dissented. Uncle Moses declared that the expense should be divided according to the number of persons in each party, not counting Felix, who was rated as captain's clerk, for he faithfully performed all the duties of this position, and the commander testified that he was a very useful person.

"Then I am to pay four-tenths while you pay six-tenths," said Mr. Woolridge. "It is not equitable, for you furnish the steamer, which cost over a hundred thousand dollars. If I should pay over to you one half of the cost of the vessel, your plan would be all right."

"I confess that I did not bring the cost of the

Guardian-Mother under consideration, for I did not think of it," replied Uncle Moses, rather sheepishly. "Perhaps one-half would be the fairer thing."

"Including one-half the cost of the changes in the ship and all repairs in the future," added Mr. Woolridge; and the question was settled on this basis.

"Of course Morris and Miss Blanche can join Louis in his studies, and all can be instructed by Professor Giroud," added Mrs. Belgrave.

The party talked about the plan till late in the evening, and Louis felt as though he had tumbled into a sugar-bowl if he was to have Miss Blanche in his class. The next morning Captain Ringgold, who had already drawn a plan of the proposed changes in the after-cabin, went on shore to engage the mechanics who were to do the work. It would take a month, and Mr. Boulong was to take charge of the ship. Captain Alcorn was instructed to take the Blanche to New York and sell her if he could do so advantageously.

The party went on snore, rode over the town and through the Mall. On the following day they proceeded to London, and entered at once upon the business of sight-seeing. They remained there ten days and then went to Liverpool, taking in Stratford-on-Avon on the way. Then they went over to Ireland, visited the Lakes of Killarney, Dublin, and Belfast. Up the Clyde by steamer brought them to Glasgow, from which they made the excursion through Loch Lomond and the Trossachs to Edinburgh, where they spent a week.

Captain Ringgold was their conductor, and they could not have had a better, for he had been over

the ground several times. The Woolridges had moved all their clothing and other effects to the steamer before they left Southampton. An order had been sent to Mr. Boulong to take the ship round to Leith, which is the port of Edinburgh, as soon as the alterations in the cabin were completed. The first officer reported at the Clarendon Hotel on his arrival, and the united parties went on board of her. Louis was delighted with the library, in which Sparks had arranged all the books.

What had been the spare state-room, fitted up with bath-room connected, was assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Woolridge, and the two adjoining apartments were given to Miss Blanche and Morris. Felix and Mrs. Blossom were moved to two of the new rooms. Mr. Sage had prepared an elaborate dinner for the company on their return. The cabin steward of the Blanche had been employed, and was on duty on this occasion. It was a very merry party.

The next morning the Guardian-Mother continued her voyage in European waters by crossing the North Sea to Amsterdam. The business of sight-seeing was resumed with great vigor, for none of the cabin party had ever been in a Dutch city before. After a week spent there, during which the tourists made an excursion to Leyden, Haarlem, and The Hague, the ship proceeded to Rotterdam.

It was impossible to take in the whole world, as Captain Ringgold had suggested before, and after Holland had been disposed of, the Guardian-Mother sailed for Havre, where she was comfortably docked in due time. A day spent at this seaport satisfied the party, and they hastened to Paris, where they

found abundant occupation for two weeks, and the summer seemed to be wearing away in a very hurried manner. It was the first of August when they sailed for Bordeaux, and after a few days there, departed for Lisbon. They found enough in this city and its vicinity to interest them for a week, and then departed for Cadiz, encountering a tremendous gale on the voyage.

As on former occasions, the Guardian-Mother proved herself to be a remarkably good sea-boat, and arrived in safety at her destination. There is not much in Cadiz to entertain the sight-seer, though they visited the cathedral on Sunday when a regiment of soldiers were attending mass, the band accompanying the chanting of the priests. The clubs were opened to the gentlemen, and there were some fine pictures that interested the ladies.

The party visited Seville, where the great cathedral, the House of Pilate, and the famous paintings of Murillo and Velasquez, *La Caridad*, and especially a bull-fight, which only the gentlemen would attend, filled up the time very satisfactorily. On their return to Cadiz they stopped at Xeres, where sherry wine is made, and visited one of the immense vaults where it is stored. At the end of the excursion they were glad to get back on board of the ship, with its abundant comforts and luxuries, for it was home to them.

After passing two weeks in Spain the ship sailed for the Strait of Gibraltar. The screw was stopped off Tarifa, and Louis went to the signal station in the barge with her crew of eight uniformed sailors. The signal-man received him even more politely than

on his former visit. He was permitted to examine the book in which the names of vessels passing the station were recorded.

"All right!" exclaimed Louis to Mr. Boulong, who was with him. "The Fatimé passed out three weeks ago."

"That will be good news to all on board," replied the first officer.

"Your steamer is the Guardian-Mother; and it is not two hours ago that a steamer stopped her screw off the station, and sent a boat to ascertain if your ship had gone through the strait," said the signalman.

"Indeed! What was her name?" asked Louis.

"The Viking. The captain had his wife on board, and she came ashore with him. He gave me his card," added the man, feeling his pockets for it.

"Captain W. Penn Sharp," said Louis, helping him out.

"That's the name. She was going to Gibraltar."

"The visitors took their leave. In less than two hours the Guardian-Mother was moored at the New Mole at Gibraltar. The Viking was very near her, and Penn Sharp and a lady came on board in a few minutes. They were heartily welcomed by all hands, including the ship's company. Their story was soon in possession of the party. They had gone to New York to obtain evidence; there was no lack of it there or in England, and Mrs. Scoble had obtained a divorce without difficulty or delay. Then she became the wife of Penn Sharp, a result which Captain Ringgold and Mrs. Belgrave had foreseen from the beginning of their acquaintance.

Captain Sharp gave the commander the receipt he had obtained from the bank from which Fence-lowe had stolen the money, with a letter of thanks from the president of the institution. The faithless bank officer was sentenced to the state prison for a short term.

Scott Fencelowe behaved so well for three months that he was taken from the fore-castle, and was glad to join a class in the library. He had had plenty of opportunities to run away again, but he did not avail himself of any of them. The captain made a quartermaster of him, for he was an excellent helmsman, though he was hardly needed at present in this capacity. He came to be called "Middy," for the captain used him as a messenger. By this time Felipe spoke English very well, and had become a favorite with nearly all on board the ship.

The next thing in order was to visit the immense fortifications of Gibraltar. Everybody and everything on board the Guardian-Mother was in excellent condition for the continuation of the voyage around the world. What interesting and wonderful sights the party were still to witness, and in what exciting adventures the boys on board were to engage, will be related in "*American Boys Abroad; or, Cruising in the Orient.*"

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